

IND38372

# NATIONAL LAMPOON

\$2.50

# Comics

OH, WOW!  
LIKE THE BEST  
FOTO FUNNIES!

YOU KNOW, TROTS,  
GOOD TASTE ISN'T  
EVERYTHING!

COMICS BY  
BLECHMAN, GOREY  
AND ROTH!

FUNNIER  
THAN A KICK  
IN THE  
HAT!

THE VERY  
QUINTESSENCE  
OF THE FUNNY  
PAGES!

CONTAINS THE  
INFAMOUS MAD  
MAGAZINE  
PARODY!

LOTS OF SUPER  
HEROES LIKE  
ME!

WHO  
NEEDS THIS  
CRAP

AT TIMES  
LIKE THIS, WHY  
DO I THINK ABOUT  
MY MOTHER?





If there's one thing the world needs less than another anthology of comics, why, it's another introduction to an anthology of comics, socio-historically inclined, paying tribute to the pioneers in the field, and couched in that cruel parody of English prose style affected by an academic who has lately come to love popular art forms, or an aggressively low-brow comic artist who has discovered that he has been—holy cow!—making art all his life.

This is a collection of comics from the *National Lampoon* magazine, 1970 to 1974. Period. If it becomes a collector's item, that's not its fault. If it finds itself cited in a thesis or two, it cannot be held responsible. If it finds itself crooned over and fondled at comic fan conventions, so what?

It contains hitherto unreprinted comic book parodies from the magazine, the best Foto Funnies we could find, and a goodly sample of the Funny Pages, Cheech,

Nuts, Idyl, Doctor Colon, Dirty Duck, Trots and Bonnie, and all those guys.

The Funny Pages were a stroke of editorial genius struck by Michael Gross, who art directed the *National Lampoon* up from a scruffy little book to a magazine that wins so many design awards it's embarrassing. (Blush.)

Michael Gross likes comics. He doesn't patronize them, admire them as unconscious fine art, camp around with them, or otherwise abuse them.

And now, after more than four years with the magazine, Gross has left us. The editors would like to take this occasion to express to Michael our heartfelt wish that in his new career he is a complete failure, that his business collapses around him, and that he comes crawling home, begging for his old job.

We might take him back.

Editors: Henry Beard, Tony Hendra, Brian McConnachie, Sean Kelly

Executive Editor: P. J. O'Rourke Senior Editor: Douglas Kenney Art Directors: Michael Gross, David Kaestle

Copy Editor: Louise Gikow Editorial Assistant: Karen Wegner

Assistant Art Directors: Celia Bau, Mark Hecker Art Assistant: Laura Singer

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Staff Assistant: Michael Simmons Subscription Manager: Howard Jurofsky

Publisher: Gerald L. Taylor

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Another "POPULAR LAWMAN" adventure by MARY KAY BROWN

FEATURING



"SGT." LARS LAWSON

# SAGA OF THE FROZEN NORTH



GIANT SLED-DOG "BIG TIM"

plus the whole McClellan family



"DADDY JACK" MACCLANAN  
"RETIRED" MINK RANCHER



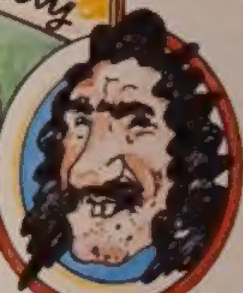
MRS. MCLELLAN -  
"MOTHER" OF THREE



Eldest Son NGOMA -  
PRIVATE EYE -  
HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS - WITH FAITHFUL DOG



DAUGHTER JOY -  
NURSES' AIDE UNMARRIED BUT 'LOOKING'



YOUNGEST CHILD - LYSLE -  
"LAYABOUT BOY" - HIP BEFORE HIS TIME



BUFFY



THE MACCLELLAN MINK RANCH - CHRISTMAS EVE - 1953















NEXT MORNING...

OH BOY! WAFFLES!  
I LOVE WAFFLES!  
I HAVEN'T HAD WAF..

SERGEANT!  
I HAVE TERRIBLE  
NEWS! YOUR DOG  
HAS DISAPPEARED  
IN THE NIGHT.

MY DOG? BUT-I DON'T HAVE A DOG, I HAVE A HORSE!  
YOU SEE, I WAS RIDING ALONG ON OLD QUEENIE WHEN  
THIS HUGE DOG CAME LEAPING OUT OF A TREE  
OR SOMETHING - RIGHT ON TOP OF ME! - I CAN  
REMEMBER IT NOW - HE **KNOCKED** ME DOWN!  
IT WAS **AWFUL** - THEN HE **FOLLOWED** ME FOR  
**MILES** THROUGH THE **SNOW**, TRYING TO  
**BITE** ME - MY CLOTHES WERE **SOAKED**... AND  
THEN I SAW YOUR LIGHTS AND... AND...

SHHH

WELL - BYE BYE EVERYBODY.  
BUFFY AND I HAVE TO HEAD  
BACK FOR TORONTO. HEH HEH HEH...  
SAY GOODBY, BUFFY  
HA HA.

GOODBYE DEAR  
THANKS AGAIN  
FOR THE T.V.

YEAH, SO LONG,  
HEY.

IT'S VERY  
NICE.

TRA  
LA  
LA  
LA

BOOM BADO, BA DOO B, DOO BA DA-AY...  
OH, LIFE IS BUT A DREAM.....

THE END





G. GORDON LIDDY AGENT OF...



COVERT  
COMICS  
GROUP

20¢ IN  
CASH

# CREEP



DICK  
AYERS

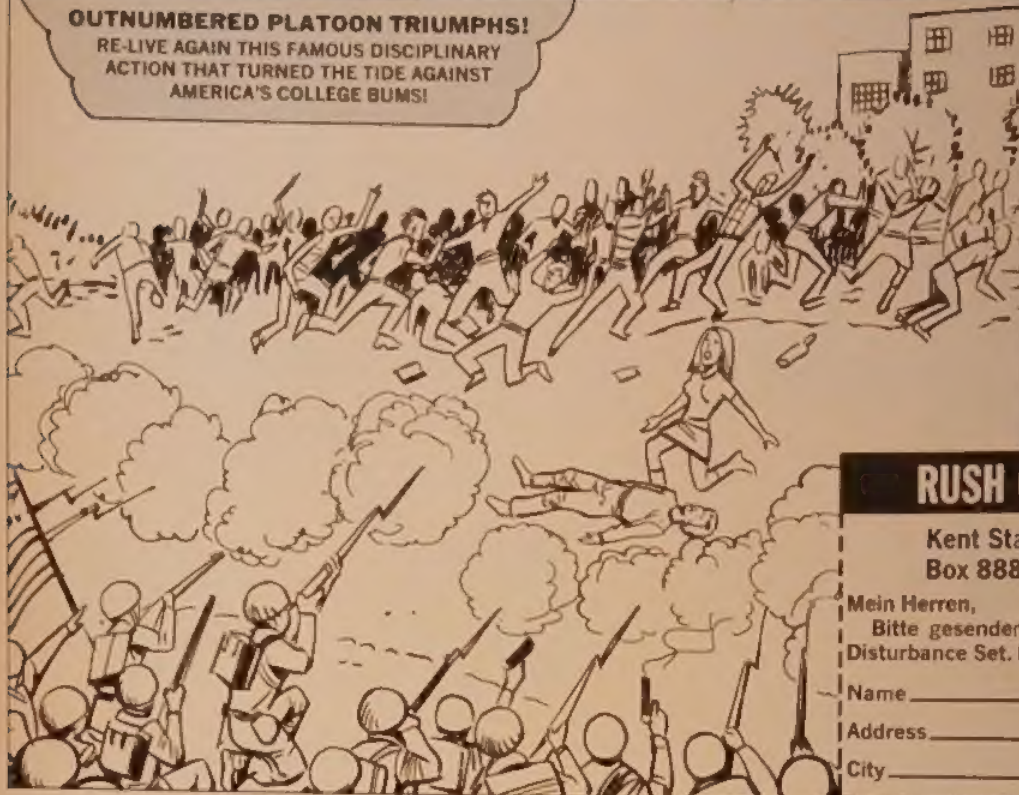


# 204<sub>pc.</sub> KENT STATE DISTURBANCE set

ONLY \$198

## OUTNUMBERED PLATOON TRIUMPHS!

RE-LIVE AGAIN THIS FAMOUS DISCIPLINARY ACTION THAT TURNED THE TIDE AGAINST AMERICA'S COLLEGE BUMS!



## HERE'S WHAT YOU GET:

- 110 Fleeing Students
- 9 Bleeding Students
- 4 Dead Students
- 1 Kneeling Girl
- 36 Standing National Guard Riflemen
- 12 Kneeling National Guard Riflemen
- 12 Prone National Guard Riflemen
- 7 Officers 9 w. pistols
- 5 Rock-throwing government provocateurs
- 7 Negroes
- 1 Guttured ROTC Building

## RUSH COUPON TODAY!

Kent State Disturbance Set  
Box 888, Washington, D.C.

Mein Herren,  
Bitte gesenden me zis 204 pc. Kent State  
Disturbance Set. Danke schoen.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# NEVER FINISH HIGH SCHOOL?

Train at home to be a White House aide!

DON'T FORGET, HONEY, WE HAVE A DATE WITH ULASEWICZ'S TONIGHT.

AW, HONEY, I'M BUSHED. DRIVIN' THAT LOUSY TRACTOR TRAILER ALL DAY WITHOUT A HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA...

OH, ALRIGHT.

PLEASE, DEAR. WE HARDLY GET OUT AT ALL ANYMORE.

LATER... SAY, TONY AND HELEN GOT A PRETTY NICE PLACE HERE. HE NEVER FINISHED HIGH SCHOOL EITHER. WONDER HOW HE SWUNG IT.

OH, DIDN'T YOU KNOW? TONY WORKS FOR THE WHITE HOUSE NOW.

...AND TONY TOOK THIS ONE WHILE HE WAS IN CHAPPAQUIDDICK...

YA SEEM TO BE DOIN' OKAY, TONY. TRAVELIN' AROUND THE COUNTRY... SACKS FULLA CASH ALL OVER THE HOUSE... LEVEL WITH ME. HOW'D YA BREAK IN?

EASIER THAN YA TINK WIT WHITE HOUSE TRAININ'!

BUT DON'T I NEED A HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA?

NOT AT THE WHITE HOUSE. IN JUST A MATTER OF A FEW WEEKS DEY CAN HAVE YOU DOIN' JOBS YOU NEVER DREAMED OF DOIN'. EVEN IF YA NEVER SEEN A PAPER SHREDDER BEFORE IN YOUR LIFE! AN' YA CAN DO IT IN YOUR SPARE TIME!

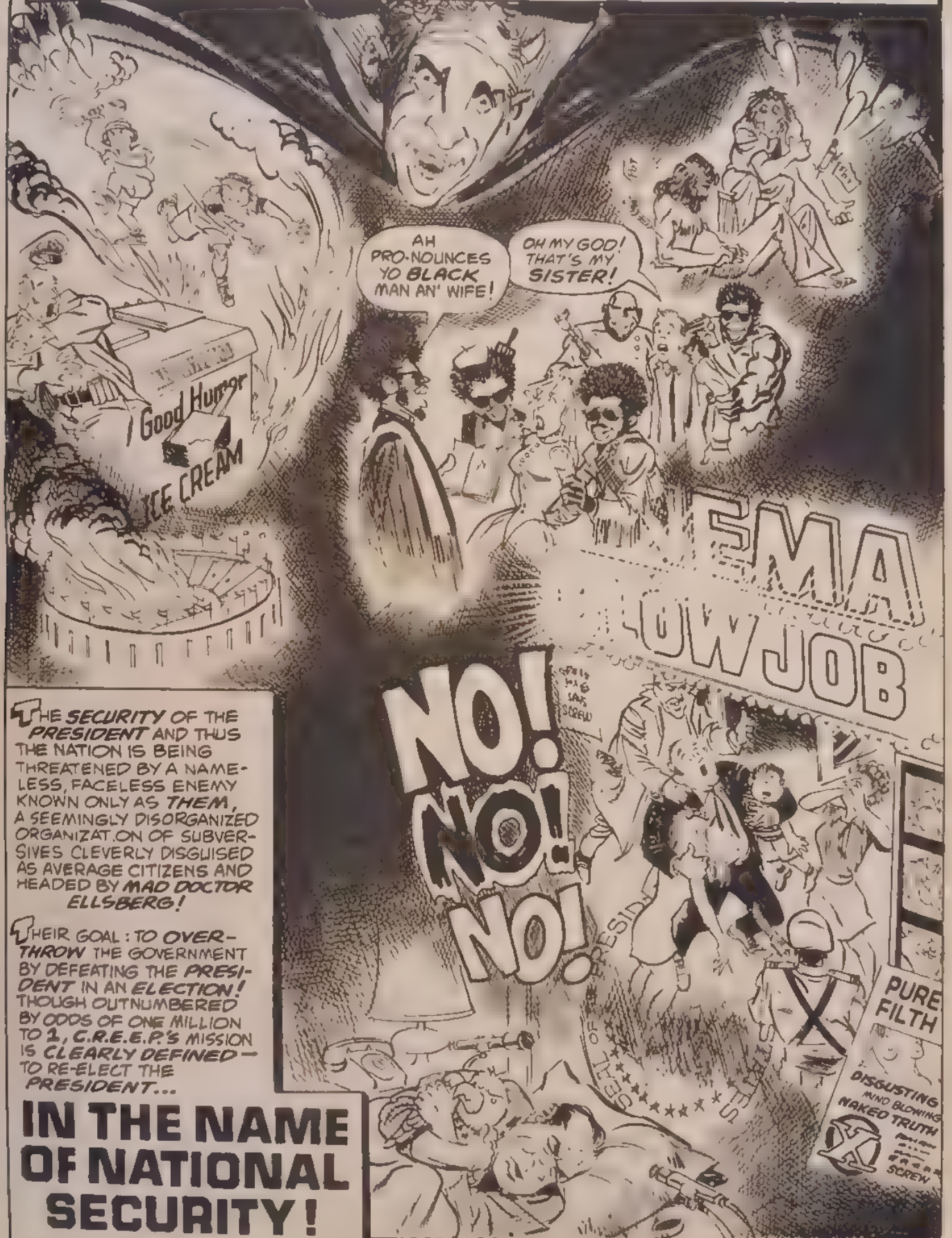
HOW ABOUT YOU? WANT TO JOIN THE THOUSANDS OF GUYS LIKE ME WHO WORK FOR THE WHITE HOUSE? WRITE FOR THE FACTS TODAY!

Please send me the facts as near as you can determine them describing the various options available. I understand that requesting information on the subject matter does not put me in an untenable position, nor subject me to subpoena. All inquiries are protected by Executive Privilege.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
PHONE NUMBER OF TELEPHONE BOOTH NEAREST YOU \_\_\_\_\_



# G. GORDON LIDDY, AGENT OF C.R.E.E.P.!



**T**HE SECURITY OF THE PRESIDENT AND THUS THE NATION IS BEING THREATENED BY A NAMELESS, FACELESS ENEMY KNOWN ONLY AS **THEM**, A SEEMINGLY DISORGANIZED ORGANIZATION OF SUBVERSIVES CLEVERLY DISGUISED AS AVERAGE CITIZENS AND HEADED BY **MAD DOCTOR ELLSBERG!**

**T**HEIR GOAL: TO OVERTHROW THE GOVERNMENT BY DEFEATING THE PRESIDENT IN AN ELECTION! THOUGH OUTNUMBERED BY ODDS OF ONE MILLION TO 1, C.R.E.E.P.'S MISSION IS CLEARLY DEFINED - TO RE-ELECT THE PRESIDENT...

## IN THE NAME OF NATIONAL SECURITY!

WRITTEN BY: MARC RUBIN AND CHRIS MILLER  
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS HOLLIDGE



USING DIABOLICAL PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE, THEM AGENTS HAVE LAUNCHED THEIR ALL-OUT ATTACK ON AMERICA...

DOW-JONES  
FELL FIVE MORE  
POINTS TODAY,  
AND THE  
ECONOMY IS IN  
THE WORST  
SHAPE SINCE...

THE  
PRESIDENT'S  
POPULARITY  
FELL FIVE MORE  
POINTS TODAY,  
THE LOWEST  
IT'S BEEN  
SINCE...

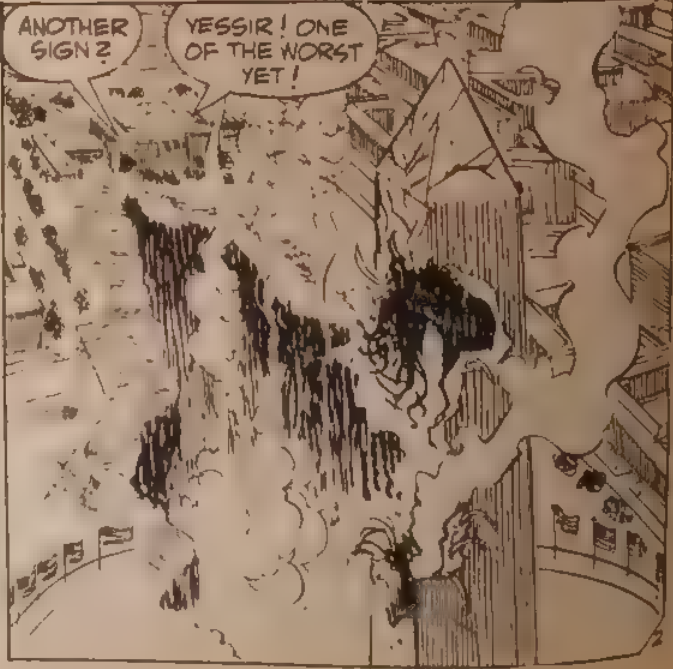
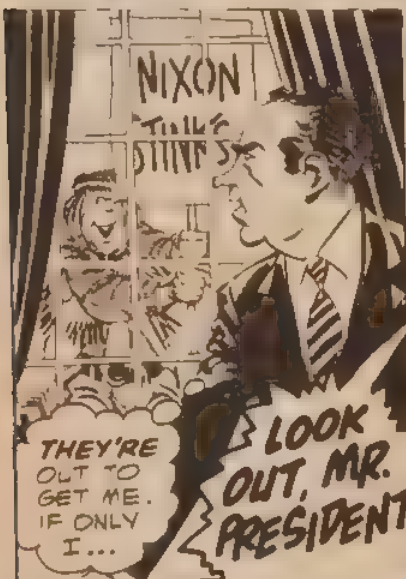
... AND IN SPORTS,  
THE WASHINGTON  
REDSKINS FELL  
FROM FIRST PLACE  
FOR THE FIRST  
TIME IN FIVE...

NATIONAL SECURITY  
IS BEING THREATENED  
AGAIN!

... AND, INDEED THE SECURITY OF THE  
PRESIDENT HIMSELF!

ENEMIES ARE  
EVERYWHERE!

I'VE GOT TO DO  
SOMETHING!



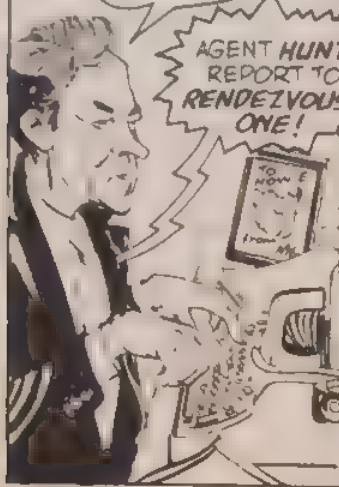






AT THE SAME POINT IN TIME ...

"...THE DOCUMENTS IN ONE HAND, MONIQUE'S DIAMOND-HARD BREAST IN HIS OTHER, HE ..."  
"WHA--??"



AGENT **BARKER!** RENDEZVOUS ONE, ON THE DOUBLE!



...AND SOME MORE DOGGIE FLOOR MESS.. AND SOME--**HUH?**



AGENT **JLASEWICZ!** RENDEZVOUS ONE, PRONTO!



AND SO, AT RENDEZVOUS ONE ...



I WONDER WHERE THE CHIEF IS? IT'S NOT LIKE HIM TO BE EVEN A MINUTE LATE!



TRY NOT TO WORRY, HOWIE!



I'M ALREADY HERE, YA BOZOS!



SCREW OUR POLITICAL ENEMIES?



ENOUGH SOCIALIZIN'! WE AIN'T GOT A SECOND T'SPARE! **THEM** IS BACK AN' **THEY'RE** THREATEN TA DESTROY **NATIONAL SECURITY!** AN' YOU KNOW WHAT **THAT** MEANS WE GOTTA DO!



GET SOMETHING ON ELLSBERG? AGAIN?



MORE ON ELLSBERG?



WHAT'S LEFT?



SHAADUP AND MOVE IT!



KER RASH!



AND SO THE FORCES OF C.R.E.E.P. INITIATE A LIGHTNING SERIES OF SURREPTITIOUS ENTRIES, BEGINNING WITH PS 31, MAD DR ELLSBERG'S ELEMENTARY SCHOOL...



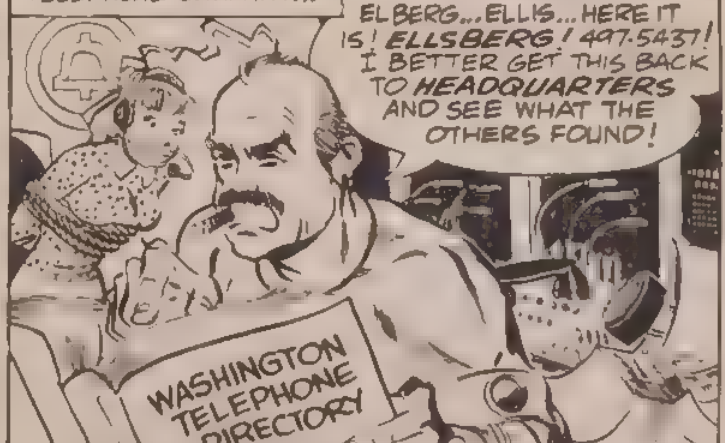
WHILE ACROSS TOWN, AT THE OFFICE OF DR. SIDNEY FLOTSTEIN...



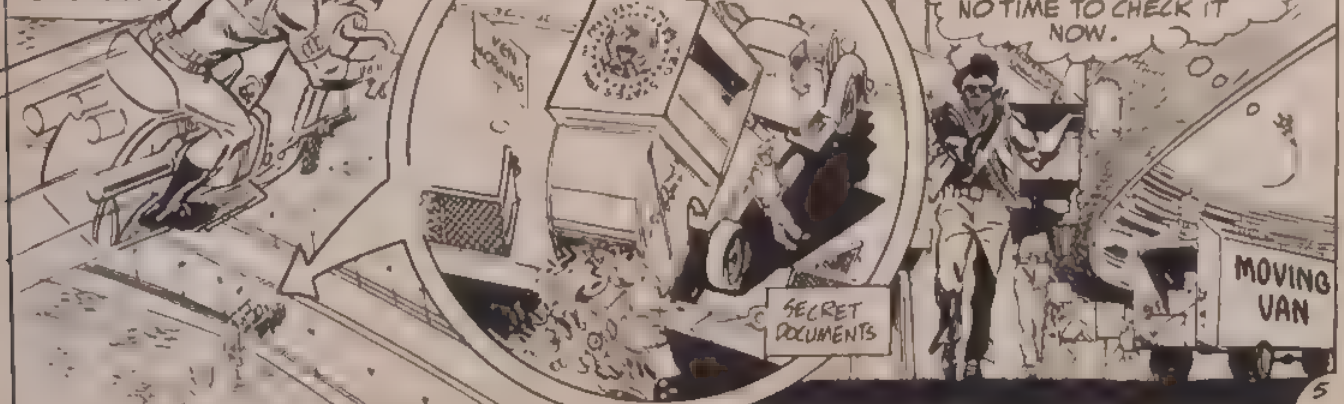
AND AT A CLEANERS NEAR MAD DR. ELLSBERG'S LAIR...



FOLLOWED BY A BREAK-IN AT THE WASHINGTON TELEPHONE COMPANY...



AGENT LIDDY FLIES AWAY OVER THE DARK POTOMAC ON HIS HELI-SCOOTER...









AND SO THE FORCES OF C.R.E.E.P. INITIATE A LIGHTNING SERIES OF SURREPTITIOUS ENTRIES, BEGINNING WITH PS 31, MAD DR ELLSBERG'S ELEMENTARY SCHOOL...

"...COME AND GET ME," SHE BREATHED, DRAPED ACROSS THE SEDAN CHAIR. HER BREASTS WERE LIKE GEMSTONES..."

ELMONT  
ELEMENTARY  
SCHOOL

"CARAMBA, MEESTER HUNT. I'LEESTEN TO THEES! HE GETS A 'U' EEN WORKS AND PLAYS WELL WEETH OTHERS!"

WHILE ACROSS TOWN, AT THE OFFICE OF DR. SIDNEY FLOTSTEIN...

"JEY, BERNIE! LOOK AT THEES! HE DREENK FLOURIDATED WATER SEENCE BIRTH!"

"I SEET STEEL OR I DREEL YOU!"

BUDDA  
BRRRP!!

IF WE'RE FOLLOWED, THIS BAG OF SHIT SHOULD MAKE THINGS MESSY!

AND AT A CLEANERS NEAR MAD DR. ELLSBERG'S LAIR...

NOW TO GET DIS ELLSBERG DIRT BACK TO DA LAB!

ELLSBERG

INDRY  
DRY  
CLEANING

FOLLOWED BY A BREAK-IN AT THE WASHINGTON TELEPHONE COMPANY...

ELBERG... ELLIS... HERE IT IS! ELLSBERG! 497-5437! I BETTER GET THIS BACK TO HEADQUARTERS AND SEE WHAT THE OTHERS FOUND!

WASHINGTON  
TELEPHONE  
DIRECTORY

AGENT LIDDY FLIES AWAY OVER THE DARK POTOMAC ON HIS HELI-SCOOTER...

...TO THE WATERGATE HOWARD JOHNSON COMPLEX...

HMM... SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THAT VAN... BUT NO TIME TO CHECK IT NOW.

SECRET  
DOCUMENTS

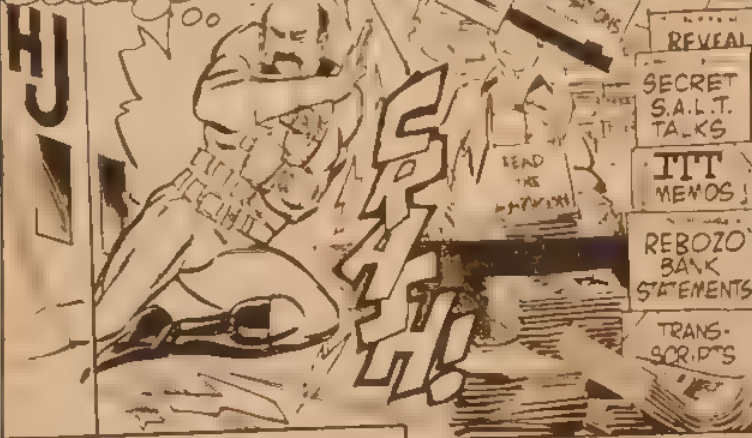
MOVING  
VAN



BUT AS LIDDY DESCENDS INTO THE CLEVERLY  
CAMOUFLAGED C.R.E.E.P. HEAD-  
QUARTERS...



JUST GOT TIME TA GET  
BACK TA MY APART-  
MENT, SHOWER AN'  
SHAVE AN' GET TO  
THE WHITE HOUSE!



GONZALES! WHERE'S  
HUNT N' BARKER  
N' EVERYONE?

THEY NO COME  
BACK YET,  
BOSS!



WHERE ARE THOSE LUNKHEADS?  
IF THEY AIN'T BACK WITH THE  
DIRT ON ELLSBERG, THAT MEANS  
I GOTTA GO GUARD THE  
PRESIDENT'S DINNER  
PERSONALLY!

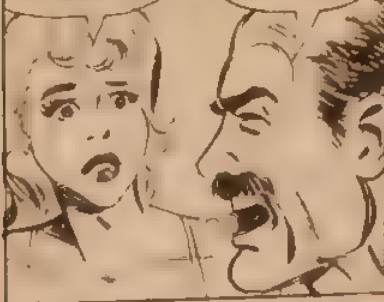
OH, GORDON!  
I'VE BEEN  
WAITING FOR  
YOU ALL DAY!

NOT NOW BABY!  
I HAVEN'T GOT A  
TIME FRAME  
TO LOSE!



GORDON,  
YOU  
PROM SED!

OKAY,  
BABY!  
YOU WIN!

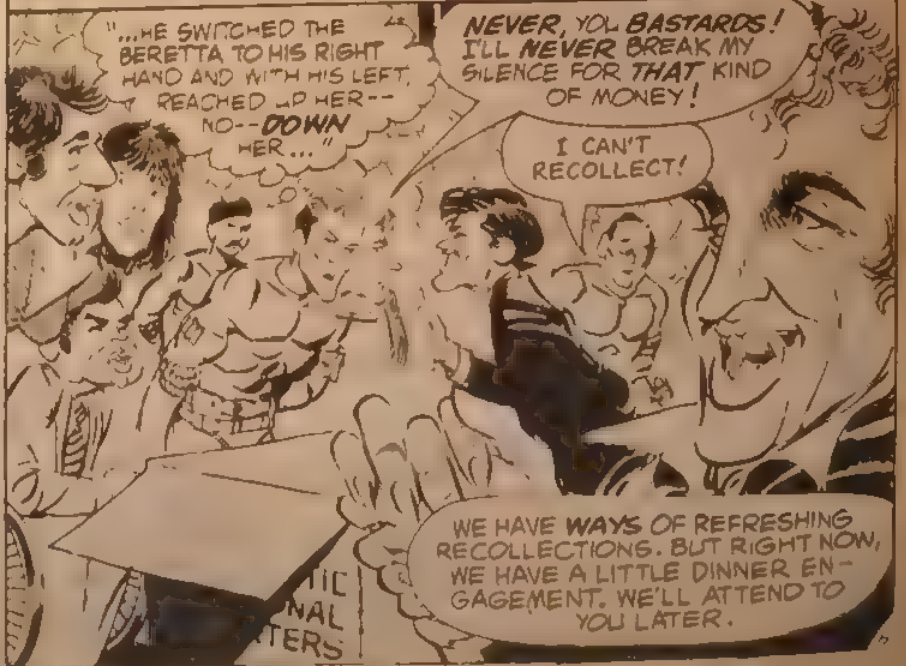


BUT WHILE GORDON LIDDY IS CONSUMED BY THE FIRES OF PASSION,  
HIS FELLOW AGENTS ARE MEETING HEAT OF QUITE ANOTHER KIND,  
DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF THEM HEADQUARTERS...

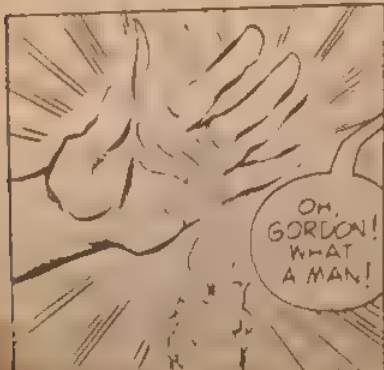
"...HE SWITCHED THE  
BERETTA TO HIS RIGHT  
HAND AND WITH HIS LEFT,  
REACHED UP HER--  
NO--DOWN  
HER..."

NEVER, YOU BASTARDS!  
I'LL NEVER BREAK MY  
SILENCE FOR THAT KIND  
OF MONEY!

I CAN'T  
RECOLLECT!

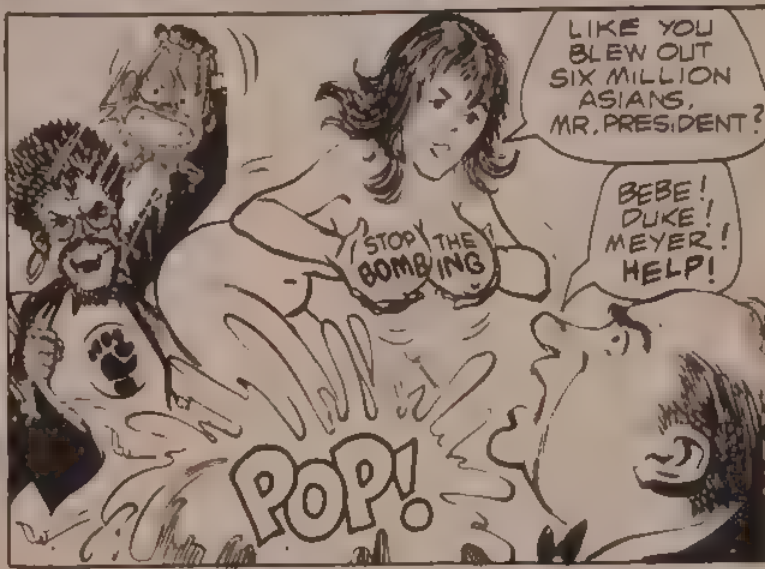
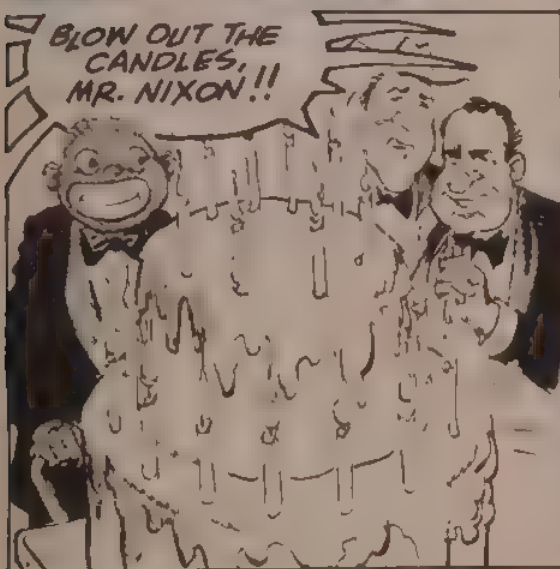


WE HAVE WAYS OF REFRESHING  
RECOLLECTIONS. BUT RIGHT NOW,  
WE HAVE A LITTLE DINNER EN-  
GAGEMENT. WE'LL ATTEND TO  
YOU LATER.



OH,  
GORDON!  
WHAT  
A MAN!







WHILE THE BATTLE RAGES BELOW, GORDON LIDDY SPRINGS INTO ACTION...

HANG ON, MR. PRESIDENT! I'VE GOT A PLAN!

NO TIME TO GET H.R.'S INITIALS! THIS IS AN EMERGENCY!

I USED ONE OF YOUR OWN STRATEGIES, MR. PRESIDENT! I DESTROYED YOUR DINNER IN ORDER TO SAVE IT!

I HAVE NOTHING TO HIDE! I REPEAT, I HAVE NOTHING TO HIDE!

I CAN'T RECOLLECT!

IT WAS DEAN!

EXECUTIVE PRIVILEGE!

I WAS ONLY A CONDUIT!

...AND NOT A TIME FRAME TOO SOON!

...OBVIOUSLY DEEP-SEATED PARANOIA SYNDROME, COMBINED WITH AMBULATORY SCHIZOPHRENIA BROUGHT ON BY GUILT STIMULATED BY AN OVERLY DOMINEERING FATHER, RESULTING IN DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR AND FREQUENT EPISODES OF MASSIVE DENIAL, RELATING TO INFANTILE OEDIPAL FANTASIES, NOT TO MENTION...

...UTILIZING MAXIMUM DEPLOYMENT TACTICS WITH OPTIMUM DISRUPTIVE FALL-BACK SEQUENCE, INCLUDING PROTECTIVE REACTION STRIKES, MANIPULATED BY ZERO-SUM OPTIONS...

**KA-BOOM!**

BUT, IN HINDSIGHT, IT APPEARS THAT YOU'RE NOT SAVED QUITE YET, MR. PRESIDENT...

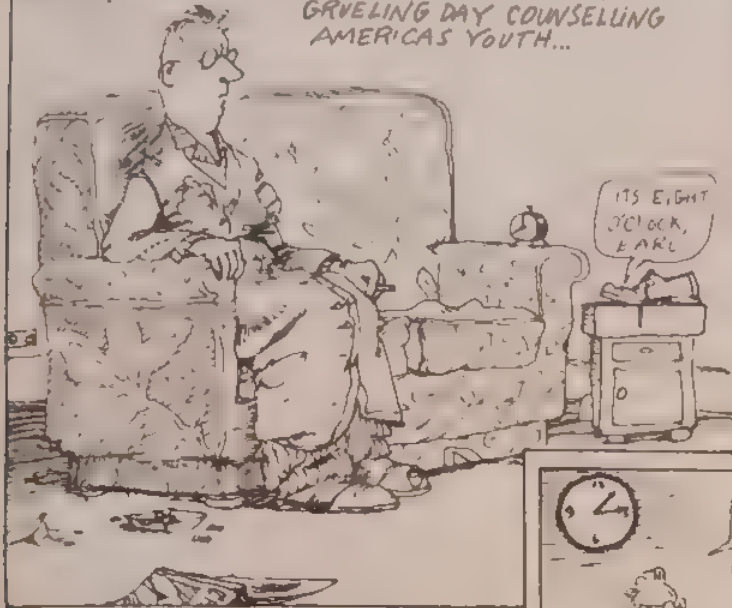
COMING NEXT ISSUE:  
**SENATOR SAM** AND HIS  
**COMMITTEE of DOOM!**



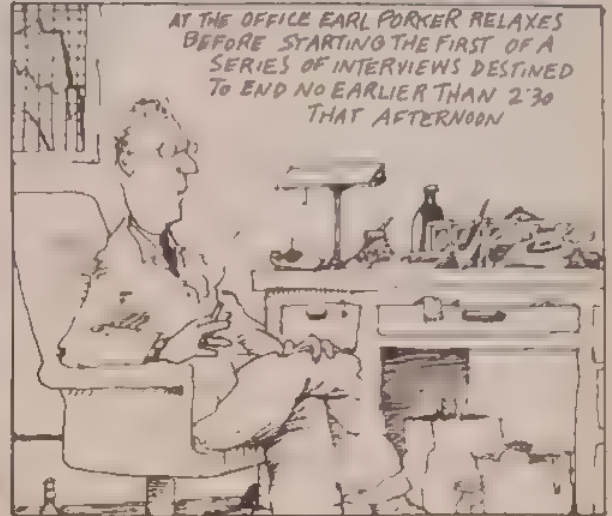
# Earl D. Porker ★ Social Worker

AN UNUSUAL  
MORNING

AT HOME EARL PORKER RELAXES  
BEFORE STARTING ANOTHER  
GRUELING DAY COUNSELING  
AMERICA'S YOUTH...



AT THE OFFICE EARL PORKER RELAXES  
BEFORE STARTING THE FIRST OF A  
SERIES OF INTERVIEWS DESTINED  
TO END NO EARLIER THAN 2:30  
THAT AFTERNOON



LATER THAT EVENING

LISTEN - HOW ABOUT  
SIDEBURNS THEN?

JUST SMALL ONES

AND THAT'S ALL



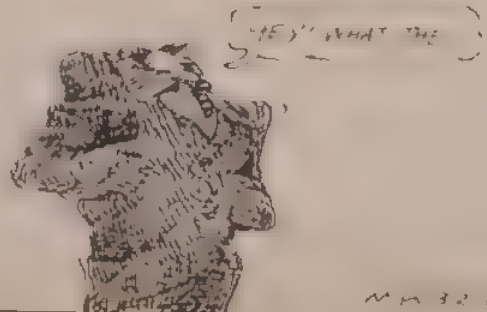
NO, DEFINITELY NOT THEN YOU'LL WANT  
A LITTLE GOATEE!

OR A MUSTACHE

PRETTY SOON YOU'LL BE  
RUNNING AROUND IN A  
FULL BEARD LIKE A  
YIPPEE OR SOMETHING -  
NO - DEFINITELY NOT!

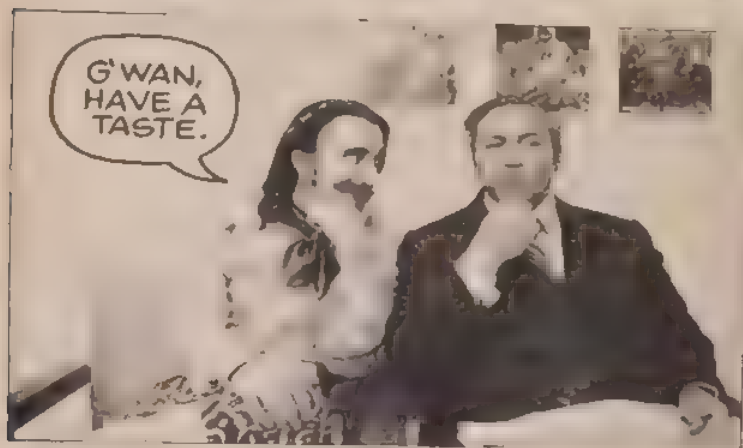
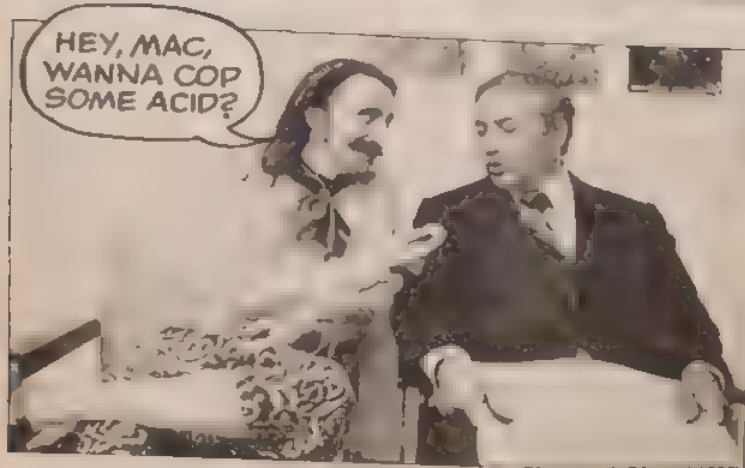
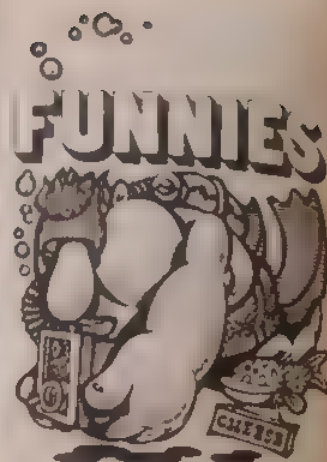
M. K. BROWN

## BILL THE STORY OF A NEWT WHO HAS EATEN A H.A.'S SUIT



M. K. BROWN







SHELL

# THIRD WORLD THRILLS

APPROVED  
BY THE  
US  
DEPT.  
OF  
STATE

TRUE  
ADVENTURES  
IN  
WHITE  
IMPERIALISM

DC-8

**SPECIAL THIS WEEK!** With Mike Rockefeller in the jungle ALSO...  
America's First Protective Reaction Strike: The Ute Massacre at Milk Canyon  
PLUS... Kipling's Great Poem Gunga Din Illustrated AND... True CIA Feature:  
"Lumumba Was a Clay Pigeon"



RICHARD M. NIXON, World's No. 1 Chief of State, says:

# "Don't Be A Second-Rate Power"

Let ME SHOW You How You Can Be TOP COUNTRY from Coast to Coast—For Just \$20 Billion a Year!

Take a good honest look at your country. Are you proud of your armed forces—or are you satisfied to go through history being a "second-rate" power? No matter how impotent you feel with your present social structure—or how docile your people—the imperialistic greed already present in your electorate can turn you into THE SCOURGE OF THE PLANET! Believe me, I know—because I was once a washed up, has-been politico myself. Newspapers used to kick me around and make fun of me... I was ashamed to speak at Party functions... shy of power... afraid to run even for the bus.

## HOW I CHANGED A "NO-WIN" WAR INTO A "MORAL VICTORY"!

One day, I discovered a tactic that changed me from an appeasing, backsliding bureaucrat into The World's Most Despised Mass Murderer—a "lightning offensive" that can make you, too, the terror of all developing countries... a real SUPERSTATE from sea to shining sea... a figure who STRIKES TERROR into niggers and gooks everywhere... What's that tactic? MASSIVE OVERKILL!—the Old Persuader. No appeasement. No sanctuary and no mercy. You do just as I did. Simply take all the anti-personnel material you can develop, and drop them on the enemy of your choice every single day until they "submit to negotiations." Almost before you know it, you're TOP NATION in all the history books.

## MY SECRET TACTIC BUILDS SUPERPOWERS FAST!

Just \$20 billion a year in the armament industries of your country is all it takes to demoralize your enemies so much they'll beg to sell you their natural resources for pennies... swell the pockets of your favorite industrialists... build your prestige in the UN Security Council. Cable wire today for my catalogue of "MASSIVE OVERKILL" antipersonnel devices, showing how you can decimate any developing nation that gets in your way.



WIELD THIS AWESOME POWER: Be the envy of all nations!

Inquire now, and get instructional studies from the RAND Corporation telling you how to re-motivate your people to support your imperialistic ambitions.

## SO YOU WANT

### CHEESEBURGER BOMBS

Next best thing to an H-bomb. Wipes out all animals and vegetable life for 100 yard radius. Leaves permanent crater 45 feet deep.



### WHITE

Even more demoralizing than napalm! Burns up to TWO WEEKS on contact with human flesh. Impossible to extinguish.



### LEAF MINE

Looks like pretty colored strip of tinfoil, but explodes instantly when touched. Very attractive to children.



## THEN BUY THIS NOW!

HERE'S THE KIND OF ARSENAL I WANT:  
MORE POISON GAS

- ☐ BETTER BIO-WARFARE TOXINS
- ☐ LOWER YIELD TACTICAL NUCLEAR WEAPONS
- ☐ MORE UNMANTIONABLE ANTIPERSONNEL WEAPONS

### RICHARD NIXON

1660 Pennsylvania Avenue  
Washington, D.C. 10000

I'm not getting the respect I deserve from World Opinion. Tell me how I can redesign my industry and remotivate my people to make me Top Man on the Global Totem Pole.

Puppet Tyrant .....

Nation .....

Defense Budget .....

Preferred Tactics .....

### FIBERGLASS SHRAPNEL FLECHETTES

Penetrates victim's body with jagged point impossible to pick up on an X-ray. Need we say more?



My very own account of the miserable failures over which I triumphed to become President of ALL the people!

## THE INSULT

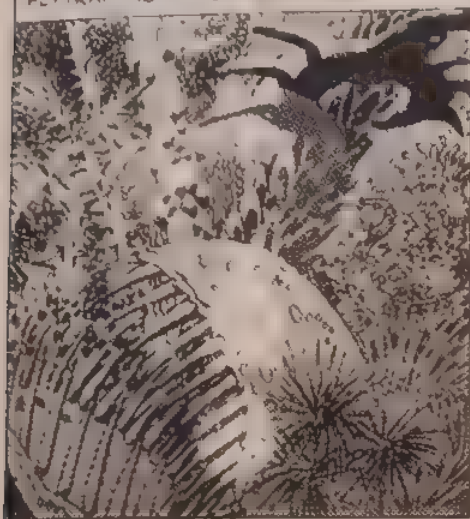
THAT

MADE A MAN OUT OF A "DICK"





IN 1962, MICHAEL ROCKEFELLER SON OF A POWERFUL AMERICAN COMPANY WAS TAKEN TO THE JUNGLED WILDS OF NEW GUINEA. TWO DAYS LATER THE JUNGLE HAD OPENED AN ENGLISHED MUSEUM SOME MENSE AN SYSTER VENUS-- FLYTRAP NO TRACE REMAINED



CONSTERNATION SWEEPED THE WORLD THE SEARCH WENT ON FOR MONTHS BUT ALL THE ROCKEFELLER MILLIONS WERE AS NOTHING TO THE SLUMBERING LIONESS WHICH IS NEW GUINEA.

## DAILY NEWS

# ROCK KIN STAYS LOST

Girl Mauled in Circus Act!

Percher Beant  
Goodies Go to  
Dorm.



THE YEAR, PASSED THE REEKING SWAMPY YELDED NO HINT OF THEIR ANFILL BE. RET AN THE ROCKEFELLER FAMILY BRAVELY CARRIED ON TO TRADITION OF PHILANTHROPY PUBLIC SERVICE AND COURAGEOUS LIBERALISM



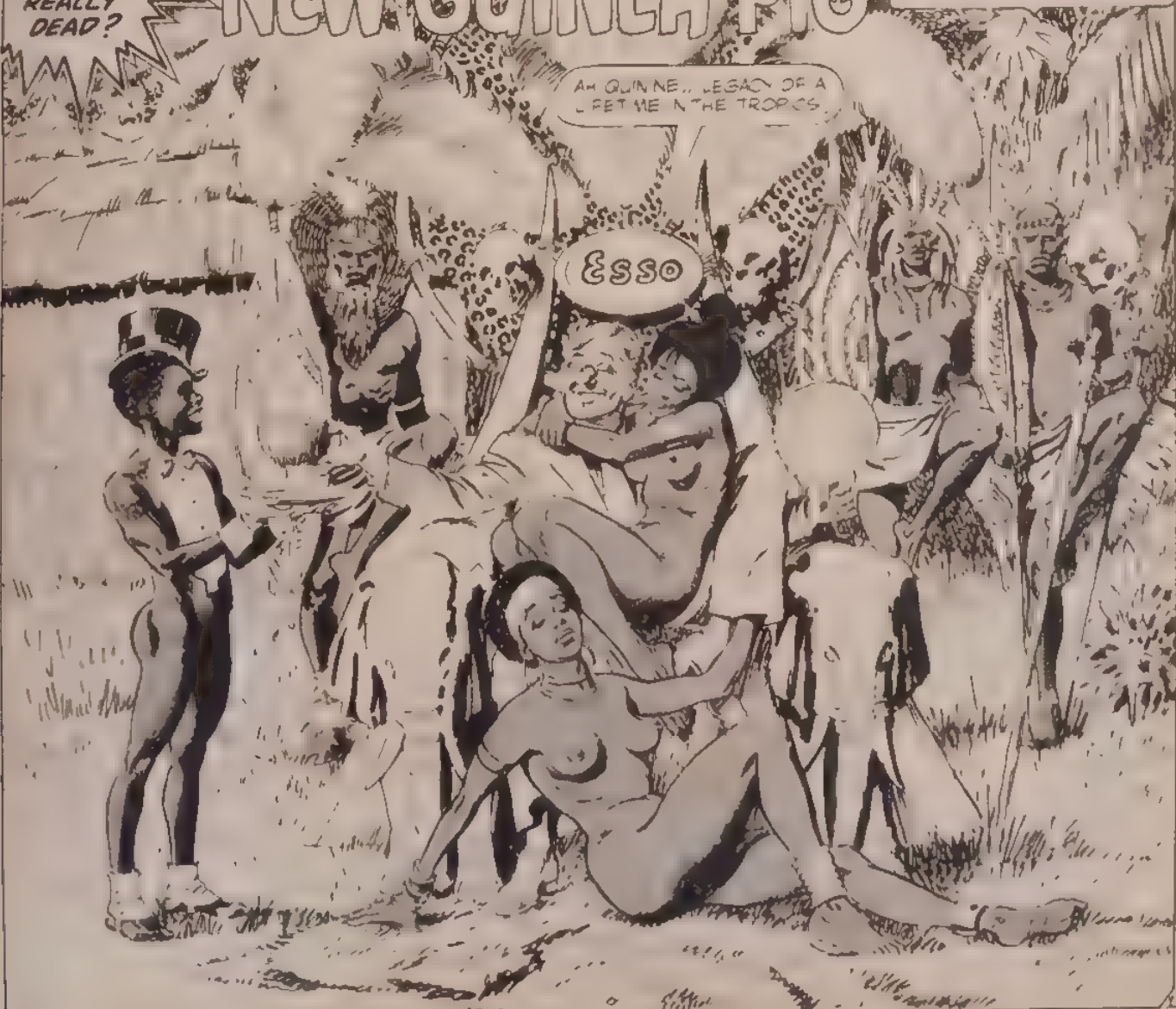
BUT WAS  
MICHAEL  
REALLY  
DEAD?

# NEW GUINEA PIG

STORY: DEAN LATIMER and  
P.J. O'ROURKE  
ART: GRAY MORROW

AM QUINNE... LEGACY OF A  
L'ET ME N THE TROPICS

Esso





THE TROUBLE BEGAN SOMEWHERE OVER THE TRACKLESS JUNGLES OF NEW GUINEA. KINDLY OLD DR. SWANBURN AND I HAD HOPPED A CHINA CLIPPER CARRYING EMERGENCY TYPHUS SERUM FROM MELBOURNE TO MACAO. SUDDENLY TWO HOURS OUT OF PORT MORESBY...

GREAT SCOTT! THE ALERONS ARE FEATHERED! THE FLAPS ARE OSCILLATING WILDLY! I CAN'T HOLD ON TO HER!



WE'LL CRASH FOR SURE!

BY GEORGE, GENTLEMEN! WE SEEM TO HAVE FLOWN WITHIN THE FORBIDDEN FIFTY-MILE RADIUS OF THE DREAD CARGO CULTISTS, WHO DRAW AIRCRAFT DOWN TO THEIR ALTAR WITH VOODOO AND MAGIC!



THESE SAVAGES HAVE SO FAR SUCCESSFULLY ELUDED ANY ANTHROPOLOGICAL STUDY. IT'S MY THEORY THAT THEY EMPLOY SOME SORT OF RUDIMENTARY PSYCHOKINESIS...

SHIT!

KRIIMP!

SLOWLY I REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, MY HEAD THROBBING TO THE BEAT OF NATIVE DRUMS. BY SOME MIRACLE, I HAD BEEN THROWN CLEAR OF THE DOOMED PLANE. MY COMPANIONS HAD NOT BEEN SO LUCKY...



I GEET DEE ALTEEMEETER

I GEET DEE CLUMPASS!

I GEET DEE SHORTWAVE RADIO!

I GEET DEE THREE DOZEN PERSONAL-SIZE AIR SEEKNESS RECEPTACLES!!!

ASTONISHED, I WATCHED THE FRENZIED CARGO CULTISTS STRIP THEIR SOLDERING PRIZE OF ITS BOOTY

I WANDERED... I KNOW NOT HOW LONG. THEN...

GASP! A CLEARING



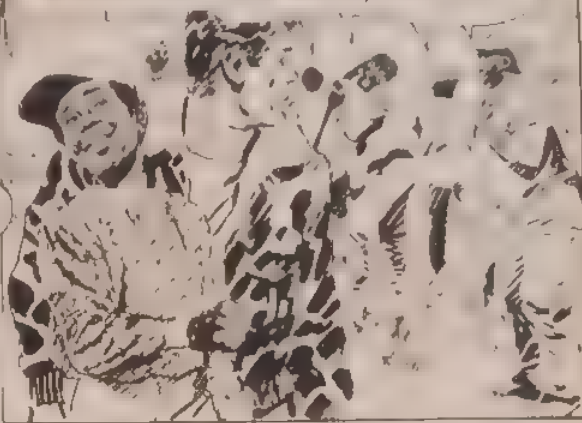


THERE BEFORE ME, IN THE MIDST OF THIS FORSAKEN WILDERNESS, THOUSANDS OF MILES FROM ANY CIVILIZATION...



IN A DAZE I WAS LED ACROSS THE GROUNDS OF THE PLANTATION...

I GOT SUNSHINE ON A CLOUDY DAY  
WHEN IT'S COLD OUT  
I EVEN GOT THE MONTH OF MAY...



I SPOKE TO THE NATIVE BOY IN BIRDEN ENGLISH

ME FELLA  
COME FROM SKY IN BIG FELLA  
8 RD. BIRD FELLA, HIM GET VERY  
BAD FELLA SICK, GO DIE-DIE...

YOLSE TO SEE  
DE MASSA, BOSS?



"HAD BEEN TEN YEARS BLT I  
RECOGNIZED HIM INSTANTLY.

MICHAEL  
ROCKEFELLER  
I PRESUME?

MASSA MICHAEL,  
LOOKY WHAT  
DE CAT DONE  
DRUG N!

THAT'S RIGHT NICE,  
SAMBO. YOU GET  
BACK ON THE LAWN  
NOW



IT IS MY HUMBLE@ PRIVILEGE TO WELCOME  
YOU TO BLACKMORT, A ROCKRESORT ©.  
YOU JUST PULL UP A CHAIR AND SET A WHILE.

DINNER WAS AT SEVEN. OVER AN EXOTIC REPAST, I EXPLAINED MY  
RATHER ABRUPT APPEARANCE TO MY GRACIOUS HOST.

MY YES, GLAD YALL COULD COME!  
THOSE LIPPITY CARGO CULTISTS,  
THEY JUST DON'T KNOW THE R.  
PLACE. RESSTED EVERY ATTEMPT  
I'VE MADE TO CIVILIZE THEM.

HAVE SOME MORE LEECHES  
AND PAN-FRIED CHICKEN. SON?

NOT LIKE OUR DARK ES  
HERE, NO SIR. WE LET THEM  
PUT ON NO AIRS! YOU COME  
TAKE A LOOK AROUND THE  
PLANTATION AND I'LL SHOW  
YOU WHAT I MEAN



NO NO TRY  
TASAN:  
YAS BOSS  
DAT SHO AM  
SOME FINE  
HADDY-MELON

YAS DAT BOSS  
SHO AM SOME  
FINE...

AH TOTES  
YOU TOTES  
HE-SHEE-T  
TOTES!



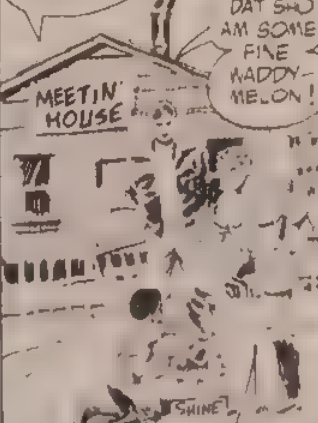
YES WE HAVE QUITE A PROGRAM  
TO BRING THESE PRIMITIVES THE  
BENEFITS OF WESTERN THOUGHT  
AND TRADITION.

DEN DE LAND  
JESUS COMES  
INNA DE SEL  
TRAIN AN' TAKE  
YOLSE ALL TO  
HEBBIN!

TELL IT  
BROTHER

AY-MEN!

YAS BOSS  
DAT SHO  
AM SOME  
FINE  
HADDY-MELON!



I THINK YOU CAN SEE THEY'RE  
ACCUULTURATING NICE! YOU  
KNOW THEY'RE SO HAPPY AND  
CAREFREE. NOT A WORRY.

"OH DEN  
GOLDEN  
SLIPPERS  
OH DEN  
GOLDEN  
SLIPPERS..."

EMOTE  
DARLINGS.  
EMOTE!



THEY DON'T FEEL PAIN  
LIKE WE DO AND I PER-  
SONALLY SEE TO IT THAT  
THE LIGHTER SKINNED ONES  
ARE TAUGHT USEFUL TRADES!

YOU RUSS ROLL  
DEN EYES BACK  
FURTHER! NOW  
EVERYBODY  
SHUFFLE!

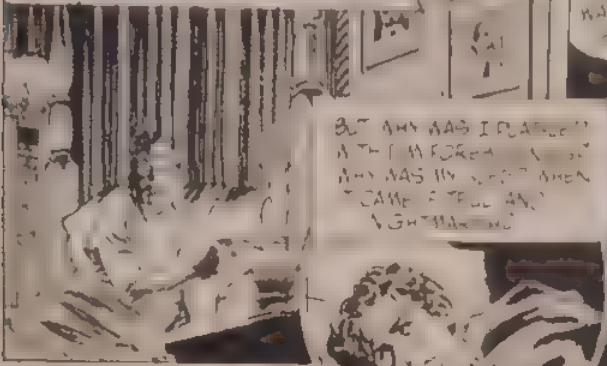
FEETS DO  
YO STUFF!



DE CAMPTOWN  
RACES RUN ALL  
NIGHT. DEN DAH  
DOO-JAH...



ALTHOUGH MANY OF MY QUESTIONS HAD BEEN ANSWERED, WHEN I RETURNED THAT NIGHT TO MY TINY ROOM, I WAS SHOCKED I HAD STUMBLED INTO A VERITABLE GARDEN OF EDEN.

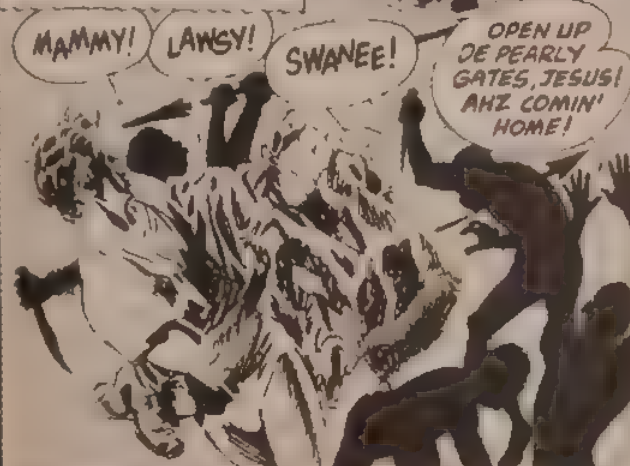


BUT WHY WAS I PLACED IN THE FOREST? WHY WAS MY LIFE WHEN I CAME FROM THE NIGHTMARE?

SUDDENLY  
OWTCH! SHEET  
MUCK! SHEET  
WATER TO SPEAR!  
WITH SHARP!

SHEET  
ON  
GORE!  
JAB!  
POW!  
STAB!  
CUT!  
SQUISH!

I NARROWLY ESCAPE MY UNSEEN ASSASSIN!



MAMMY! LANSY! SWANEE!  
OPEN UP DE PEARLY GATES, JESUS! AHZ COMIN' HOME!



MY HEADLONG RUSH WAS INTERRUPTED BY A HORRIBLE SCRY FROM WITHIN A DISTANT BUILDING STRUCTURE THAT LAY BEHIND THE PLANTATION...



ENTERING THE SINISTER BUILDING I WAS SHOCKED BY A SCENE OF UTTER DEPRAY.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THESE MEN? WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS? WHAT IS THIS?

MY FRIEND, WHAT YOU ARE SEEING HERE IS AN EXAMPLE OF INTERRACIAL BLOOD-LETTERING. CARE FOR ANOTHER BEECH?

BUT BUT BUT...

WE'LL MAKE IT SEEMS YOU ELUDED MY YOUNG BUCKS, YOU MAY AS WELL HEAR MY WHOLE STORY BEFORE WE THROW YOU TO THE SNAKES AND GATORS.



"YOU SEE, BACK IN THE EARLY TWENTIES, IT OCCURRED TO GRANDAD JOHN D. THAT BLACK PEOPLE SEEM TO RESIDE ATOP A DISPROPORTIONATE AMOUNT OF THE WORLD'S NATURAL RESOURCES. NOW, THIS HIT GRAMPS RIGHT WHERE HE LIVED! SURE," HE EXCLAIMED, "AND THEY'LL JUST FRITTER IT ALL AWAY ON CRAP-SHOOTING AND CHEAP WHISKEY!" SO THAT VERY DAY HE STARTED PLANNING TO FACILITATE THE RELEASE OF THAT UNTOLD WEALTH, AND PRESENTLY HE HIT UPON THE SOLUTION: A ONE-HUNDRED-PERCENT-EFFECTIVE SICKLE-CELL-ANEMIA VIRUS!! EVERY BODY ON THE DARK SIDE OF AN OCTAROON WILL BE AMORTIZED WITHIN THIRTY YEARS ONCE WE ACHIEVE A PERFECT SYNTHESIS!

GRANDAD BUILT THE HOUSE, BUT DADDY SIPHONED OFF ENOUGH FUNDS FROM THE SOUTH MALL TO PUT UP THE LAB. PICKED UP A LOT OF PRIMITIVE ART WHILE HE WAS OUT HERE, SO WE ACTUALLY CAME OUT AHEAD ON THE WHOLE THING..."



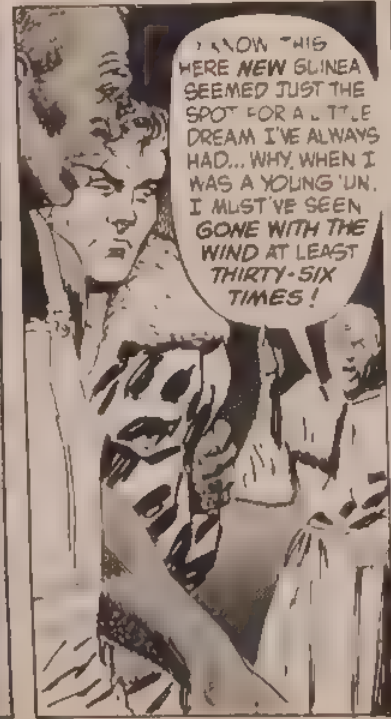
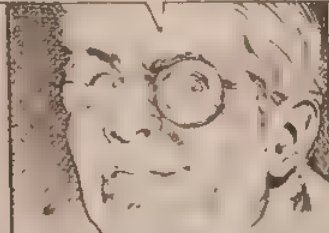
"OF COURSE, CERTAIN OBSTACLES HAD TO BE REMOVED FROM TIME TO TIME..."

SO WHEN ALL THE TROUBLE STARTED, WE DECIDED TO KEEP SOMEBODY FROM THE FAMILY HERE ON THE SPOT FULL-TIME THAT'S ME! ALL THESE BOYS HERE, SEE, ARE PHDS WHO GRADUATED FROM NEW YORK COLLEGES AND COULDN'T FIND WORK, SO WE FETCH THEM HERE TO PAY OFF THEIR STATE REGENT'S LOANS. THAT, SIR, WAS JUST ONE OF MY INNOVATIONS. SURE ENOUGH, I'VE MADE A WHOLE MESS OF CHANGES AROUND HERE

YOU...YOU...YOU... BIGOT! YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!

BOYS!

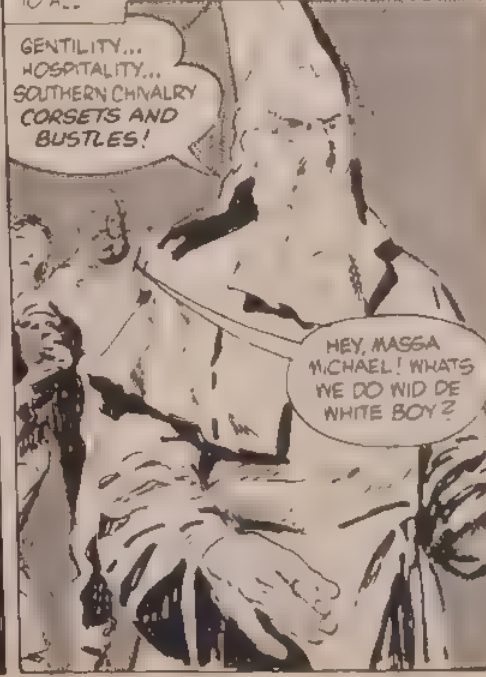
...AND WE HAD TO BUY OFF SOME PERIPHERAL FIGURES TOO! GAVE NIXON THE PRESIDENCY, CONNALLY THE TREASURY, MADE PETER FONDA A STAR, PUBLISHED ERICH SEGAL, AND SPRANG TIM LEARY...



I KNOW THIS WERE NEW GUINEA SEEMED JUST THE SPOT FOR A LITTLE DREAM I'VE ALWAYS HAD... WHY, WHEN I WAS A YOUNG 'UN, I MUST'VE SEEN GONE WITH THE WIND AT LEAST THIRTY-SIX TIMES!

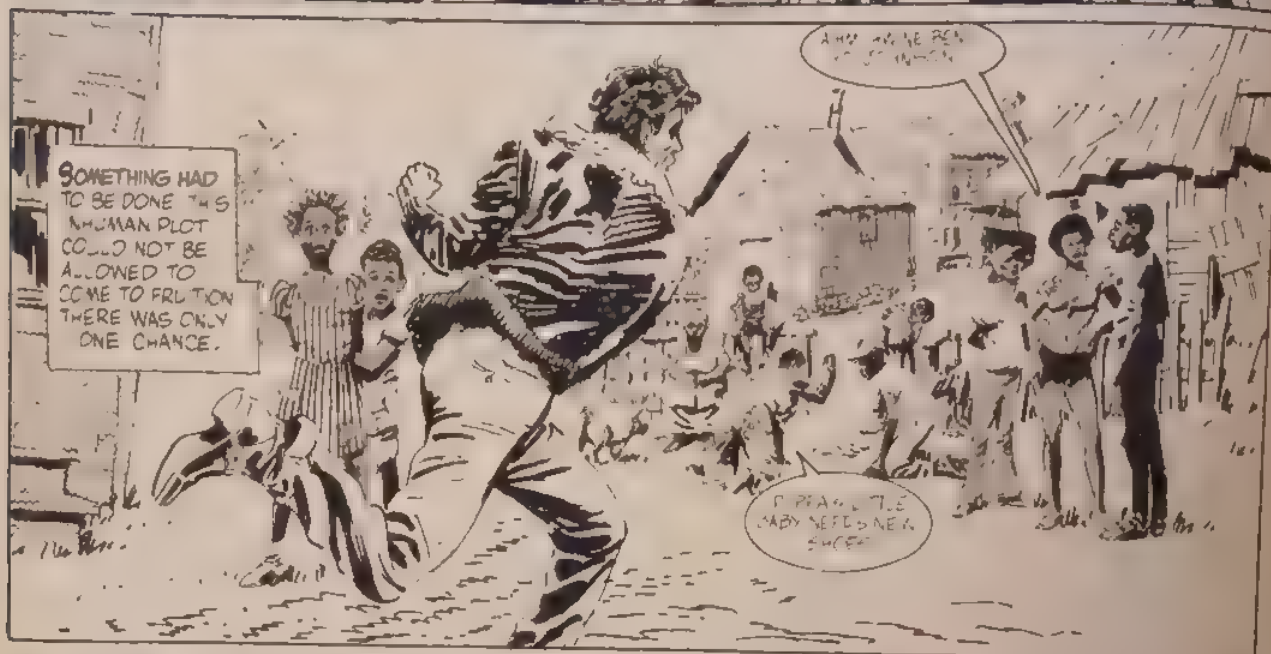
I REALIZED THIS MADMAN WAS OBVIOUS TO ALL

GENTILITY... HOSPITALITY... SOUTHERN CHIVALRY CORSETS AND BUSTLES!



HEY, MASSA MICHAEL! WHATS WE DO WID DE WHITE BOY?





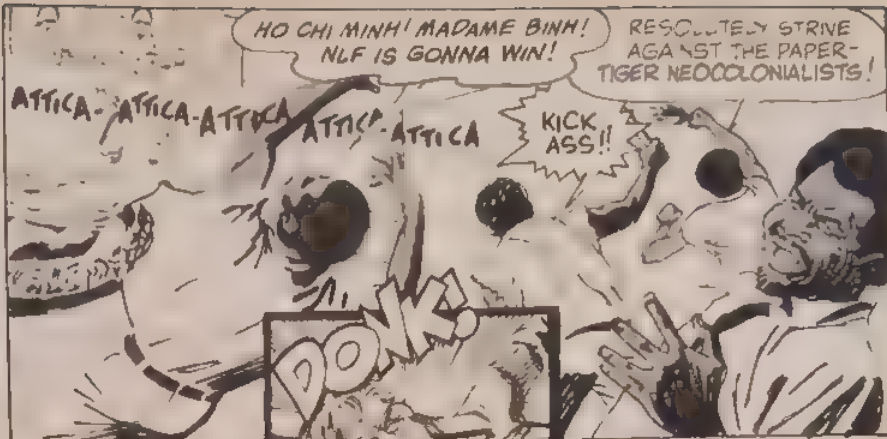




OUTTA AHR  
WAY BOY!  
YOL 3E™ YO  
ASS CUT!

OFF THE  
PIG.

KILL  
WHITEY!



HO CHI MINH! MADAME BINH!  
NLF IS GONNA WIN!

RESOLUTELY STRIVE  
AGAINST THE PAPER-  
TIGER NEOCOLONIALISTS!

ATTICA-ATTICA-ATTICA ATTICA-ATTICA

KICK  
ASS!!



DONK!

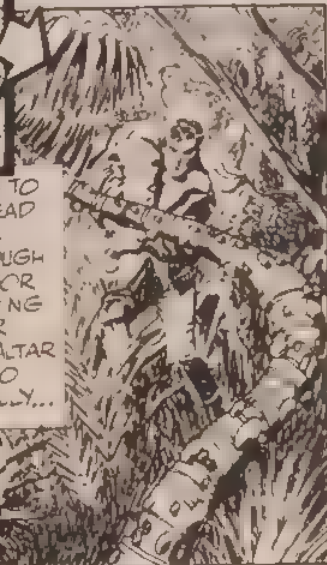
EMPLOYING THE  
MASSACRE OF  
THE NATIVES AS  
A DIVERSION,  
I SEARCHED OUT  
ROCKEFELLER  
IN HIS CENTRAL  
CONTROL ROOM...



CENTRAL  
CONTROL  
ROOM

TOO BAD TO LOOSE  
THOSE NIGRAS!  
THEY SURE CAN SING  
DANCE, RUN, AND  
PLAY BASEBALL!

WITH NOTHING TO  
GO ON BUT DEAD  
RECKONING I  
PLUNGED THROUGH  
THE JUNGLE FOR  
HOURS, CARRYING  
ROCKEFELLER  
SEEKING THE ALTAR  
OF THE CARCO  
CLUSTERS. FINALLY...



COMMUNICATION WITH THE SAVAGES WAS INITIALLY DIFFICULT. BUT, OF  
COURSE, IF YOU SPEAK ENGLISH TO FOREIGNERS LOUD ENOUGH AND  
CLEAR ENOUGH, THEY ALWAYS UNDERSTAND.

I...URGENTLY...REQUIRE...  
A...HELICOPTER! UH...  
WHIRLYBIRD...CHOPPER!...  
EGGBEATER!



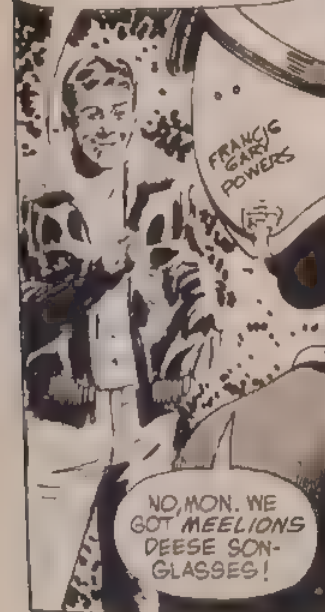
SI, HOMBRE, BUT DEES  
WHORL BIRD HOW YOU  
SAY? WHAT EES EEN  
EET FOR US MON?

...AW...WELL  
OKAY...WHAT IF  
I PUT UP MY  
VOLUME 1,  
NUMBER 1,  
COPY OF  
BLACKHAWK?

MY FLESH CRAWLED AS THE  
NATIVES BEGAN THEIR  
EERE RITUAL.

PLAYING ON THEIR IGNORANT  
OBSESSION WITH THE PARA-  
PHERNALIA OF FLIGHT, I  
EFFECTED A DEAL IN JIG  
TWE.

HOW ABOUT THIS  
PAIR OF AUTHENTIC OFFICIAL  
NAVY II ARMY AIR CORPS  
WRAPAROUND BLUE-TINT  
AVIATOR SUNGLASSES?



FRANCIS  
GARY  
POWERS

NO, MON. WE  
GOT MEELIONS  
DEESE SON-  
GLASSES!

WELL, HOW ABOUT THIS  
KOREAN WAR FLIGHT-  
JACKET WITH WOOL  
COLLAR?



NO  
MON!  
WE GOT  
REELONS  
OF DEM.



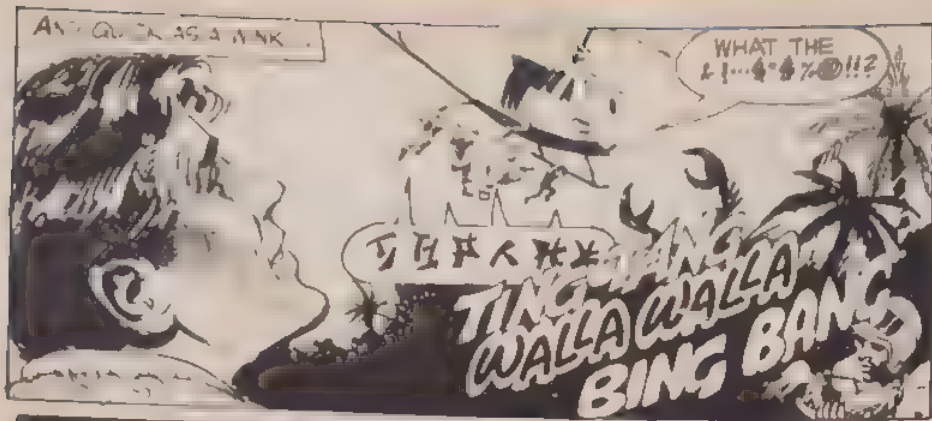
MADRE DE DIOS!!  
GREENGO, YOU MON!

OH-EE-OOH-AH-AH  
TNG TANG  
WALLA-WALLA



BING-BANG

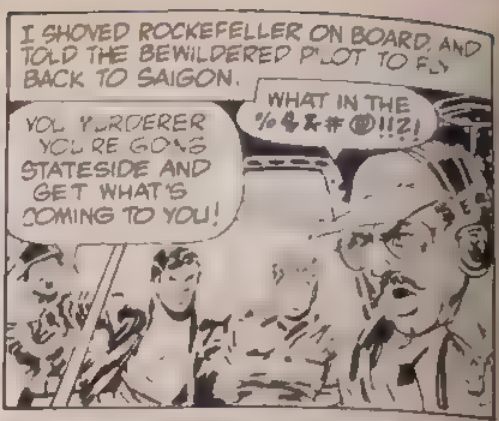




AND QUICK AS A WINK...

WHAT THE  
%&\*#&!!?

TING WANG  
WALLA WALLA  
BING BANG



I SHOVED ROCKEFELLER ON BOARD, AND  
TOLD THE BEWILDERED PILOT TO FLY  
BACK TO SAIGON.

WHAT IN THE  
%&\*#&!!?

YOU Y-ORDERER  
YOU'RE GONNA  
STATESIDE AND  
GET WHAT'S  
COMING TO YOU!



AND THAT'S THE STORY. THE  
PILOT FINALLY CALMED DOWN  
AND RACED AHEAD. WHEN  
HE LANDED AT SAIGON THERE  
MUST HAVE BEEN A WHOLE  
BATTAL ON WAITING FOR US.  
GENERAL'S EVERYTHING. I  
GUESS HE'LL GET WHAT'S  
COMING TO HIM.

WONDERFUL  
WHAT A SCOOP!

CORRESPONDENT

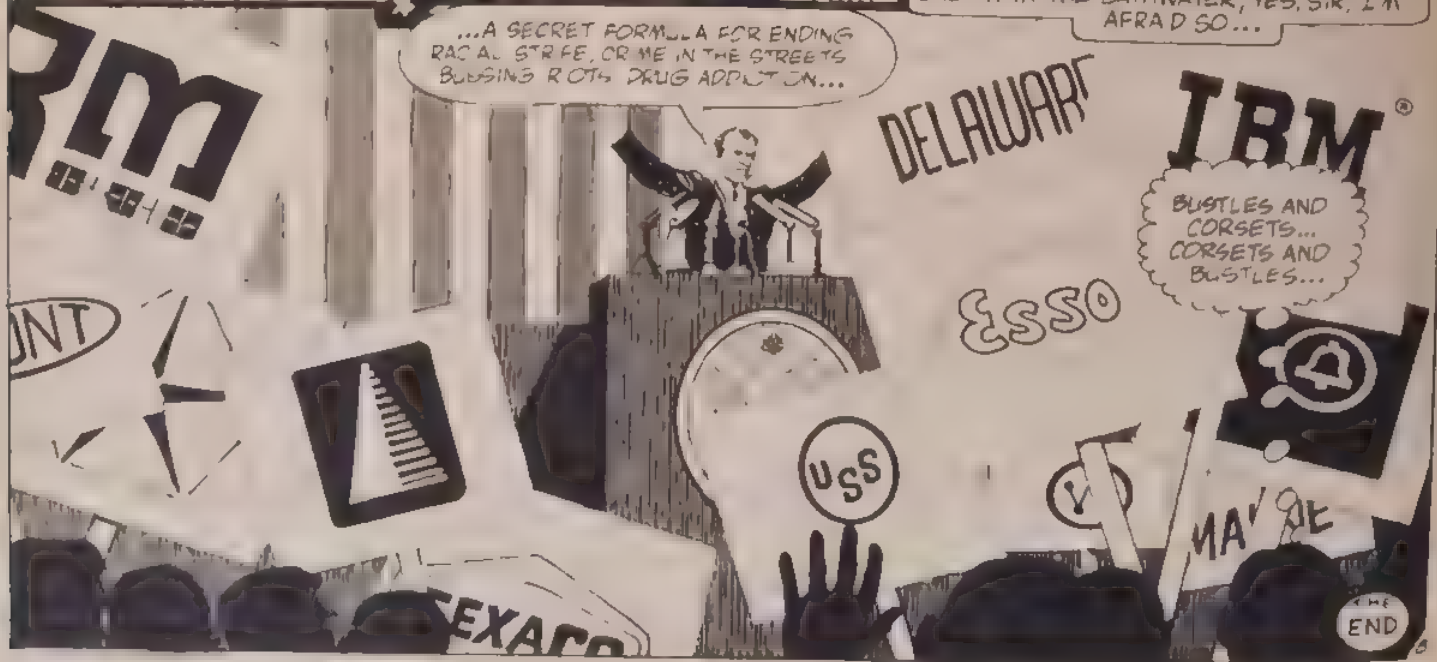


BAROOM!



YES, SIR, EVERYTHING'S O.K. I'VE GOT THE  
FORMULA. YES, SIR, I KNOW, BUT ALL IT  
MEANS IS WE MOVE UP THE TIMETABLE A  
FEW MONTHS... WHAT? NO SIR, I'M AFRAID  
THERE'S NO WAY OF PROTECTING BLACK  
FOOTBALL PLAYERS. I'M SORRY SIR BUT...  
BABY WITH THE BATHWATER, YES, SIR, I'M  
AFRAID SO...

...A SECRET FORMULA FOR ENDING  
RACIAL STRIFE, CRIME IN THE STREETS  
BUSINESS ROTS, DRUG ADDICTION...



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CORSETS...  
CORSETS AND  
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3 CENTS

# WEEPER

## TAYLS



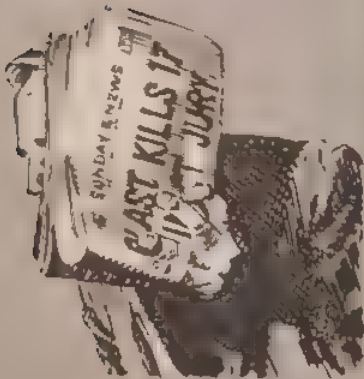
in  
ISSUE:

### WYME WARP





Charles Luciano



Meyer Lansky



Albert Anastasia

**SECRETS ENTRUSTED  
TO A FEW**



*These great minds were Cosanostrians...*

## WHAT SECRET POWER DID THEY POSSESS?

How did these men achieve greatness? What hidden forces did they tap to gain mastery over others? Can these mysterious secrets be harnessed by you for your enjoyment and advantage?

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### The COSANOSTRIANS

Newark

(MAFIA)

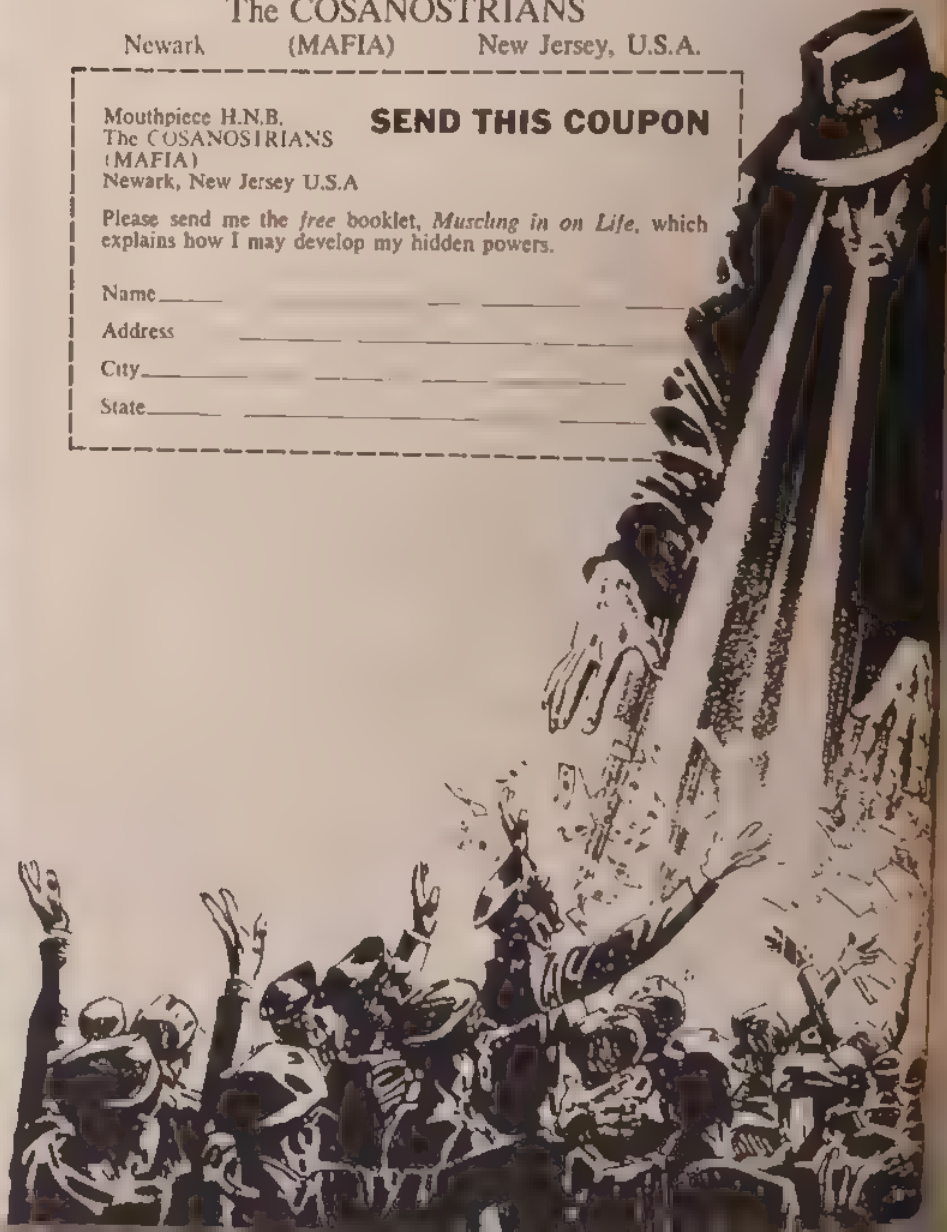
New Jersey, U.S.A.

Mouthpiece H.N.B.  
The COSANOSTRIANS  
(MAFIA)  
Newark, New Jersey U.S.A.

#### SEND THIS COUPON

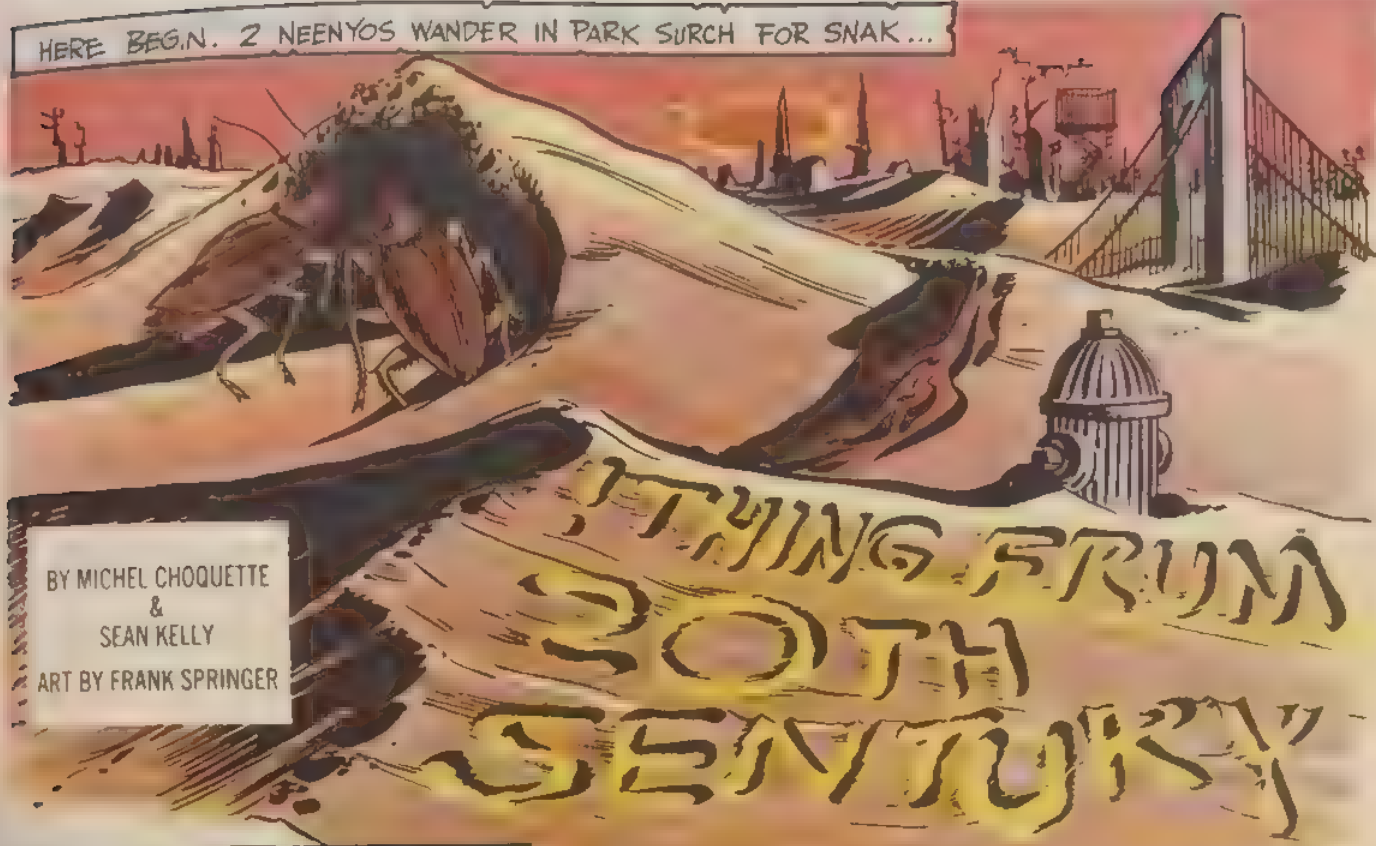
Please send me the free booklet, *Muscling in on Life*, which explains how I may develop my hidden powers.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_





HERE BEG.N. 2 NEENYOS WANDER IN PARK SURCH FOR SNAK...

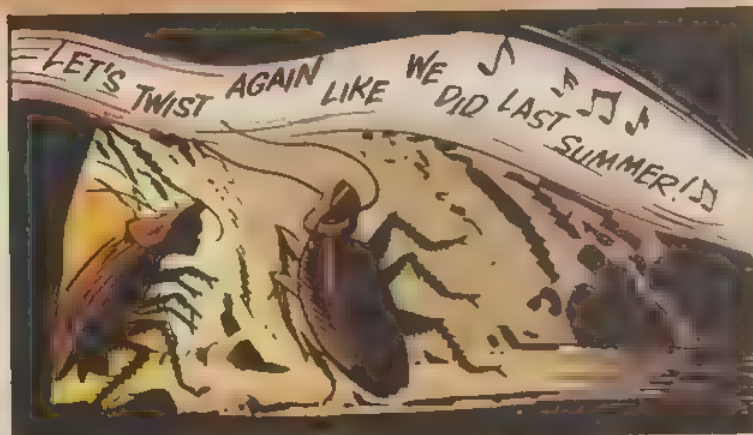


BY MICHEL CHOQUETTE  
&  
SEAN KELLY  
ART BY FRANK SPRINGER

# !THING FRUM 20TH CENTURY

!KAYV HERE !SUM  
GUD NUNS HERE  
I BECHA

!LET'S HAY  
LUKSEE



NEENYOS  
KWIK KUM  
U-NI-KAYT  
SCIENCE  
DADDIES  
...

!LOWD YIBES  
TWISSAGEN  
TWISSAGEN  
IN KAYV

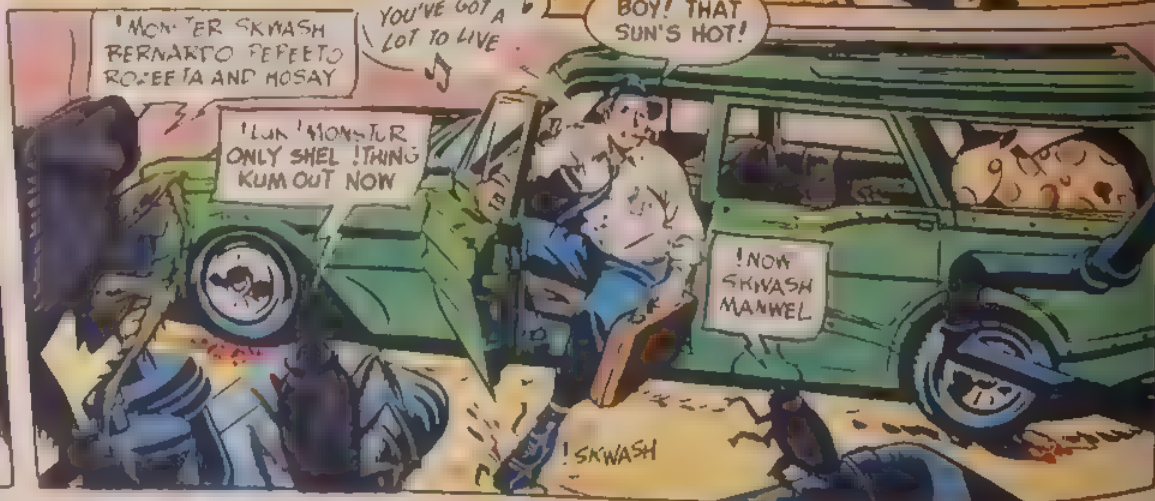
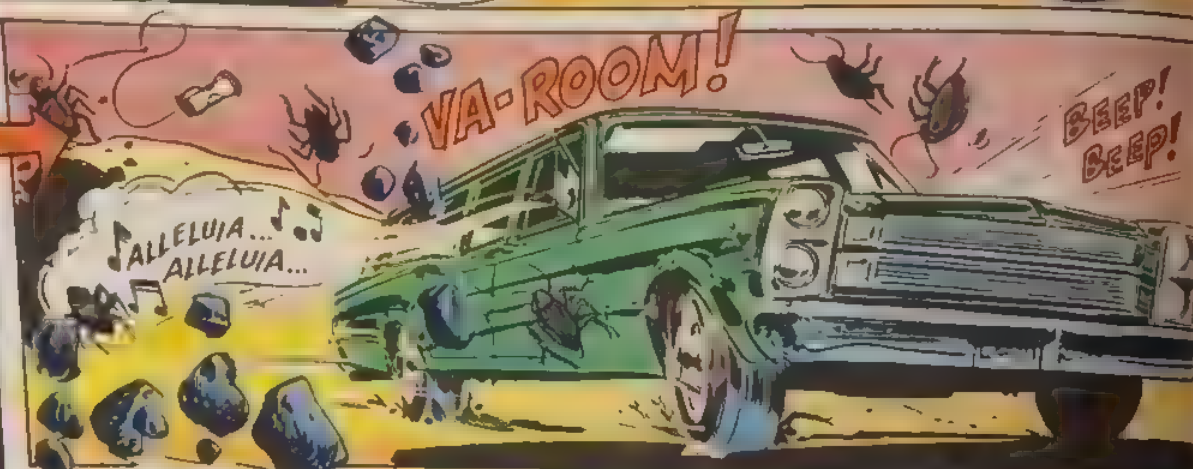
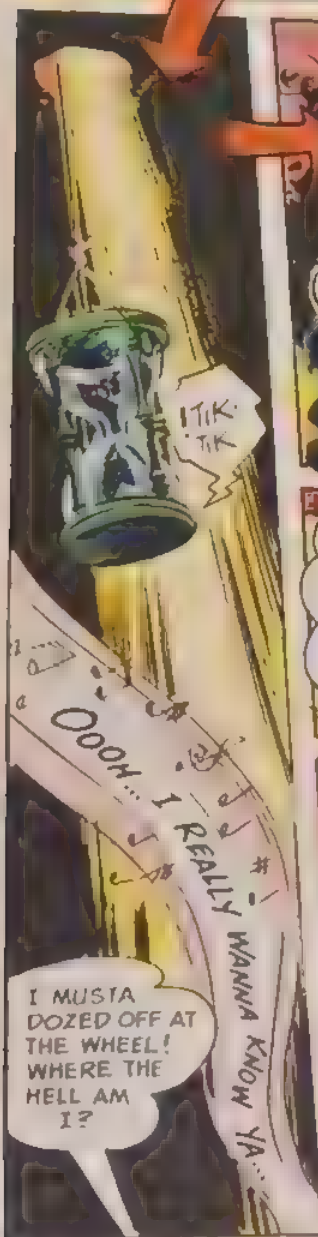
?MAYBE  
TYME-  
WARP

I KUD BE  
!DIGGERS  
GO LUKSEE





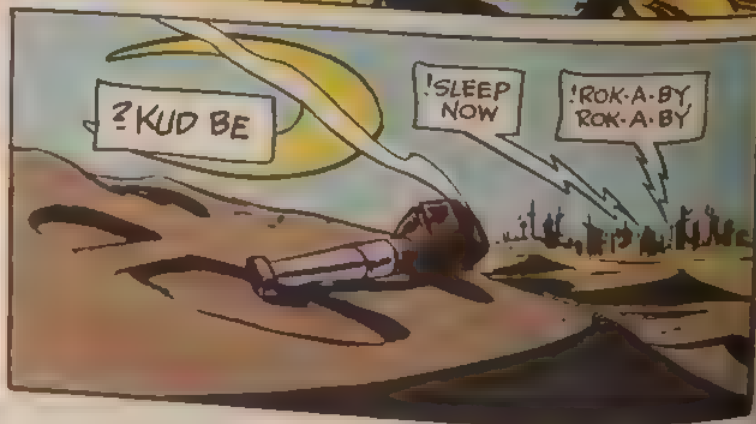
HOLE FOR TYME-GEIGER













A NATIONAL LAMPOON PARODY OF

# MAD

IND

OUR PRICE

40c

YOU GET  
WHAT YOU  
PAY FOR

NOV.  
1977  
NOV.  
1977  
33-0



## WHAT, ME FUNNY?





NUMBER 147

NOVEMBER 1971

# MAD

"I grow old, I grow old..."—J. Alfred Newman

JOHN BONI, SEAN KELLY, HENRY BEARD *writers*  
MICHAEL GROSS *art director* ELLEN TAURINS *production*

RALPH REESE, JOHN ROMITA,  
JOHN LEWIS, ERNIE COLON, AL WEISS,  
BABI JERY, STUART SCHWARTZBERG,  
JOE ORLANDO *artists*

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## VITAL FEATURES

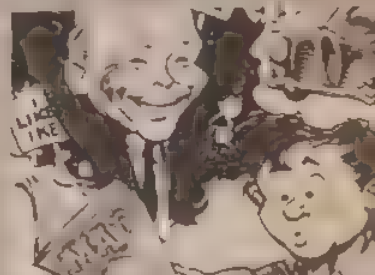
CITIZEN  
GAINES



THE MAD  
MAGAZINE  
PRIMER



YOU KNOW  
YOU'VE REALLY  
OUTGROWN MAD  
WHEN . . .



THE LIGHTER  
SIDE OF  
DAVE BERG



HORRIFYING  
CLICHÉS



ONE DAY  
IN THE  
PARK





## LETTERS DEPT.



### THE SOUND AND THE FÜHRER

At last someone had the spunk to portray Hitler for what he was—a rotten, cold-blooded murderer. For too long, people have been led to believe that he was a misunderstood kid who took a wrong turn at Bavaria. Now MAD has told it like it is!

Jerry Kosinski  
Painted Bird, Wyo.

Heil MAD! You really did in old Adolph! It's bound to cost you some German readers, but I guess that's the price of being gutsy! Keep those right-on spoofs coming!

Art Decco  
Bangor, Maine

Stalin, Mussolini, and now Hitler. How about taking a poke at Marshal Pétain next? He's really due for a bringdown.

Rosemarie LaBinaca  
Los Angeles, Calif.

### A MAD LOOK AT MOTHBALLS

"Mothballs" was the funniest article I ever read in MAD. I especially liked the part about how they smell so funny and break into lots of little pieces when you drop them on the floor.

Noreen Klevish  
Naismith, Ore.

I smiled at your "MAD Look at Sash Weights." I chuckled at your "MAD Look at Linoleum Floors." I guffawed at your "MAD Look at Shoe Polish Tins." I howled at your "MAD Look at Mechanical Pencils." But I just went into fits over your "MAD Look at Mothballs!"

Lionel Trilling  
New York, N.Y.

### YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY HOT WHEN...

Great article, but you forgot "You know you're really hot when... you perspire!"

Patsy Trammig  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I thought your article was swell, but you missed one—"You know you're really hot when... your shirt sticks to your back!"

Vince DiMuerta  
La Caccia, Calif.

Terrific! But you left out "You know you're really hot when... you drink a lot of water!"

Frank Craspi  
Gentian, Pa.

## BEHIND THE SCENES

"A MAD Peek Behind the Scenes at a Coat Closet" was your best yet. It was even better than your "Peek Behind the Scenes at a Glove Compartment." How do you do it?

Richard Gasvin  
West Newt, Ariz.

I didn't realize just how true your "MAD Peek Behind the Scenes at an Invisible Reweaver" was until I went to get my cardigan last Tuesday. Sure enough, you could see the stitches!

Anne Fusco  
Coriander, Fla.

Congratulations on your "Peek Behind the Scenes at a Christian Science Reading Room." You handled a potentially tricky subject with taste and tact.

Miriam Plesher  
Caster, N.J.

### MAD MOVIE SATIRES

Kudos on your nifty spoof, "Cleo-pasta." Although I am only fifteen, I certainly enjoyed your clever satire of what has to be one of the dopest movies ever! Keep up the good work!

Terry Roberts  
Wilmington, Del.

Many thanks for your jazzy takeoff, "The Pride and the Pasta." Your "usual gang of idiots" deserves cheers and applause, which is more than that dumb movie got. Keep up the good work.

Robert Terry  
Wilmington, Del.

I read your delightful ribbing of Ingmar Bergman's idiotic film, "The Seventh Pasta," and I recommended it to my entire English class as a good example of how to write funny satire. Continue with the good work!

Bob Robertson  
Wilmington, Del.

My hat's off to you for your hilarious "Moby Pasta" and last month's hysterical "Marjorie Pastastar." They're the funniest things I've read since your classic "Pastacus"! Up the work keep good!

Rob Terryson  
Wilmington, Del.

I thought your worthless satire "2001: A Space Pasta" was really stupid. Good the work upkeep!

Terry Robertson  
Wilmington, Del.

"The Owl and the Pastacat" was great! Work good keep the up!

Bert Robertry  
Wilmington, Del.

Congratulations on that great series of letters, Sol! They read just fine, and I especially like the one about the kid who thought "2001: A Space Pasta" was stupid—it kind of gives the thing credibility.

Al Feldstein  
New York, N.Y.

### PHILOSOPHY LESSON

Do you call your magazine trash because you believe it to be trash; or do you believe it to be trash and call it trash to anticipate the arguments of those who, believing it to be trash, would logically call it trash; or do you believe it not to be trash, a priori, and call it trash in the hopes that those who believe it to be trash will reject the evidence of their senses rather than accept a nomenclature which they must regard as only another aspect of its trashiness? I, for one, think it's a piece of shit.

Jean-Paul Sartre  
Paris, France

### A FAITHFUL FAN

I take your magazine with me wherever I go.

Tommy Tongyai  
Atlanta, Ga.

### MAD WINS AGAIN

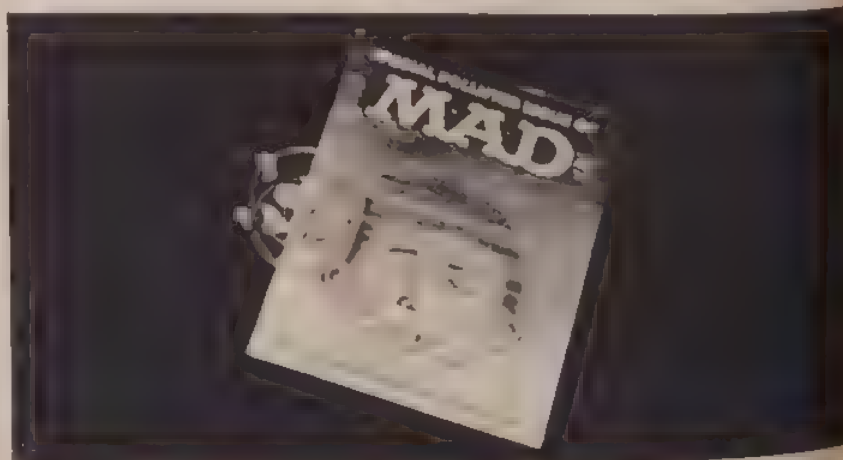
When I wuz smart I uset to read Nashinul Lambpoon but now I read MAD.

Charly  
Boston, Mass.

### SATISFIED READERS

All of the unicellular flagellates in my petri dish read your magazine. We may be pretty low down on the Great Chain of Being, but we think it's great!

Bifistula Ciliati  
Sandham Laboratories  
Travis, Okla.



Bifistula and his friends reading the latest issue.

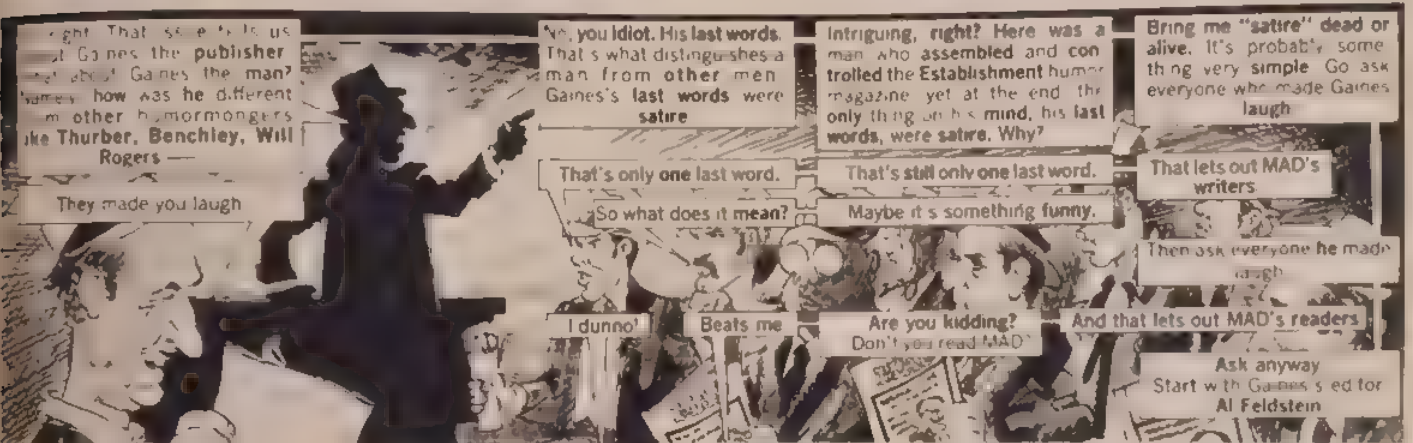
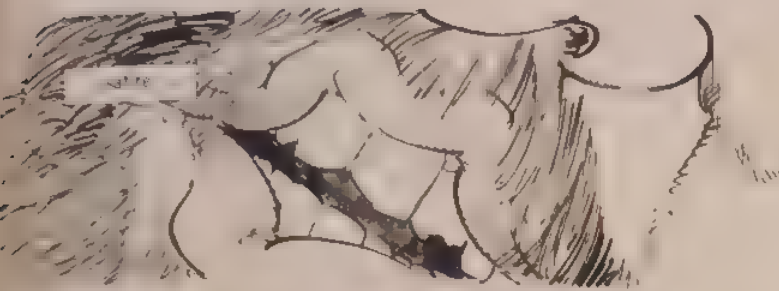
THE HEARST IS YET TO COME DEPT.

Hey, gang, have ya noticed how over the years a certain magazine has dropped its standards, its values, its commitment—but NOT its price? Didja ever wonder, "Wha hopen?" Huh? Didja? Well, wonder no further, for here's the epic struggle of that mag's downhill metamorphosis as presided over by its publisher...

WRITER: JOHN BONI

ARTIST: ERNIE COLON

# CITIZEN GAINES



EDITOR'S WARNING: Flashbacks may be harmful. If you hear that it's funny, please don't read it.



Now, I meets the Gaines kid when he was eight. His folks rented a room to one of my acts, a deadbeat comic who skips town owing them money. Then the guy dies on me in Peoria—and everywhere else—and in his will he leaves the Gaines kid all of his...



Jokes?! He left my son jokes?! But we need money, not jokes!

Look, sweetheart, you want money. You shoulda rented to a banker. You rent to a comic, you get jokes!



Kid, listen! Schecky's jokes can make you independently funny.

I can't believe it. I can't believe it. I can't believe it.



But I does right by the brat anyway and invests his gags in tax sheltered comic books, plus I gives him a nice allowance of socko punch lines and setups, which he squanders on his pals

Hey, didja hear the one about...

Take my wife... please!

There was this traveling salesman, see

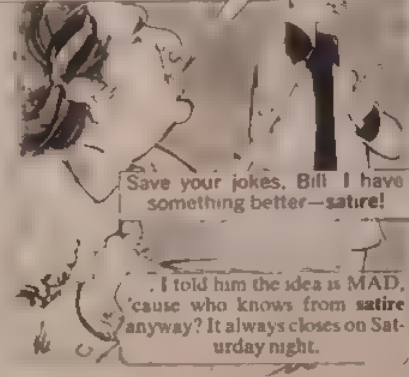
... so the Indian says, 'Mat zos? I thought they were suppositories!'



I know you're out there, I can hear you sleeping.

the kid was great. He coulda been another Henny Youngman, but he meets this Harvey Kurtzman and

I wanna start a comic book that people will laugh at. I'm prepared to invest all my jokes



Save your jokes, Bill. I have something better—satire!

I told him the idea is MAD, 'cause who knows from satire anyway? It always closes on Saturday night.

Nah, boss, not a clue. I'm heading back to MAD to ask the usual bunch of dirts there about satire



Right? Right?

Wrong! It's a streetcar, like in a Streetcar Named Satire.

Uh, pudden me. I see lookin' for mah wife Satire!

Don't ask me. I only draw what they give me

Satire? It's a word, I say

Maybe there's a pun on it

Satire! Sounds familiar. Did I use to do that once?

I'm in circulation

[These dolts are no help. I'm gonna try the guys who used to write for MAD]

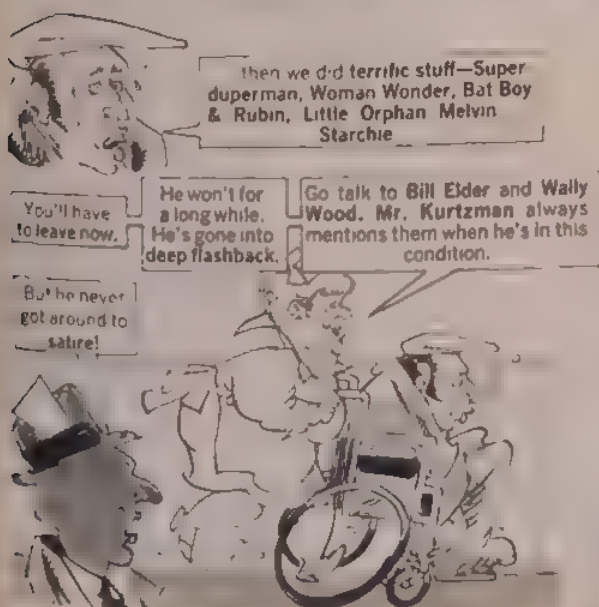
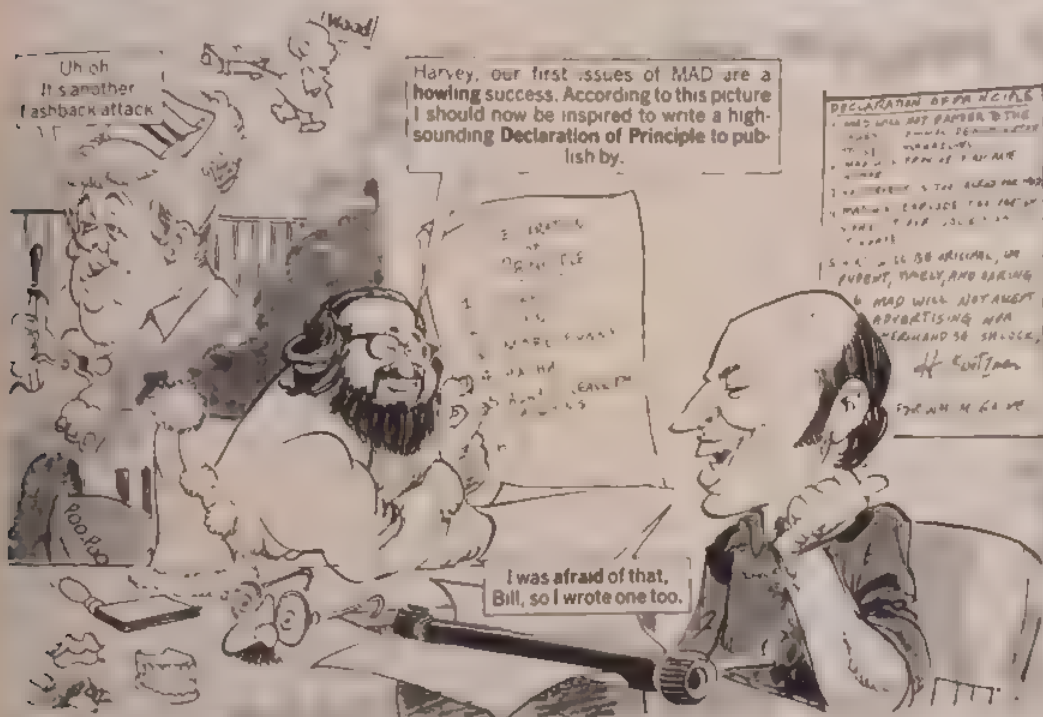
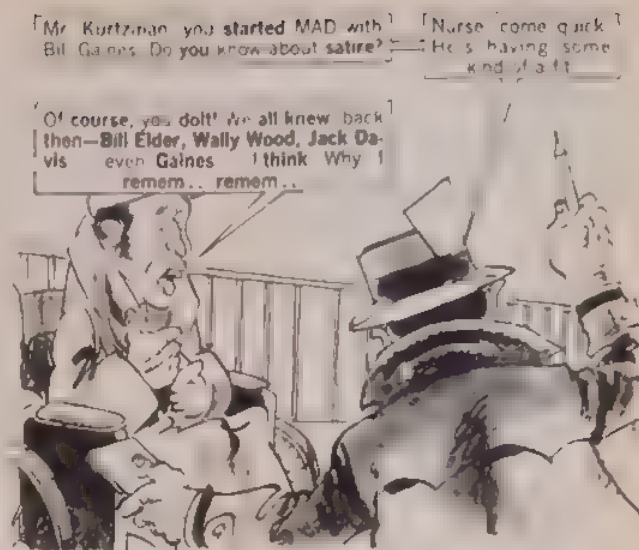
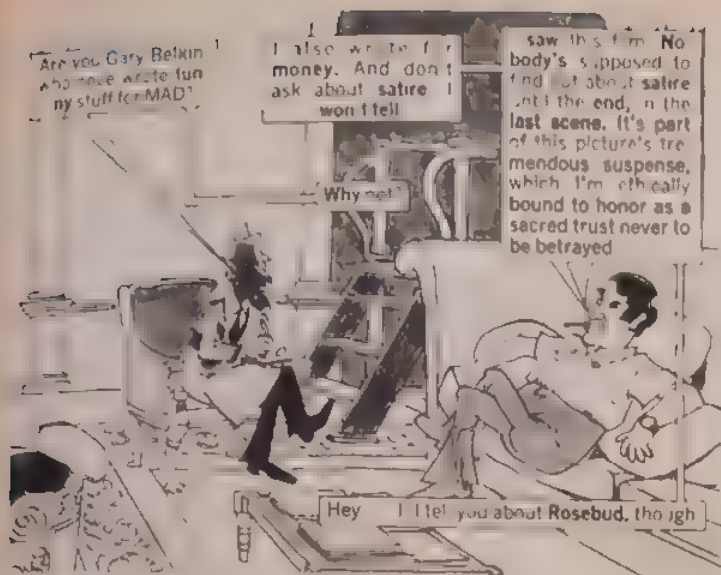


Siegel or De Bartolo would know, but they're not here

Satire! I can't conceive of such a thing

It's just like Gaines to say a dumb thing like that

WILL I'M MAX BRANDEL





Harvey here's my new Declaration of Principle, designed to create more interest

Mainly, my bank-book's principal, which will grow and create more interest

And look, your old declaration occupies a place of honor in my office

Don't cry, Harv. One principle out of six ain't bad.

But what about humor in a vulgar vein?

[It'll be humor in a juvenile vein]

What about adult satire?

Huh? What does satire have to do with anything?

That does it! I'm forced to play my ace in the hole. My big trump! I quit!

Gaines just couldn't believe Harvey. Hey! Where are you?

Hey Wally! Where'd he go?

I'm out. When these crummy flashbacks whatever happened to it with a beginning a middle and an end

Run! 16mm! 32mm! Faster! 100mm! SILENCE! did it. Broke the flashback-barrier. Last scene coming up

He was just here

He's dead. In his attempt to jump frame to the last scene he was

Yoo hoo!

You mean

That's it! An end! I stay out of frame and skip to the end and satire. Start running

Yes! Flashbacked to Gaines

Satire? How can one word plan a whole life anyway!

It's easy if the word's money.

Who said that?

I did. My whole life I've been trying to raise enough money for another great film like this one and this wretched parody isn't helping me any

B-but I still got this box of stuff from Gaines's office

Junk! Burn it!

SATIRE COMPANY

**RUBBISH OR PERISH DEPT.**

**CHAPTER 1**

See the reader.  
He is very loyal.  
He wouldn't miss an issue of his favorite magazine.  
Even when its price went up,  
He kept right on buying it every month  
Why is he such a loyal reader?  
Because he likes a magazine that rejects silly old shibboleths  
And takes a bold stand on important issues  
And treats difficult topics in a mature way  
Of course, his mother buys him MAD  
So he reads it, too.

**ARTIST: AL WEISS**



**CHAPTER 2**



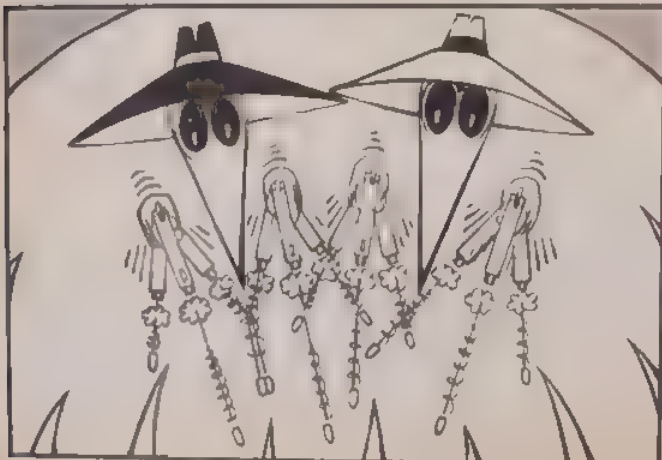
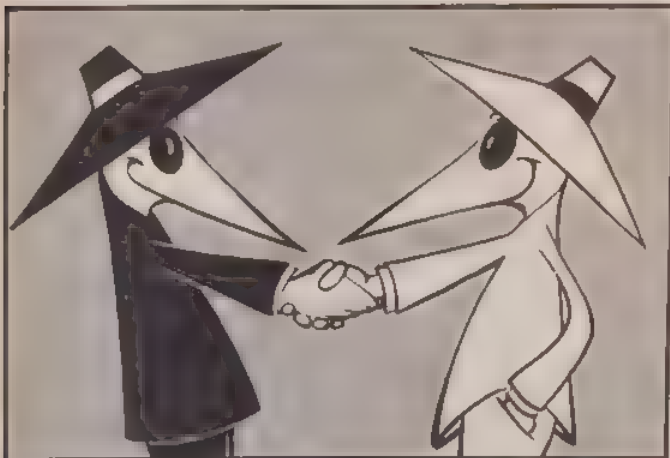
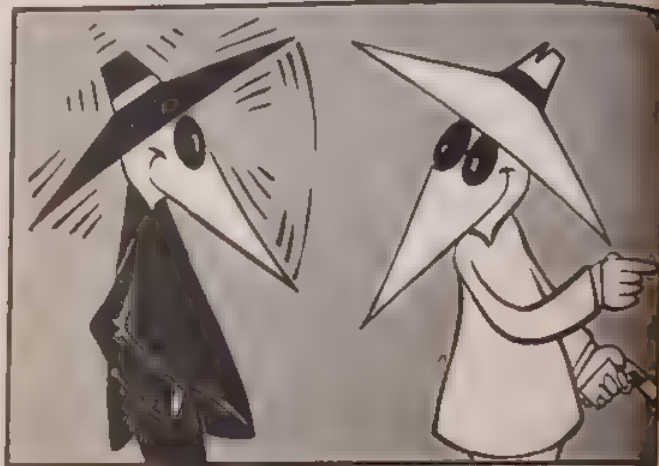
See the editor.  
He is very harried.  
He is editing an article for the next issue of MAD.  
He has a deadline to meet.  
The article needs a lot of work.  
To start with, it's too long.  
The editor has to take out some words  
Most of the words he is taking out have only four letters.  
But boy, they sure do add up!  
The article also has problems in "pacing" and "timing."  
There's a reference to an ethnic group that breaks the pacing  
And there's a joke about a major religion that spoils the timing  
Being an editor isn't easy.  
To be a good editor there are three things you must have:  
An eye for talent.  
An ear for good writing.  
A nose for new ideas.  
To be a MAD editor, there is one thing you must not have.  
Balls.

**CHAPTER 3**



See the writer.  
He writes for MAD.  
See him flog a dead horse.  
Flog, flog, flog.  
Take that, Hollywood bigwigs!  
Try this one on for size, Madison Avenue phonies!  
Later on, when he really gets warmed up,  
He'll attack rigged TV quiz shows  
And automobiles with big tail-fins  
And segregated lunch-counters.  
Well, maybe not segregated lunch-counters.  
After all, fun's fun, but you have to draw the line somewhere  
Nobody minds a little ribbing now and then,  
But there is such a thing as knowing when to stop.  
Look at Lenny Bruce. If he knew when to stop,  
He could be a great comedian.  
He could even be a MAD writer.  
He's what? When did that happen? No kidding!  
Well, that just goes to show you!

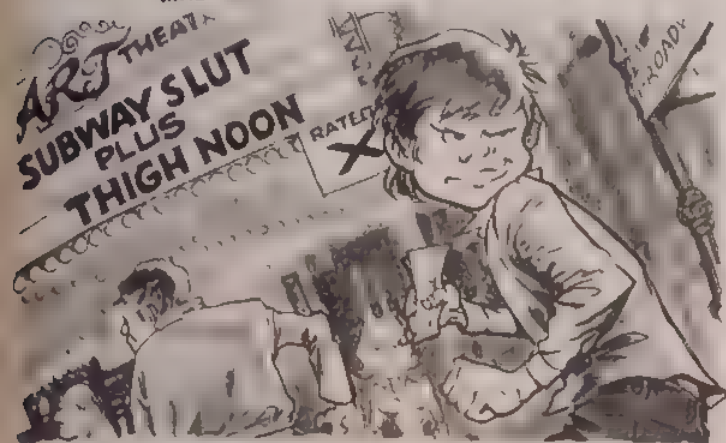




THROWING UP ABSURD DEPT.

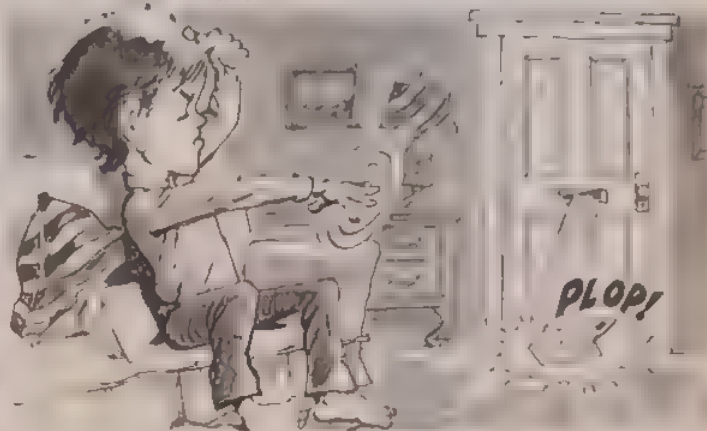
# You Know You've REALLY OUTGROWN MAD When...

You Know You've REALLY OUTGROWN MAD When...



...you start going to movies they don't do spoofs of.

You Know You've REALLY OUTGROWN MAD When...

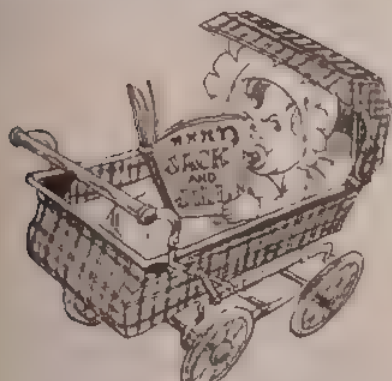


...you discover that you have acquired a secret power that enables you to know the contents of every issue before you even open it.

You Know You've REALLY OUTGROWN MAD When...

You Know You've REALLY OUTGROWN MAD When...

You Know You've REALLY OUTGROWN MAD When...



...you adopt complicated ruses to avoid being seen reading it so your friends won't consider you "immature."



...you realize that the "Now" in their "Then and Now" articles is 1957.



...you find a richer source of humor in everyday things, like rocks.

You Know You've REALLY OUTGROWN MAD When...

You Know You've REALLY OUTGROWN MAD When...



...you find out what @ @ \$ \$ % % @ means.



...you give the charity drive a hamster cage, your brother's chemistry set, a butterfly net you used to catch crappies, *The Golden Book of Squids*, *Meet Mr. Weather*, and all your back issues.



# THE LIGHTER SIDE OF

# DAVE BERG

O.K., Mr. Berg. I think that does it. If we need you again, we'll call.

**STOP!! I'LL TALK!!  
ANYTHING!!  
JUST GET THIS  
CREEP  
OUT OF HERE!!**

Yes, I do, son.

Boy,  
are you an  
asshole!

WISHY-WASHY  
LIBERAL FINK!



# HORRIFYING CLICHÉS



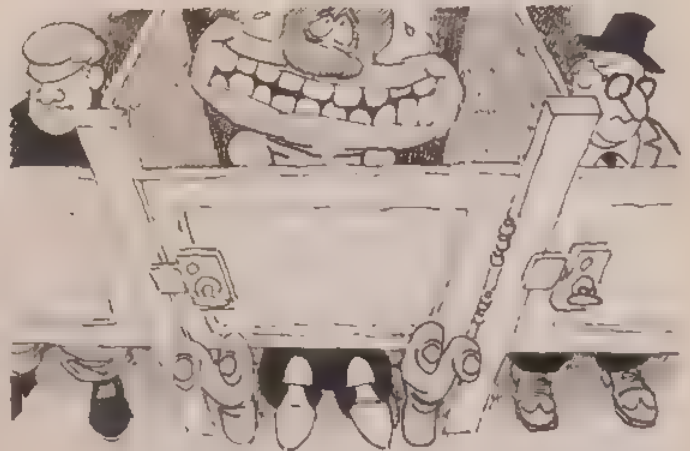
Insulting A READER'S INTELLIGENCE



Avoiding A DELICATE SUBJECT



Following A FORMULA



Blowing A JOKE



Belaboring THE OBVIOUS

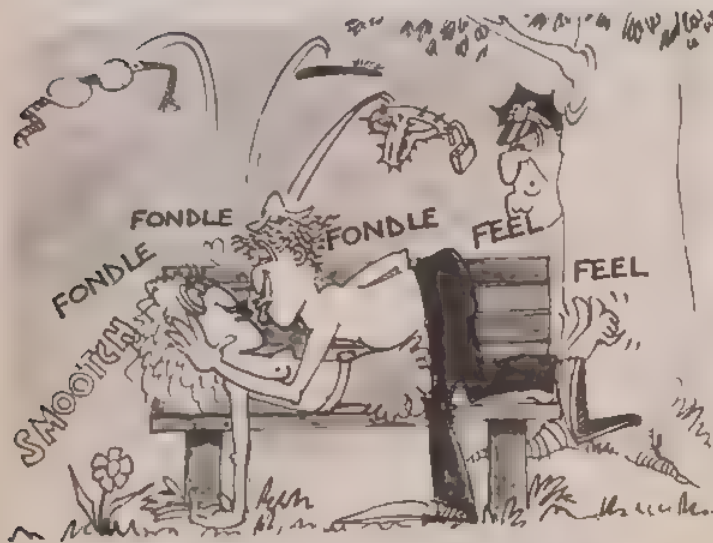


Raising A DEAD ISSUE



DON MARTIN—WASN'T HE THE NUTTY GUY WHO DREW ALL THOSE CRAZY CARTOONS THAT WE THOUGHT WERE SO SICK IN THE 50's? DEPT.

# ONE DAY IN THE PARK



SAY, JUST HOW  
DID YOU MAKE  
MAD INTO THE  
HARD-HITTING  
SATIRE MAGAZINE  
IT IS TODAY?

# HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER REVOLTING MAD FOLD-IN

"The magazine developed through the years from a somewhat sophomoric, meat-cleaver type of humor into what I regard as the sharp satiric style it features today."\* To see how this wonderful transformation was accomplished, fold page in as shown. \*MAD writer Frank Jacobs, in the Travel section of the New York Times, Sunday, July 11, 1971



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



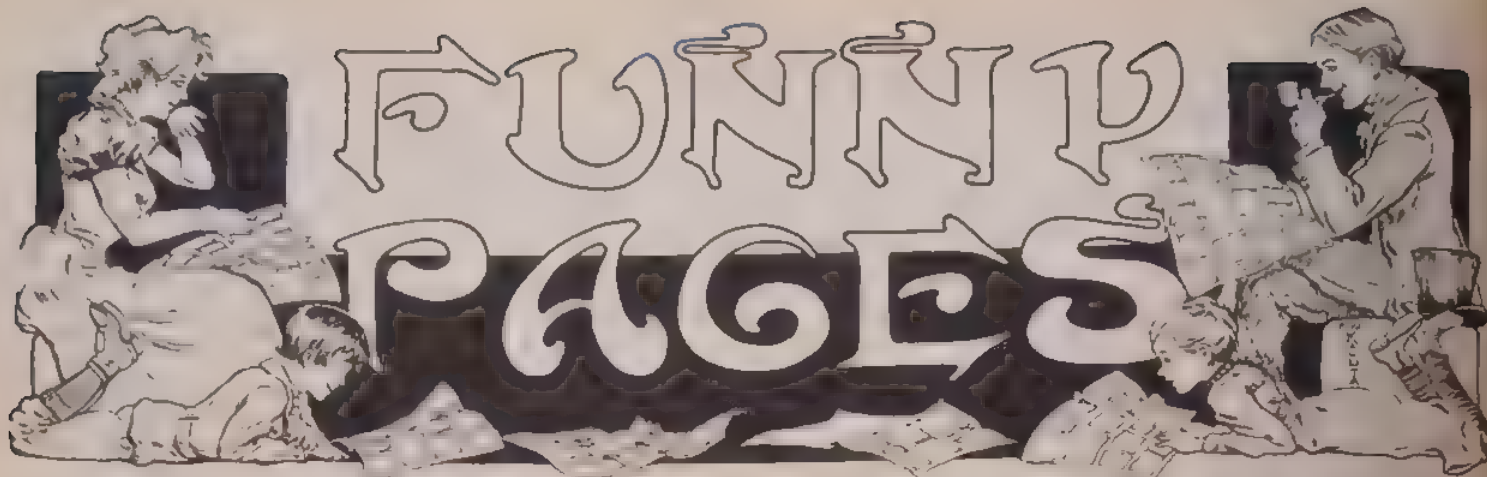
ARTIST: RALPH REESE

WELL, THERE THEY ALL ARE, OR WERE, WHEN YOU WERE ONLY A KID. WE JUST PRINTED THEM FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE. JUST IN CASE YOU FORGOT RIDICULOUS AS THAT SOUNDS. YOU MUST STILL HAVE MEMORIES OF ALL OF THAT INCREDIBLE CAST OF CHARACTERS. SUPERDUPERMAN, THE MOLE. DUMB KIND OF QUESTION TO ASK. NO ONE COULD FORGET ELDER'S OR WOOD'S STUFF. IT WASN'T SATIRE, THOUGH, WAS IT? JUST SOPHOMORIC HUMOR. HUMOR'S EASY.

A▶

◀B



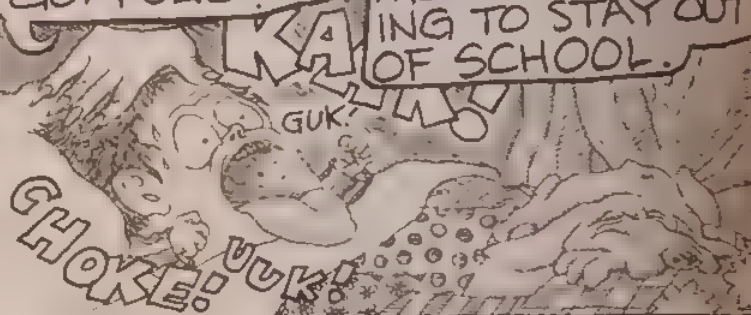


# NUTS

THOSE OF YOU WHO REMEMBER HOW GREAT IT WAS TO BE A LITTLE KID, GANG, DON'T REMEMBER HOW IT WAS TO BE A LITTLE KID....

THE POOR THING! YOU SUPPOSE HE'S GOT POLIO?

THEY DON'T GET POLIO ANYMORE. HE'S TRYING TO STAY OUT OF SCHOOL.



SAY, MAYBE HE IS SICK!

LET'S CALL THE DOCTOR!

OOR!  
GUG!  
GUG!

KAK!  
KAK!  
KAK!

YEAH, WELL THE KID DOES HAVE SOMETHING... YOU CALL SMITH'S DRUGSTORE, DON'T CALL ANY OTHER DRUGSTORE, AND BUY WHAT I TELL YOU. DOES IT HURT HERE?

PROD.

IS HE GOING TO DIE, DOCTOR?

NO, I DON'T THINK SO - BUT THOSE ARE SOME GERMS HE'S GOT - NEED A LOT OF MEDICINE FROM SMITH'S.

HI - I'M ONE OF YOUR GERMS!

HI - I'M ANOTHER!

WE'RE GOING TO KILL YOU, KID!

Graham Wilson

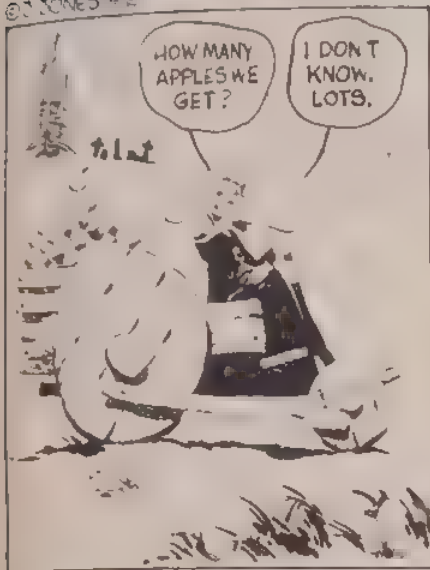
NEXT MONTH: "DEATH FEAR!"



# IDYL



© J. JONES '92



HOW MANY APPLES WE GET?

I DON'T KNOW. LOTS.



IT'S GETTING DARK. LET'S STOP HERE AND DIVIDE 'EM UP.



FOOD!

THIS ONE'S FOR ME, AN THAT ONE'S FOR YOU.

WHAT'S THAT?



THIS ONE'S MINE.

AND THIS ONE'S MINE.



IT'S THE LORD AND THE DEVIL DIVIDING UP SOULS!

THAT ONE'S MINE... THIS ONE'S YOURS



YOU GOTTA COME SEE!

WHA?

UP IN THE GRAVEYARD! THE LORD AND THE DEVIL DIVIDING UP SOULS!



AIN'T NO LORD. NO SUCH THING AS THE DEVIL.

THIS ONE'S YOURS AND THIS ONE'S MINE

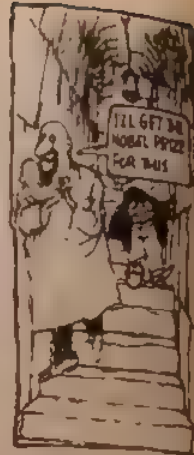
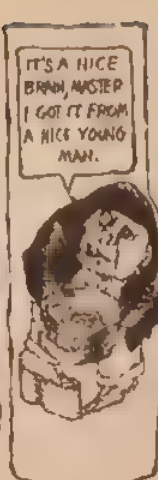
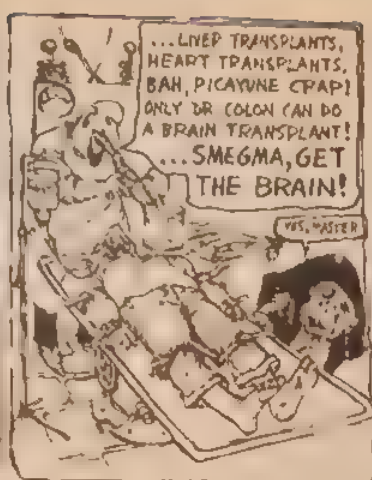


THERE THAT'S IT.

NOW LET'S GO DOWN AND GET THE TWO BY THE BIG TOMBSTONE.







ONCE UPON A TIME AT 2:30 IN THE AFTERNOON, THERE LIVED A WISE AND BENEVOLENT AND WONDERFUL WIZARD WHO WORE A BIG HAT AND WENT BY THE HANDLE.

CHEECH, DAT OUNCE OF GRASS YOU SOLD ME WAS POW!

I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE IT. BLUE BRAIN, MY OWN BLEND. CRUMBLED BAT GUANO... WANNA' NOTHER LID?

WELL, NO... CAUSE IT MAKES ME THROW UP.

CHRIST BEAT IT, GO HOME. I IS CONTEMPLATING MISTIC CONCEPTS DAT IS FAR BEYOND YER PINPOINT MIND.



I DON'T GOT NO HOME, I IS AN ORPHAN.

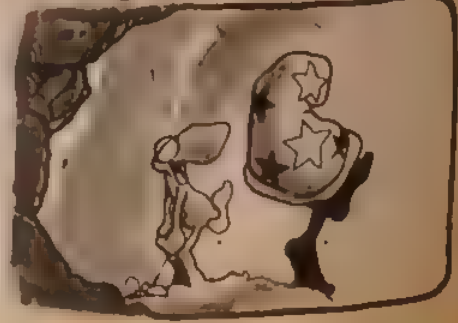
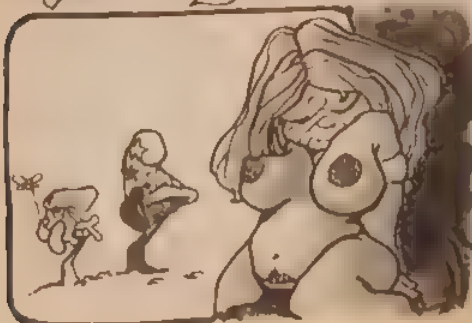
TOUGH TITTY KID, WE ALL GOT SOCIAL STIGMAS.. HEY, LOOKIT THAT LUSCIOUS BROAD RUBBIN' ON DAT LUCKY TREE TRUNK!

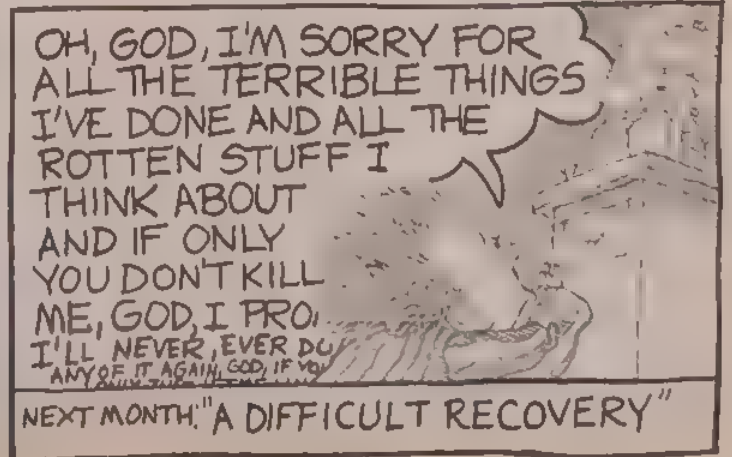
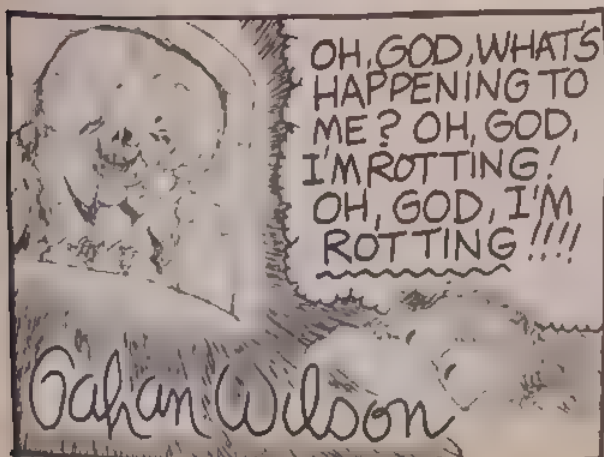
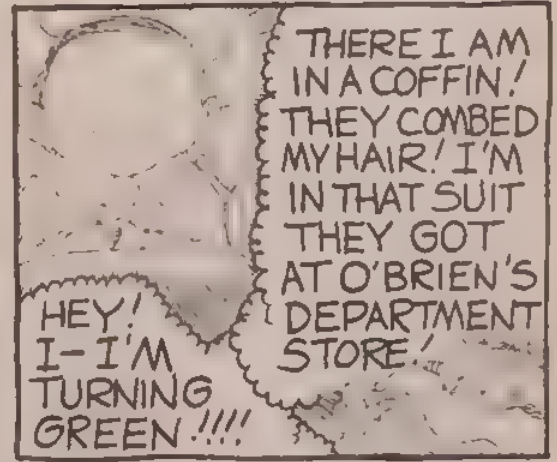
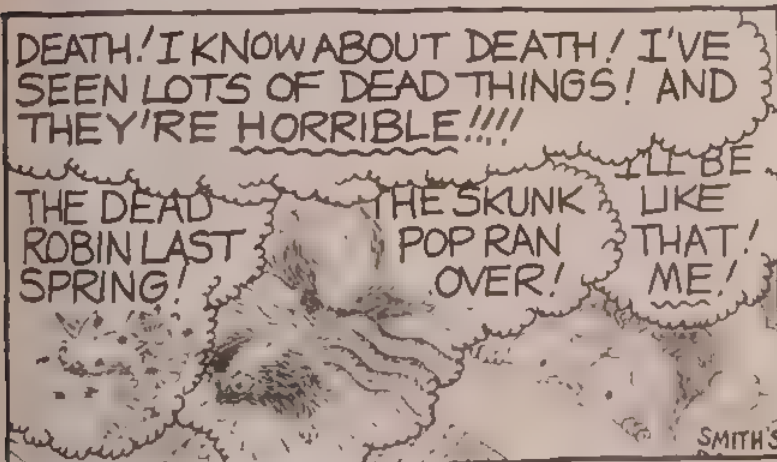
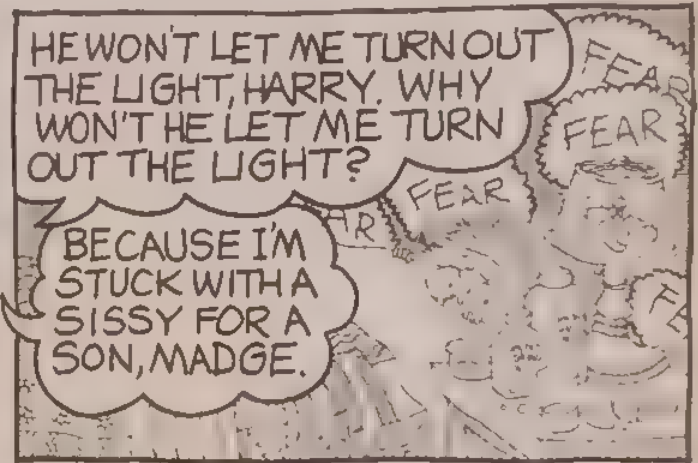
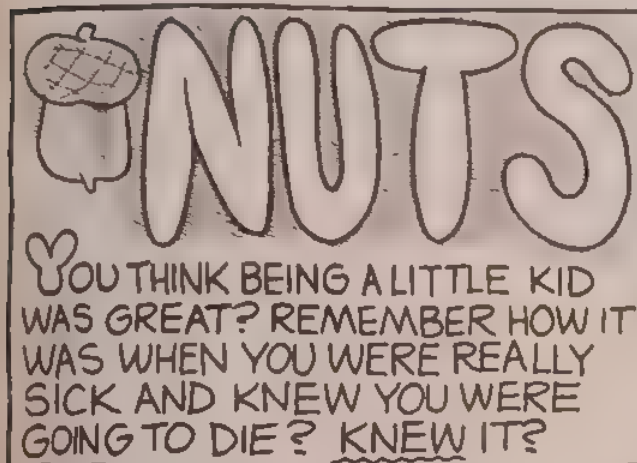
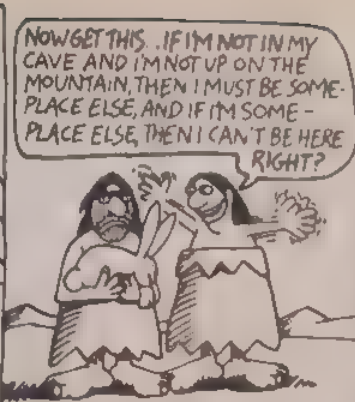
SAY THERE, PILLOW TITS, I'LL CAST YOU A MAGIC SPELL FOR A PIECE OF DAT TREE TRUNK'S ACTION

GO WAY, I DO NOT BALL HATS.

DO A TRICK, CHEECH.

MOST BROADS WOULD JUMP AT DACHANCE TO MAKE IT WITH A HAT.

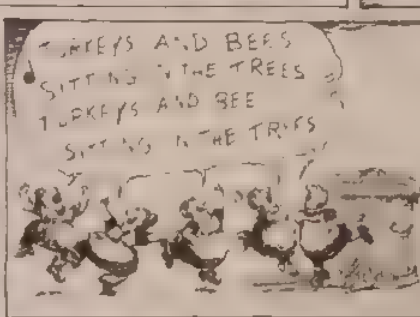
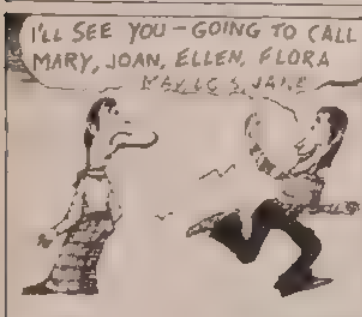
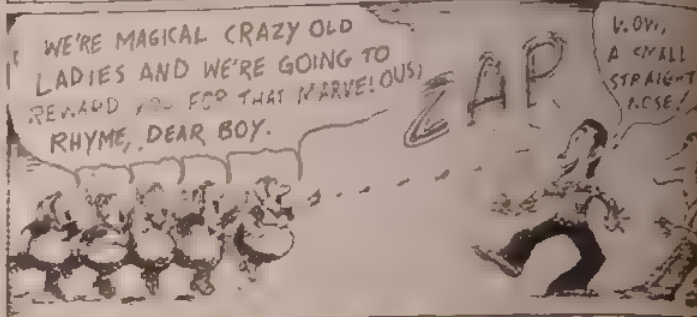
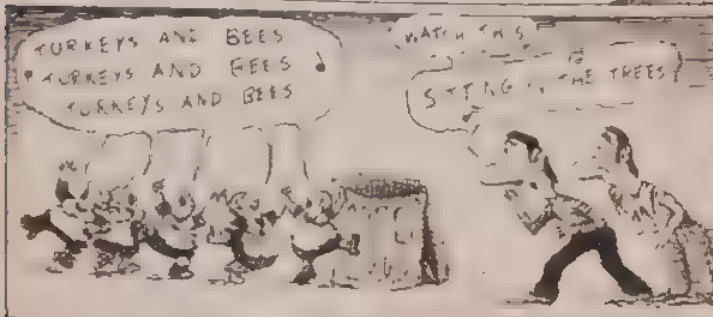
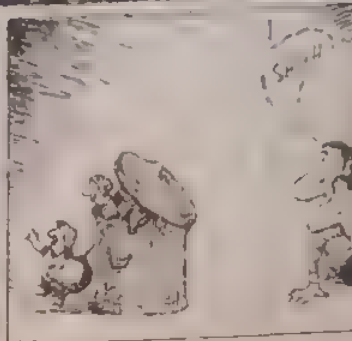






# MULE'S DINER

by stan mack



## Michael O'Donoghue Presents BAXTER BUG IN A HURRY





# IDYL



©2006 VZ



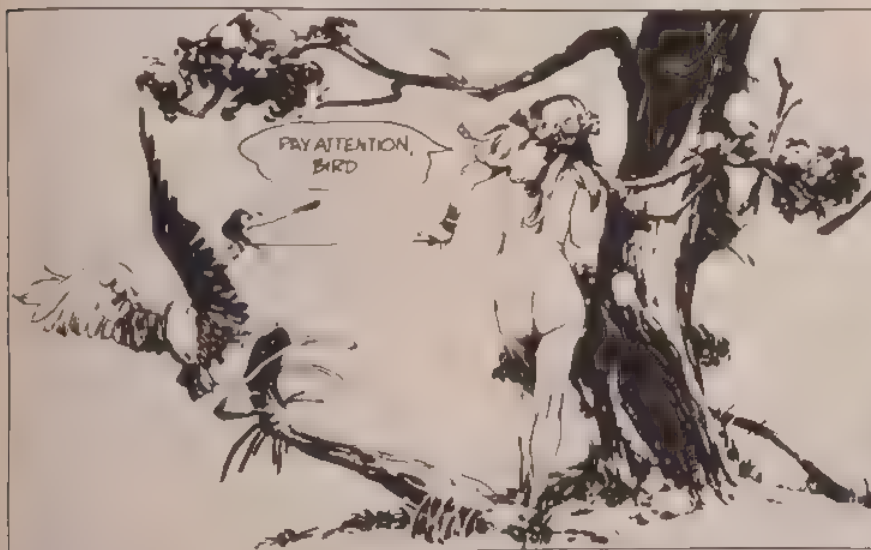
GOT YOU, BIRD!



NOW ABANDON YOUR  
BEAKBONED EYES ON  
ME, BIRD. NICE, HUH.



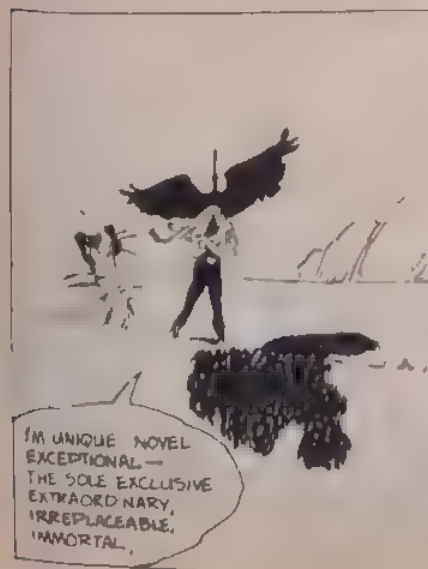
I'M NATURE'S  
PEARL



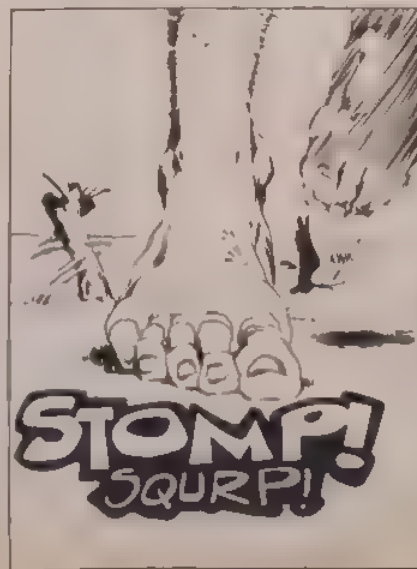
PAY ATTENTION,  
BIRD



THIS WORLD HAS  
WAITED A LONG  
TIME FOR ME



I'M UNIQUE. NOVEL.  
EXCEPTIONAL—  
THE SOLE EXCLUSIVE  
EXTRAORDINARY,  
IRREPLACEABLE,  
IMMORTAL.



**STOMP!**  
**SQURP!**



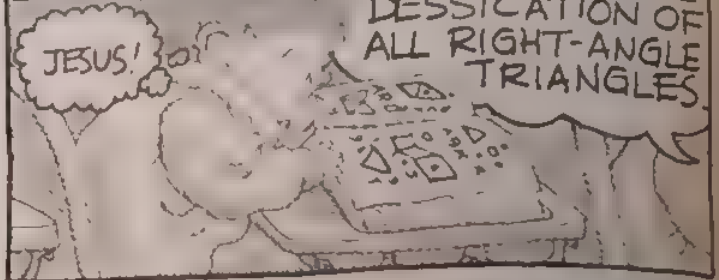
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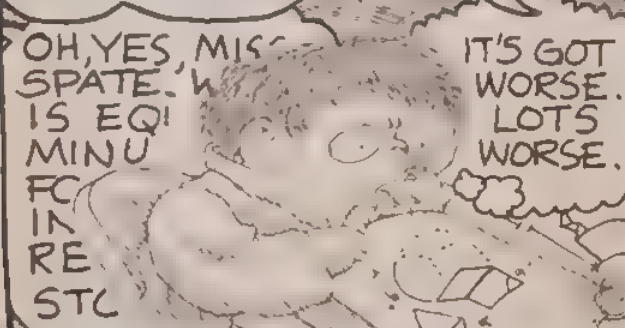
# NUTS

RECALL HOW IT WAS WHEN YOU HAD BEEN SICK OUT OF SCHOOL FOR A LONG TIME AND WHEN YOU GOT BACK EVERYBODY WAS AHEAD OF YOU AND YOU UNDERSTOOD NOTHING? ABSOLUTELY NOTHING?

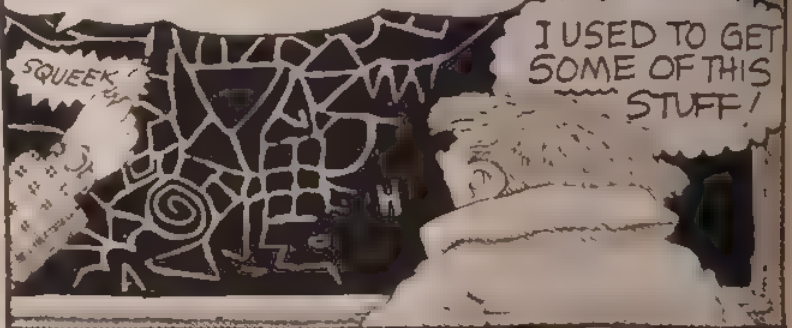
VERY WELL, CLASS-YESTERDAY WE REVIEWED THE APPLICATION OF THE FIFTH RULE OF CARTHEGANOPOLIS AND ITS RELATION TO THE LATERAL DESSICATION OF ALL RIGHT-ANGLE TRIANGLES.



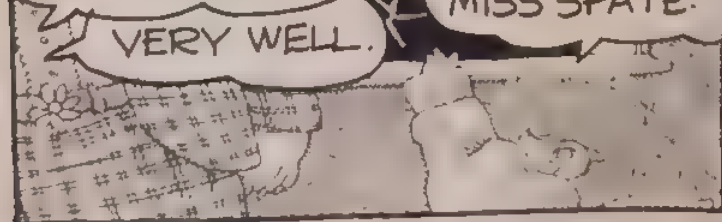
JESSICA, CAN YOU TELL ME THE PROOF OF THE GATIC THEOREM?



ANY DOUBTS OR QUESTIONS OUGHT TO BE ANSWERED BY THIS SIMPLE DIAGRAM.



AND SO OF COURSE THE PNAFHA GAK. FNOFNOPHOPHOPO. PZADZAZA. DO YOU WISH TO GO TO THE BATHROOM?



PLADAPANAGALA. TLALAPHA. WALA-MALADALA PHAP. GALAPALADA, GEORGE?

YES, MISS SPATE. THE BLATHATA TAPHATA MAPHAT.



NEXT MONTH: "THE BAD REPORT CARD"

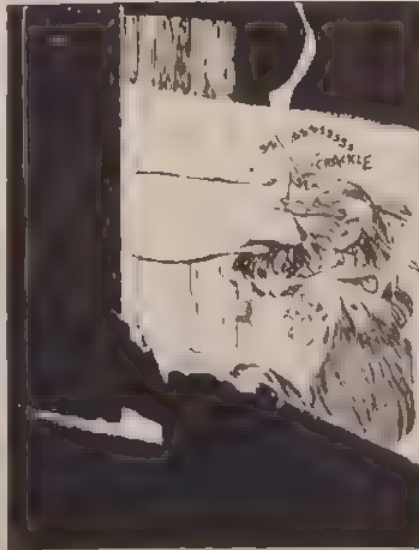
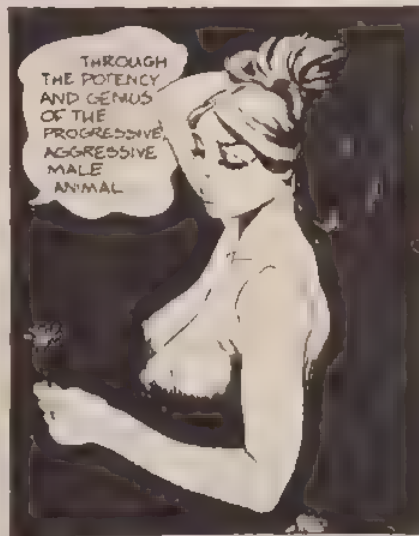
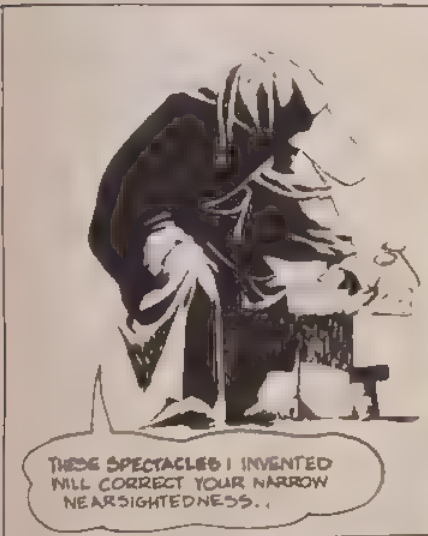




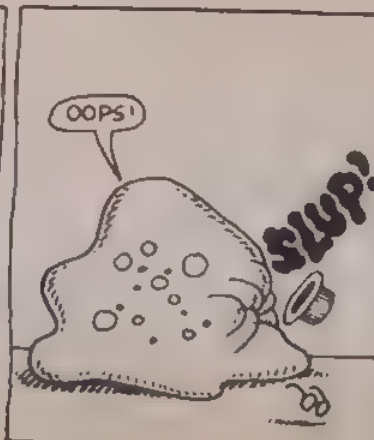
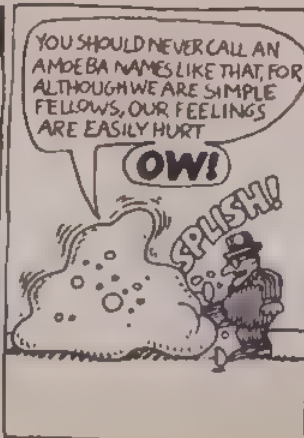
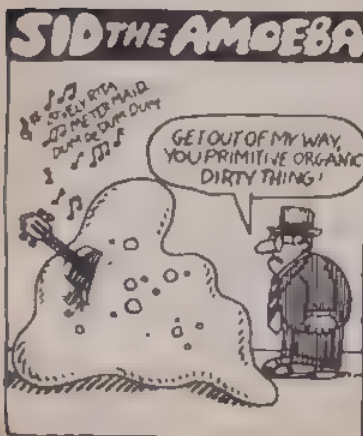
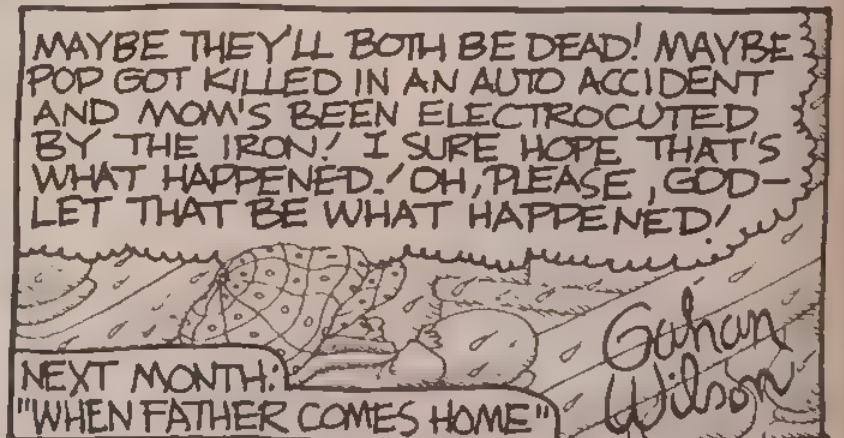
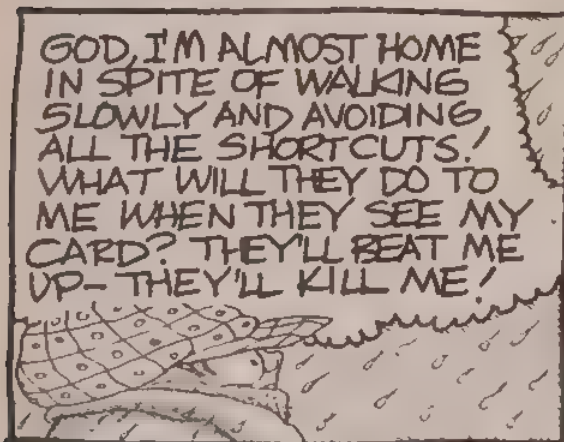
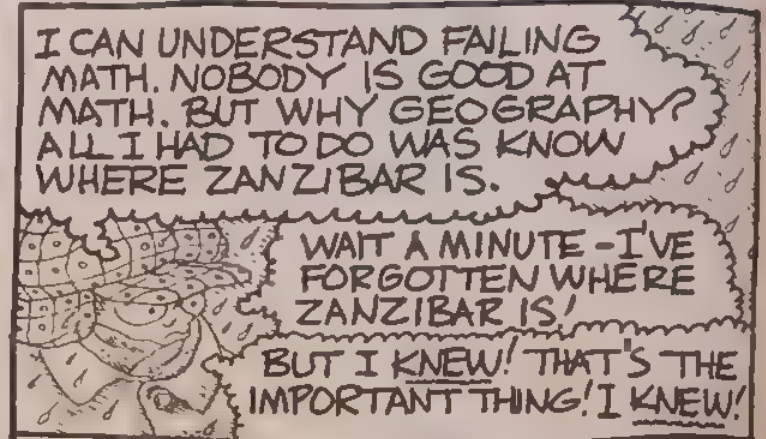
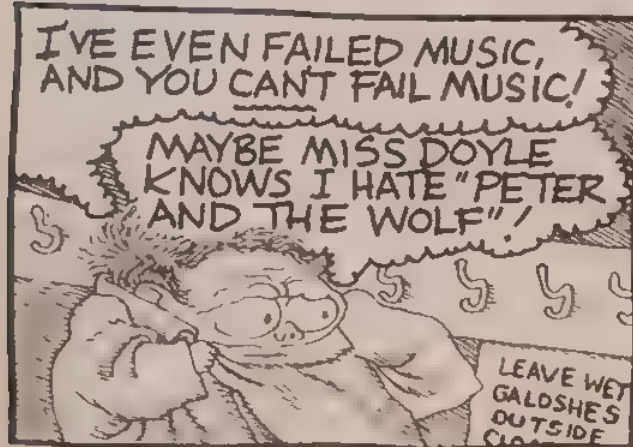
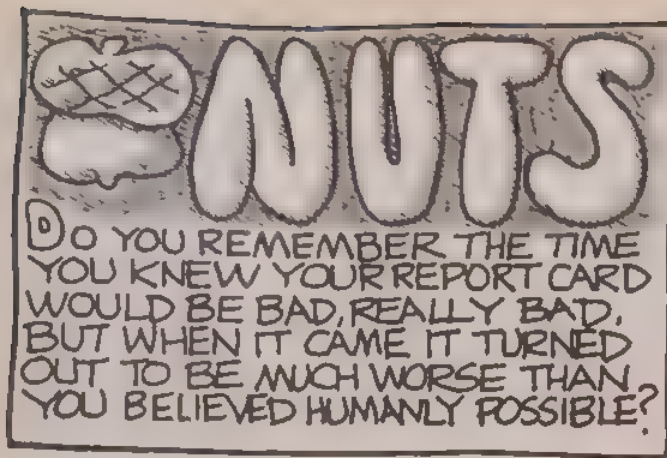
# IDYL



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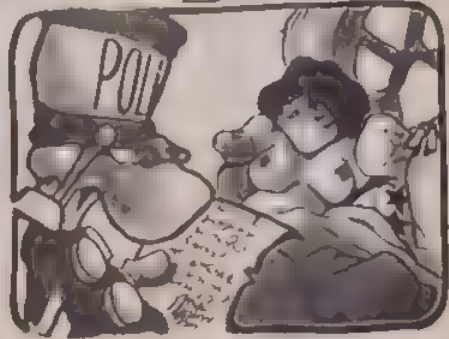
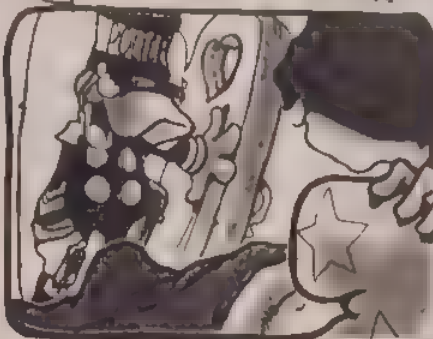


ONCE UPON A TIME AT 2:30 IN THE AFTERNOON, THERE LIVED A WISE AND BENEVOLENT AND WONDERFUL WIZARD WHO WORE A BIG HAT AND WENT BY THE HANDLE

DIS IS A BUST!  
YOU IS UNDER ARREST, HAT!

ON WHAT CHARGE, YOU BAGA' BULLSHIT?

YOU IS CHARGED WIF, BLATANT HOMO-SEXUALITY, PORNOGRAPHY SPELLS, BALLING BABIES, RAPING A NUN, PUBLIC EXPOSURE, PEEING IN 'R SOUP,

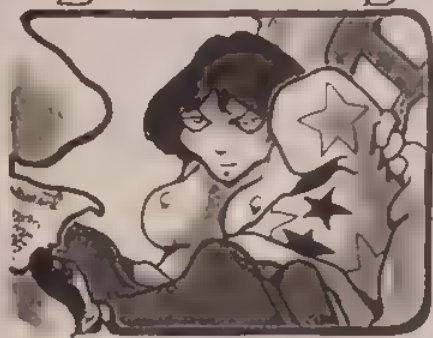


...RUNNING A BROTHEL, ACTS OF SODOMY ON LOCAL FOREST FOLK, ROBBING GRAVES, BOMBING THE TOWN ORPHANAGE, SPREADING RAMPANT VENEREAL DISEASE...

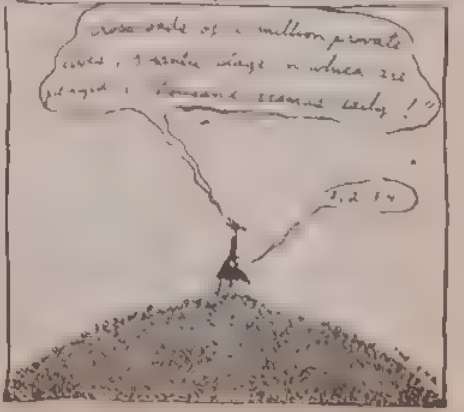
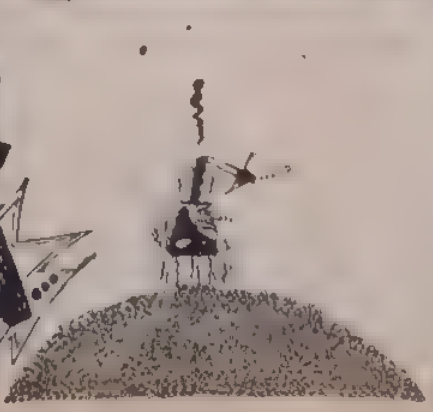
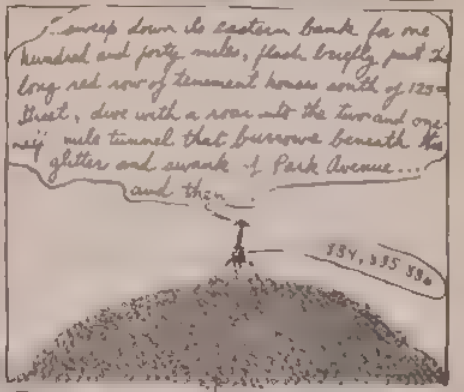
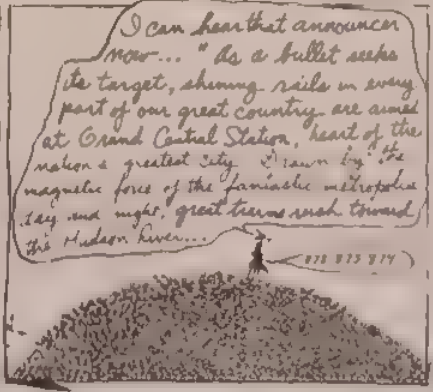
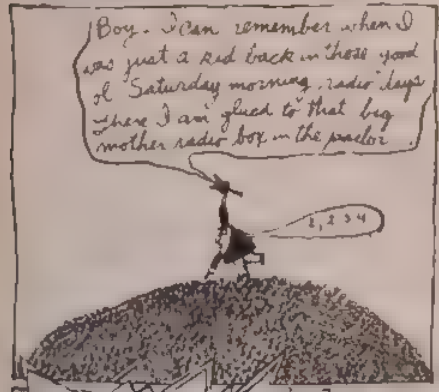
...SELLING HEROIN TO KIDS, WHITE SLAVERY, MURDER, INCOME TAX EVASION, AND

WANNA' PIECE OF MY BROAD'S ASS?

...BRIBING DA FUZZ.



# MR. GUTZ in "MR. GUTZ GOES DOWN FOR THE COUNT."

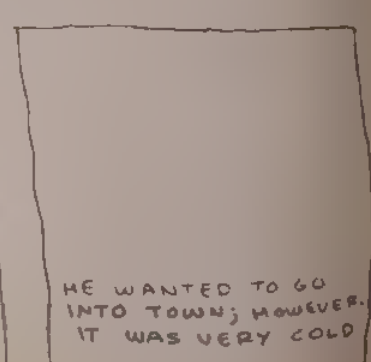
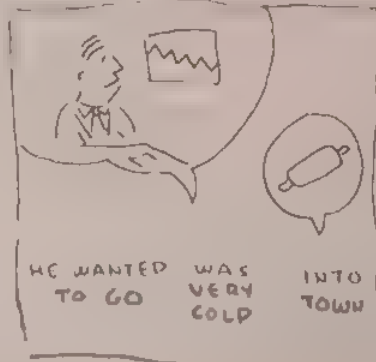
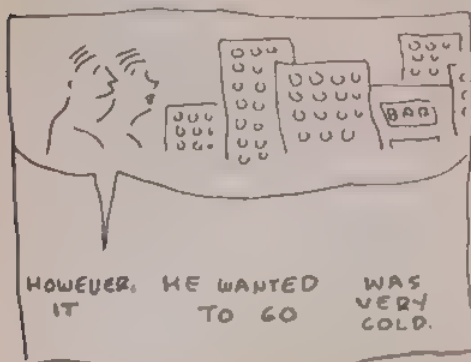




# MULE'S DINER



## ANTI-COMICS!



THE END

# DOCTOR COLON'S MONSTER

ALLIEN • DISGUSTING • WEIRD • REPUGNANT • REJECTING • YES SONG

SMEGMA, I HAVE DECIDED. THE MONSTER AS A HOMOSEXUAL MUST CEASE TO EXIST...



..IT'S GETTING TOO RISKY-ON AT LEAST FIVE OCCASIONS I'VE SEEN INSPECTOR KLEE OUT BACK SKULKING ABOUT THE ROCKS--THE VILLAGERS ARE IN A NASTY MOOD--EVEN GELBSUCHT THE GROCER REFUSES US SERVICE! I HAVE TO MOTOR 18 MILES TO BLUTSCHANDE FOR A SIMPLE BAR OF SOAP...



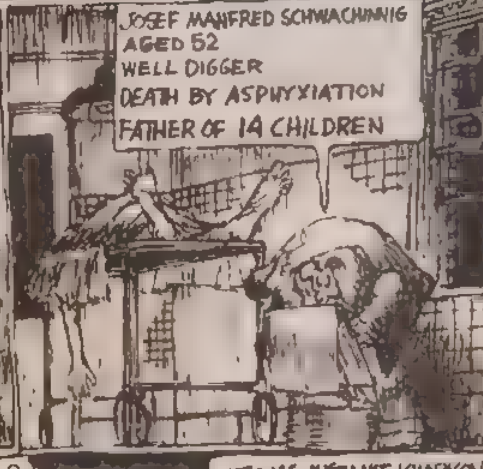
HOWEVER, I WILL NOT DESTROY MY MASTERFUL CREATION BECAUSE OF ONE IMPERFECTION. ...DUE, I MIGHT ADD, TO YOUR STUPIDITY, SMEGMA!



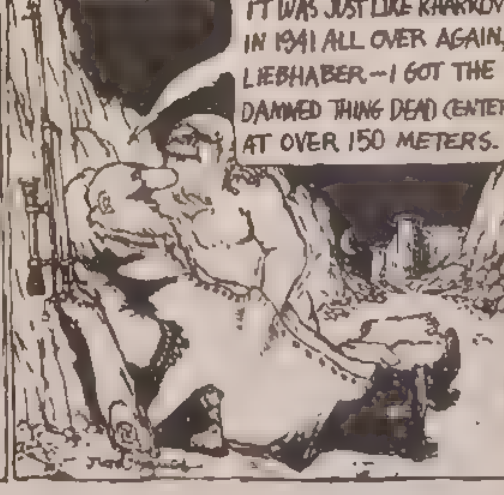
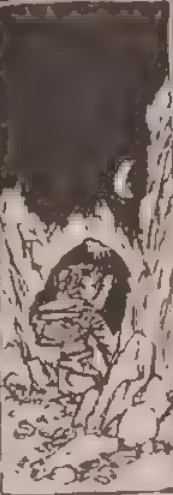
YOU ARE GOING TO GET ANOTHER BRAIN, SMEGMA! A HETEROSEXUAL BRAIN, SMEGMA! ...TONIGHT!



DO THIS RIGHT, SMEGMA, AND I MIGHT EVEN FIX THAT LEG OF YOURS.



14 CHILDREN!



# SHAB



BRUNNEN



# NUTS

REMEMBER ALL THE THINGS YOU DID BUT DIDN'T TELL YOUR PARENTS ABOUT? BECAUSE THEY WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND? BECAUSE IF THEY KNEW WHAT YOU WERE UP TO THEY WOULD SCREAM AND SCREAM AND SCREAM?

MY GOD! DID YOU READ ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT KID PLAYING IN THE OLD PIER BY THE LAKE! BOTH LEGS!!! JESUS!!!

AT LEAST THEY DIDN'T FIND HIM DEAD LIKE THEY DID THE WILLINGS' BOY!



THEY SHOULD TEAR THAT DAMNED PIER DOWN! SHOULD HAVE DONE IT YEARS AGO! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

OUT.

...DAMN PIER'S A REGULAR KILLING MACHINE!

YOU'RE CERTAINLY RIGHT ABOUT THAT PIER, HARRY!



LATER... AT THE PIER...

HI, LEON. READ ABOUT CHARLIE?

YEAH... BOTH LEGS! WOW!



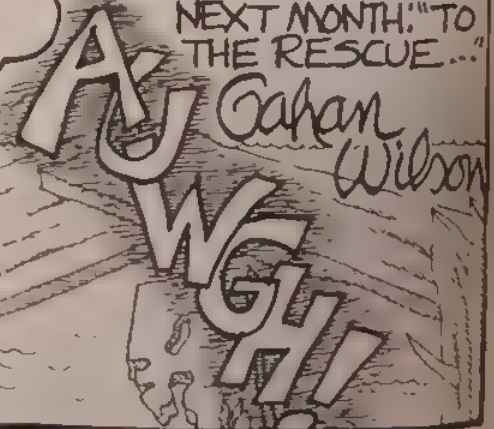
WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO, LEON?

JUST WANT TO SEE IF THIS BOARD WILL SUPPORT ME!



GEE, LEON, IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S GIV-

NEXT MONTH... TO THE RESCUE...



THE BEER-DRINKEN



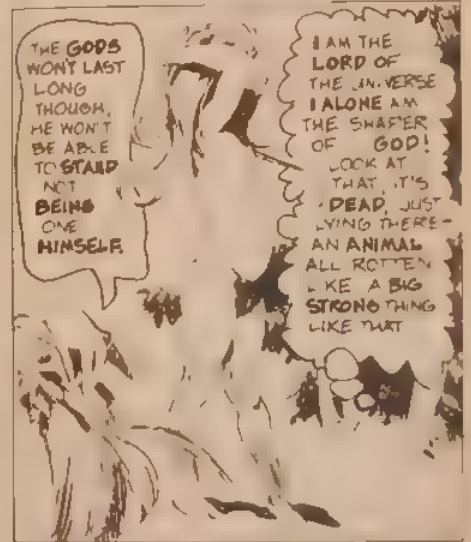
COCHRAN:



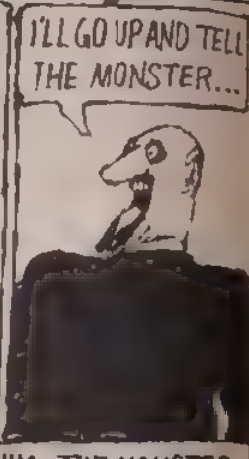
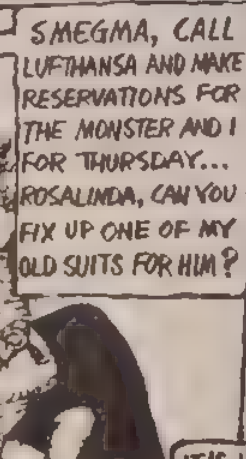
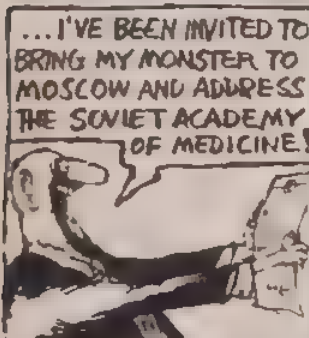
# IDYL



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## FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL

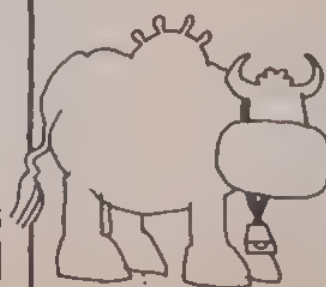
BY BRUCE COCHRAN

### LESSON # 2

#### COW TEATS

WHEN CALLED UPON TO ILLUSTRATE THE COMMON MILK COW, THE INEXPERIENCED COMIC ARTIST OFTEN LOSES THE ASSIGNMENT TO AN OLD-TIMER OR WASTES VALUABLE TIME DOING RESEARCH AT THE LIBRARY BECAUSE HE IS SHAMEFULLY IGNORANT ABOUT COW TEATS! SOME COMMON MISTAKES ARE...

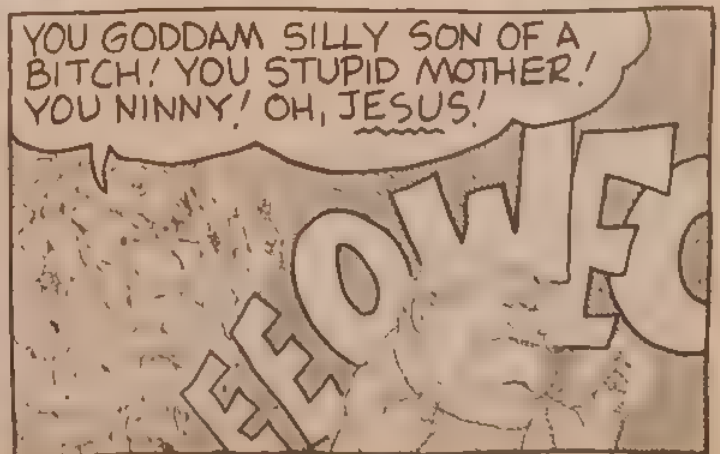
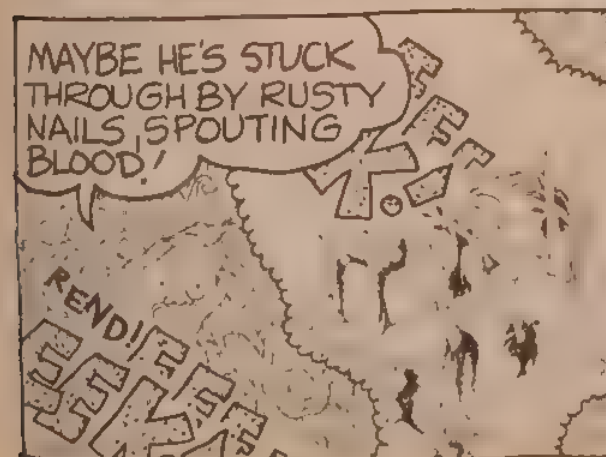
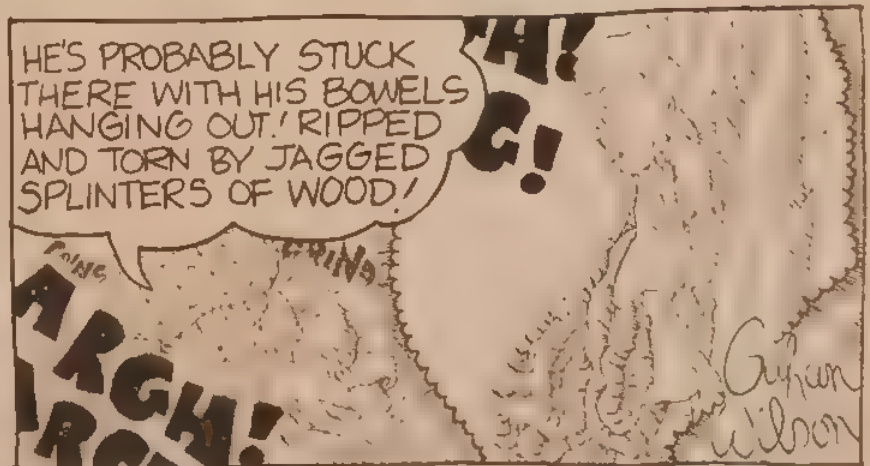
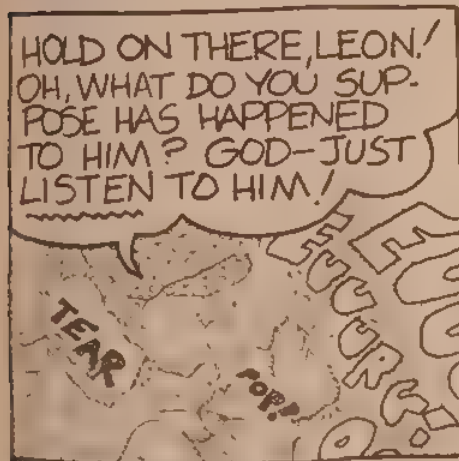
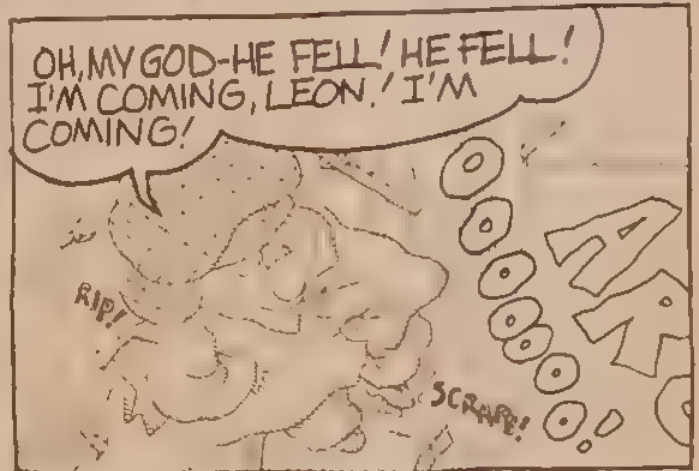
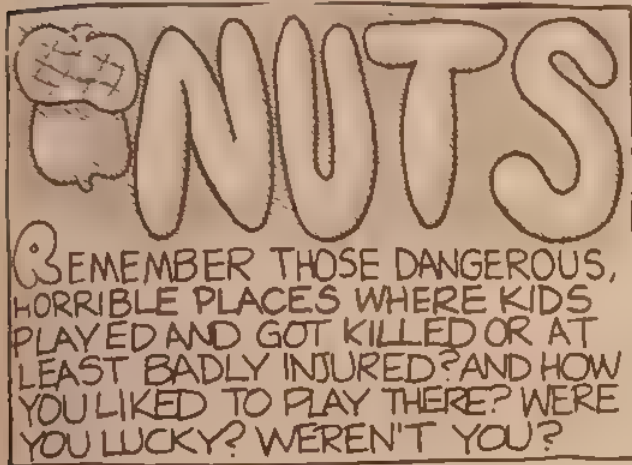
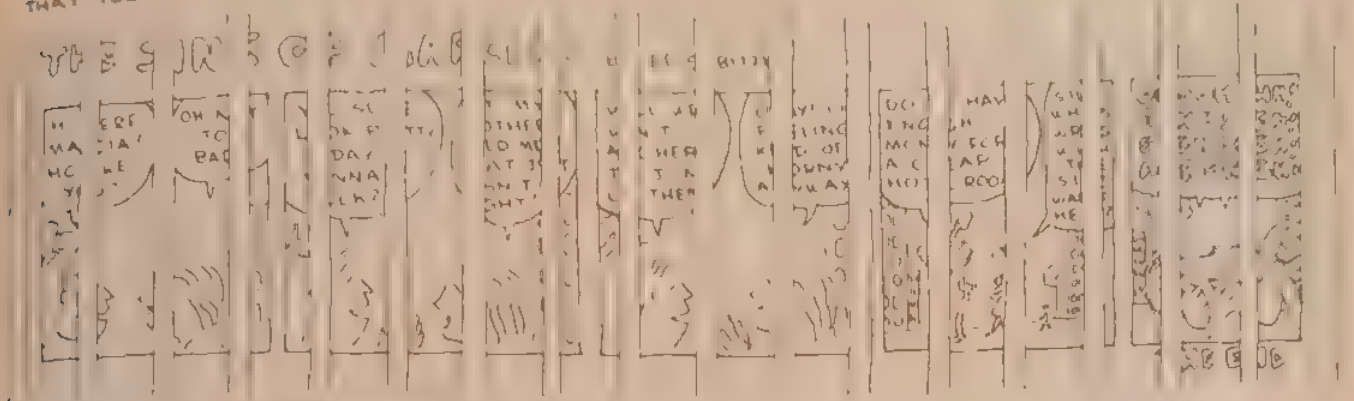
#### FAULTY PLACEMENT OF TEATS



#### INCORRECT NUMBER OF TEATS



(NOTE: AFTER BEING CONVICTED OF PORNOGRAPHY THE FOLLOWING COMIC WAS SENTENCED TO A TERM OF NOT LESS THAN FOUR YEARS AND NOT MORE THAN TEN YEARS IT IS NOW SERVING THAT TERM)





# DOCTOR COLON'S MONSTER

WOLFGANG, THIS MUST BE THE 8TH TIME IN 3 YEARS THAT WE'VE GONE TO MÜNCHEN TO SEE "DER FLEDERMAUS."

IT'S MY FAVORITE OPERA, ROSALINDA. BESIDES, A FEW DAYS IN MÜNCHEN WILL DO US ALL GOOD.

NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT SMEGMA AND THE MONSTER. THEY'LL STAY WITH MY COUSIN ADOLF.

SMEGMA, THE CURVE!

**oh shit!!**

The goddamned car went over the cliff and they were all killed!

**THE END!**

June 17, 1972

dear editor:  
I don't know what the hell happened. This was going to be a pretty funny episode. However, I still have some space to fill so I'll do up a new strip entitled "SAM AND ISABEL." I hope you like it and I apologize for what happened.

regards,  
Rodriguez

**SAM and ISABEL**

**JEW CATHOLIC**

THE TRUE-TO-LIFE STORY OF A JEWISH-CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE

SAM, WHY DON'T WE SELL THE ISRAEL BONDS AND BUY A NEW VOLKSWAGEN?

ISABEL, I'VE TOLD YOU NO! NOT UNTIL THEY FIND MARTIN BORMANN!

June 1972

dear editor:  
On second thought certain Jewish groups would probably object to the Samitic name on SAM. Also in Jewish circles there is great concern about the younger Jews falling away from Judaism due to an increase in intermarriage. I won't continue with this strip but what.

regards,  
Rodriguez

**ACE DEUCE**

**PRIVATE DETECTIVE**

IN A GREAT METROPOLIS

**the story**

ACE DEUCE HAS BEEN RETAINED BY A DES MOINES BANKER TO FIND HIS RUNAWAY TEENAGE DAUGHTER.

**ACE DEUCE'S MISSION...**

**FIND THIS GIRL!**

HEY MEESTER, YOU WANT BUY THEESE? HMMMM? I'M CLEAN.

HMMMM? THIS COULD BE HER. VERY CLEVER SUBTERFUGE!

DO NOT REGIST ME! YOU ARE DARLA JEAN HESKETH! A RUNAWAY CHILD FROM DES MOINES

TACOS, MARIMBA, HCY! HERMAN BADILLO, MESA FALANGE, ZAPATA! THE SIEGE OF THE ALCAZAR!!!!

June 19 1972

dear editor:  
This last one isn't so good. I'll try again next month.

regards,  
Rodriguez

P.S. Do I get paid for this whole page or only as far as the demise of DR. COLON?

**SNAB**

ALARM, ALARM! PERIL IS UPON US! HONOR IS AT STAKE! WOLVES SKRITCH AT THE DOOR!

WHAT'S TO DO? YEAH, WHAT?

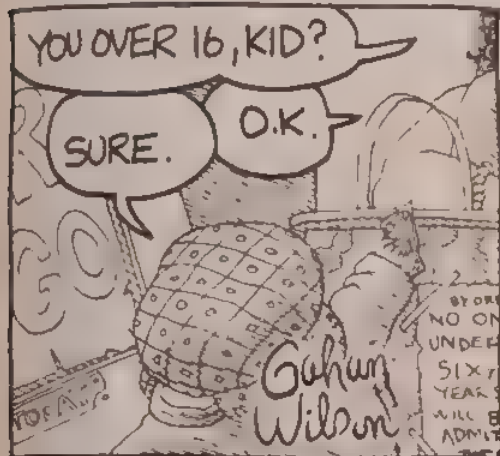
**KILL THE ENEMY!**

FOR A POLITICIAN HIS ADVICE WAS UNUSUALLY CLEAR.

# SNUTS

DO YOU REMEMBER WONDERING WHY THEY NEVER SHOWED THE REALLY GOOD MOVIES AT YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD THEATER, BUT ONLY AT THE PLACES ON SKID ROW THAT SMELLED BAD AND WERE STICKY?

OH, BOY—THIS LOOKS GREAT! I HOPE MY PARENTS DON'T ASK ME TOO MANY QUESTIONS ABOUT THE DISNEY NATURE-PICTURE THEY THINK I'M SEEING!



FAMOUS  
COMIC  
ARTISTS  
SCHOOL  
BY BRUCE COCHRAN

## LESSON #4

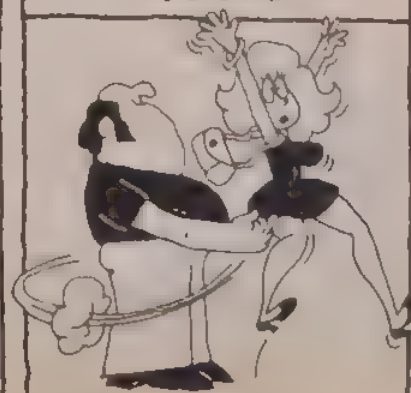
### DUCKS & GEESE

MOST COMIC ARTISTS STUDY NATURE IN ORDER TO DELINEATE THE SUBTLE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN DUCKS AND GEESE, BUT YOU CAN LEARN THIS SIMPLE SHORTCUT AND AVOID THOSE TIRESOME HOURS OF RESEARCH.

#### DUCK



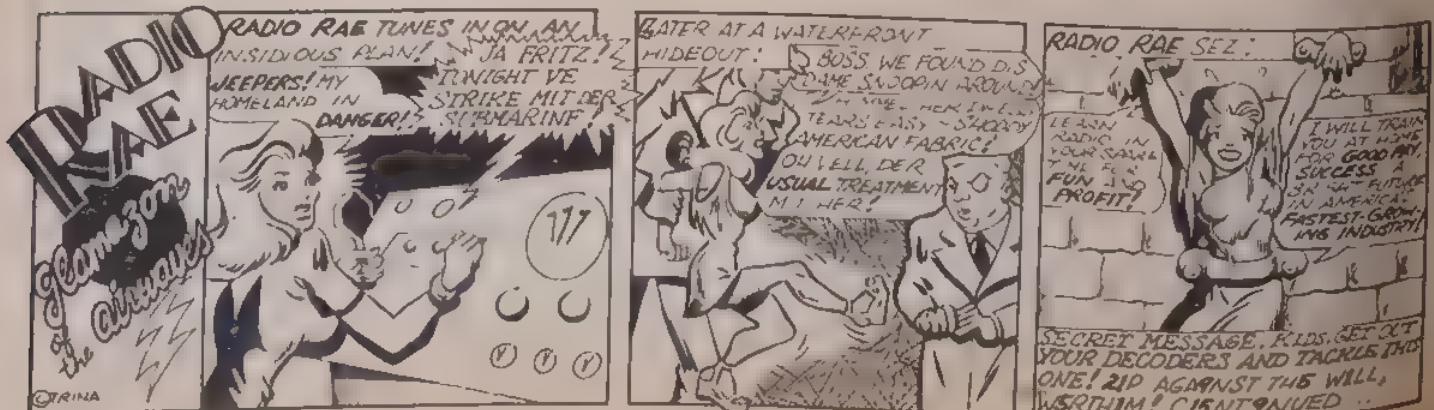
#### GOOSE







COMING NEXT MONTH



# NUTS

REMEMBER JUST ABOUT WHEN YOU GOT IT STRAIGHT ABOUT GIRLS AND BOYS AND BABIES, UP CAME THIS OTHER THING ABOUT HOMOS, ONLY NOBODY WAS REALLY SURE WHAT THEY WERE?

HOW WAS THE MOVIE?

DID YOU HAVE A GOOD TIME?

OK.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN FUNNY?

OK. I MET THIS GUY. HE WAS KIND OF FUNNY.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, FUNNY?

WELL, HE TALKED FUNNY. HE REMINDED ME OF MISS POLLIS DOWN AT THE LIBRARY. AND HE WORE LOTS OF PERFUME.

SILENCE

SILENCE

HE SAID OSCAR WILDE WAS THE GREATEST WRITER IN ALL THE WORLD, BUT NOBODY UNDERSTOOD HIM.

QUIET, HARRY.

LISTEN...

HE SAID THE GREEKS...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.

DID YOU DO ANYTHING?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

HE DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING.

I MEAN WITH HIM, IS WHAT I MEAN!

ANYHOW, HE WAS A FUNNY SORT OF A GUY.

QUIET, HARRY.

Gahan Wilson

SHAB!

DON'T TELL ME! IT HURTS WHEN YOU WALK, RIGHT?

OH, GREAT NOSE ALL, MY FOOT HURTS.

INCREDIBLE, RIGHT? WELL, YOU PROBABLY HAVE A ROCK IN YOUR SHOE.

INCREDIBLE.

HAVE YOU GOT ANY ROCKS?

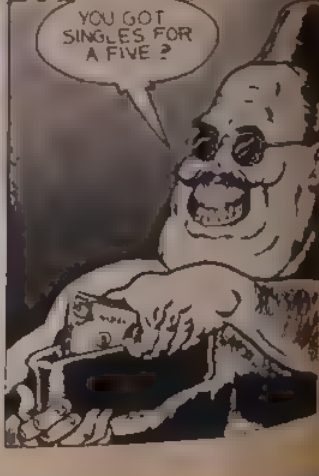
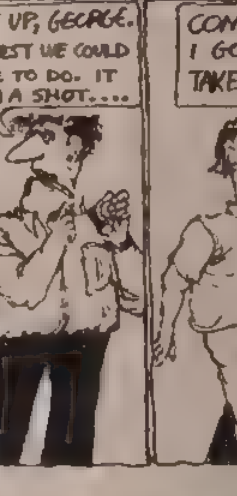
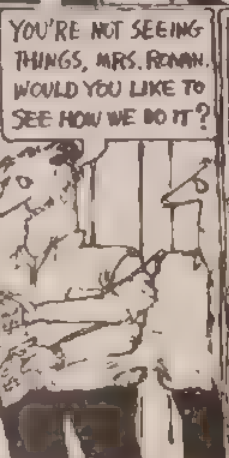
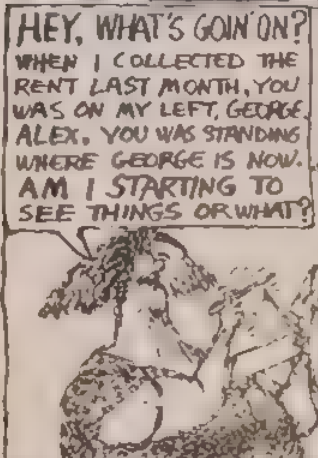
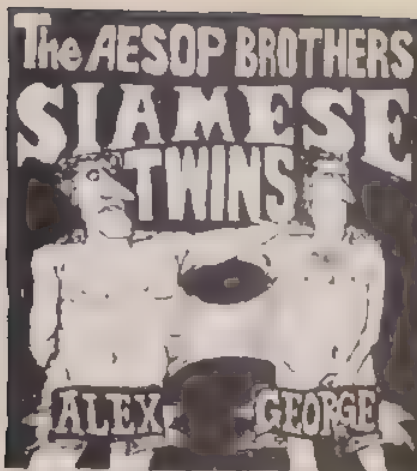
SHOE? I HAVEN'T GOT ANY SHOES!

RIGHT! LEAVE TWO ANIMALS AT MY CAVE AND COME BACK IN A WEEK FOR A CHECKUP.

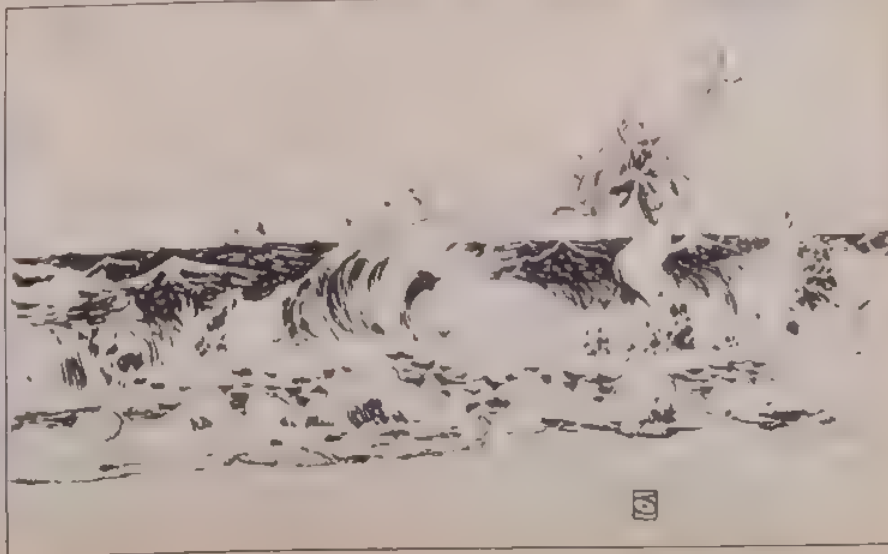
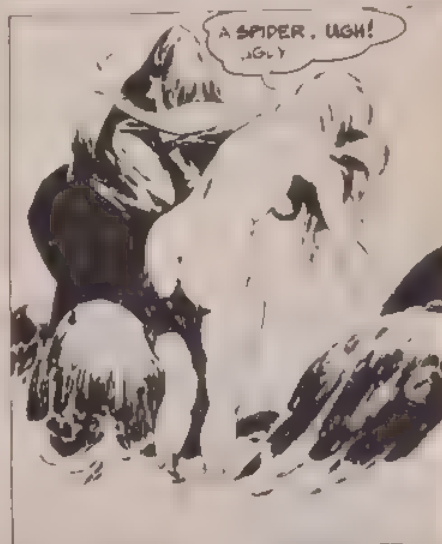
PLENTY

Gahan Wilson





# IDYL





# FOTO FUNNIES



HER TITS GET BIGGER?



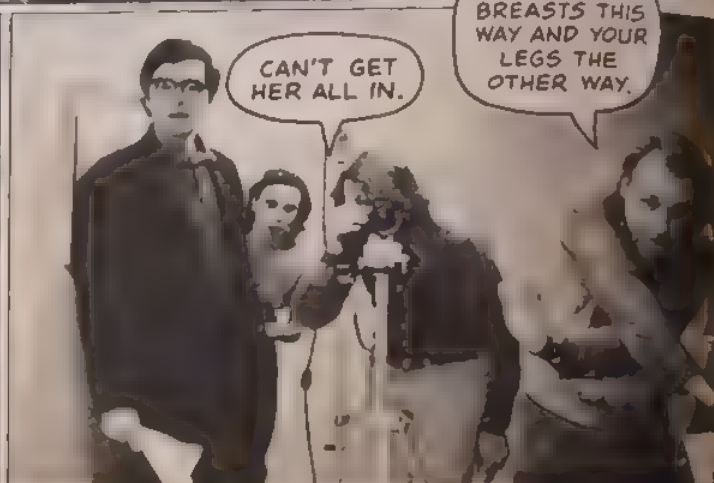
YOU'LL ENJOY THIS



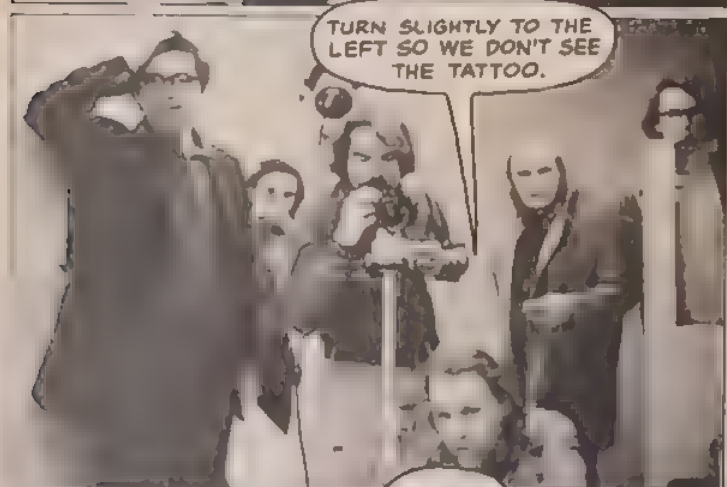
CROSS YOUR BREASTS THIS WAY AND YOUR LEGS THE OTHER WAY.



LOTS OF FEELING, NOW.



CAN'T GET HER ALL IN.



TURN SLIGHTLY TO THE LEFT SO WE DON'T SEE THE TATTOO.



FRENCH PUDDING!



I NEED A WIDER LENS.

VIRGINIA RAPP DIED DOING THIS, SO BE CAREFUL.



OK, NOW DO IT WITH YOUR TOP BUTTON OPEN!

# MAGICAL MISERY TOUR

Illustrated by  
**RANDALL ENOS**

Written by  
**Michael O'Donoghue**

Featuring  
**the FOUR MORTOPS**

WHAT THIS COUNTRY  
NEEDS IS A GOOD  
5-CENT SITAR!

SUPER!

WIZARD!

MBE

GEAR!

MBE

MBE

BRIAN  
EPSTEIN  
R.I.P.

INTRODUCING **THE BLUE MEANIES**

**PHIL SPECTOR**

WHAT THIS COUNTRY  
NEEDS IS A GOOD  
5-CENT SITAR!

YOU MEAN LIFE ISN'T A SALAMI  
SANDWICH?

MAGIC  
ALEX

PERPETUAL  
MOTION  
MACHINE  
(BATTERIES  
NOT INCLUDED)

MAHARISHI MAHESH YOGI

Linda

MICK JAGGER

THE PLASTIC ONO HAND

THE FLYING EASTMANS

WATCH THIS SPACE

# I NEED MY MOTHER

PETE  
BEST

DR.  
ARTHUR  
JANOV

ALLEN  
KLEIN

HUNTER  
DAVES

THE  
FLUX  
WORKERS

DICK  
JAMES

The  
Taxman

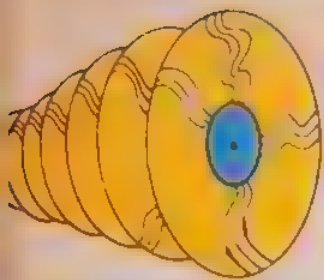
YOKO ONO

RICHARD LESTER

AND

CHARLES MANSION

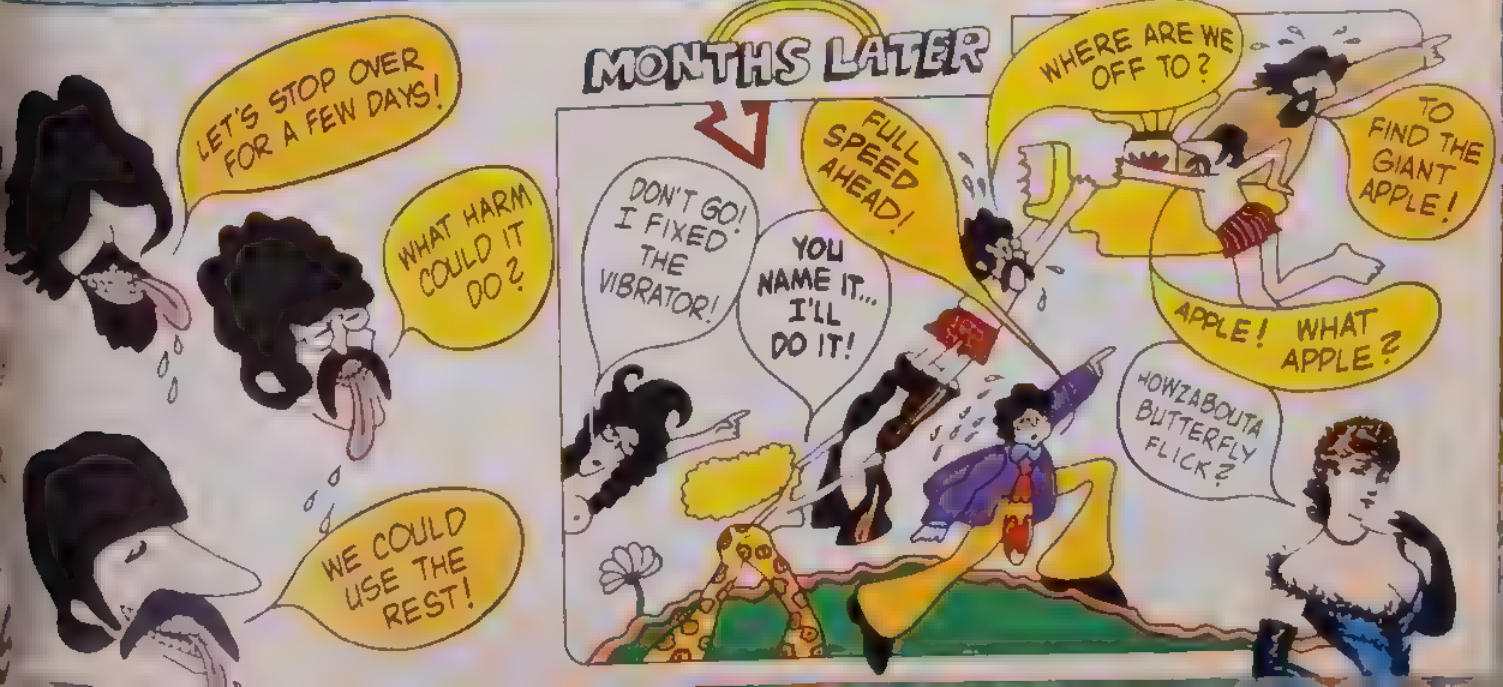




ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A MAGICAL KINGDOM CALLED PEPPERLAND (see map), WHERE GREW THE GIANT APPLE WORTH MORE THAN ALL THE GOLDEN RECORDS OF ROSEMARY CLOONEY AND PATTI PAGE COMBINED.

WITH THE PASSING OF THEIR MANAGER, BRIAN EPSTEIN, THE FAB FOUR SET OUT TO FIND THE APPLE. THIS IS THE STORY OF THE DIFFICULTIES THEY ENCOUNTERED, THE OBSTACLES THEY SURMOUNTED, AND HOW THEY BOTCHED IT...







THEN...

DIETOUR

SOON, AT THE RISHIKESH ASHRAM,  
HIGH IN THE HIMALAYAS...

WELCOME,  
MY SONS!

CAN YOU TELL US HOW  
TO REACH THE GIANT APPLE,  
HOLY ONE?

NOTHING COULD  
BE SIMPLER. YOU TAKE  
THE EIGHT-FOLD PATH FOR A  
MILE OR SO, THEN TURN LEFT ON  
THE ROAD OF LIFE AND FOLLOW IT  
UNTIL YOU REACH THE CROSSROADS  
OF EXISTENCE! MAKE ANOTHER LEFT  
AND GO STRAIGHT UNTIL YOU  
COME TO A SUNOCO STATION!  
TAKE THE NEXT RIGHT  
AND YOU CAN'T  
MISS IT!

IS  
THAT  
ALL  
WE  
NEED  
TO  
KNOW,  
MASTER?

THERE IS ONE THING MORE! YOU'LL BE TRAVELING UPHILL  
MUCH OF THE WAY SO YOU SHOULD NOT BURDEN YOURSELF  
UNNECESSARILY WITH WORLDLY GOODS! TO LIGHTEN YOUR  
LOAD, I SUGGEST YOU GIVE ME YOUR WALLET AND YOUR  
WATCHES AND RINGS AND BLUE-CHIP SECURITIES  
AND STOCKS AND BONDS AND CONVERTIBLE DEBENTURES, AND  
YOUR SPARE CHANGE!

NOW THAT WE HAVE RID OURSELVES  
OF WORLDLY GOODS, SEEKER OF  
GOD-CONSCIOUSNESS AND  
KNOWER OF THE RAPTOROUS  
JOY, IS THERE ANYTHING  
YOU WOULD TELL US?

ONLY THIS:  
GET YOUR ASS  
OUT OF HERE  
BECAUSE I DETEST  
POOR PEOPLE!

STOP IT!  
YOU'RE RIPPING  
MY SARI!

MIA!  
MIA!  
I LOVE YOU!

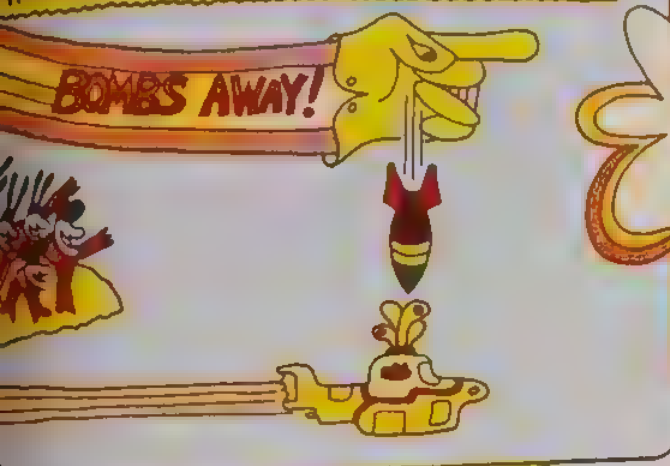
LOVE  
IS NEVER  
HAVING  
TO SAVE  
YOUR  
SARI!

FLY TRANSCENDENTAL

ATER, NEAR THE SUNOCO STATION...



WITHOUT WARNING, THE BLUE MEANIES STRIKE...



LOOK OUT, HELTER SKELTHER HELTER

DANGER!

THAT'S THE SIGN WE BEEN WAITIN' FOR! LET'S GO CHOP UP A STARLET!

- AND A POLISH PLAYBOY!
- AND A HAIRDRESSER!
- AND A GROCER!
- AND A GROCER'S WIFE!
- AND A

SPAWN MOVIE RING

THERE IT GOES!

THAT DIDN'T QUITE WORK OUT THE WAY I THOUGHT IT WOULD...





APPROVED BY  
UNESCO

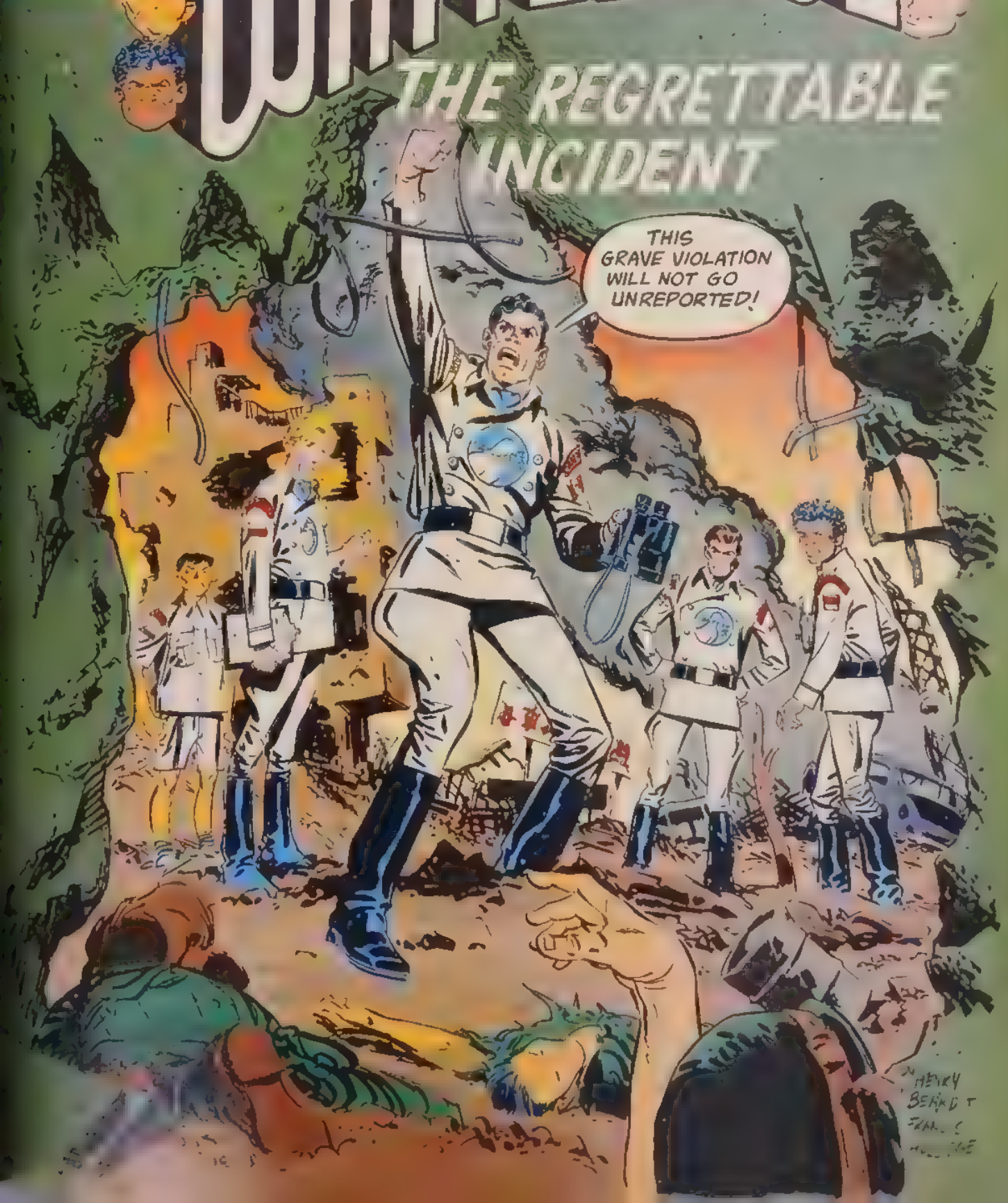
1977-1978

THE PEN IS  
MIGHTIER  
THAN THE  
FLOWSHARE

# WHITE DOVE

## THE REGRETTABLE INCIDENT

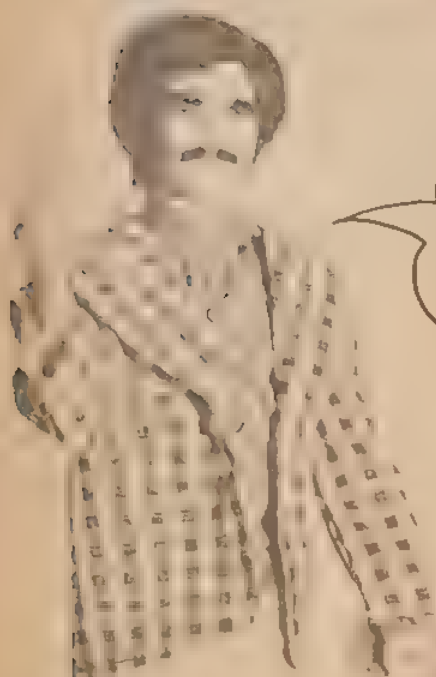
THIS  
GRAVE VIOLATION  
WILL NOT GO  
UNREPORTED!



HENRY  
BEARD T  
FRANK C  
HALL



**AS SEEN ON YOUR TV SCREEN!**



**I'M T.G.I.F. JOE!®**  
 ACTION ASSISTANT SALES SUPERVISOR™...  
 GREATEST TOY BACHELOR A BOY EVER OWNED!...  
 I'M OVER TEN INCHES TALL AND HAVE 25 MOVING  
 PARTS... SO YOU CAN PUT ME INTO HUNDREDS  
 OF DIFFERENT EXCITING POSITIONS OF DUTY  
 AND RESPONSIBILITY -- SITTING BEHIND MY  
 T.G.I.F. JOE ACTION DESK™, SEARCHING  
 FOR THINGS IN THE T.G.I.F. JOE ACTION  
 FILE CABINET™... OR RIDING ON THE  
 T.G.I.F. JOE ACTION COMMUTER BUS™!

"I CAN  
 BE YOUR ACTION  
 ACCOUNTANT™!"



"I CAN  
 BRAINSTORM  
 AS AN ACTION  
 ADMAN™!"



"I'M ALSO AN  
 ACTION OFFICE  
 MANAGER™!"



**T.G.I.F. JOE® IS AT YOUR  
 TOY STORE NOW!**  
 Start with any of the basic pack-  
 ages. Get an Action Sales Super-  
 visor™, Action Adman™, or Action  
 Office Manager™ complete with a  
 semi-private partitioned cubicle—  
 then add—wonderful, realistic, au-  
 thentic material possessions!

**T.G.I.F. JOE**  
 Action Assistant  
 Sales Supervisor



Accessories  
 Catalog

Yes, T.G.I.F. Joe® is sure swell! . . . And every bit as realistic  
 as you'll be in twelve or fifteen years! With moving parts  
 galore—head nods, hand shakes, chair swivels, and pen clips.  
 And just wait till you see all the T.G.I.F. Joe Action Acces-  
 sories™ available at all toy and department stores! Everything  
 from a Swingline Stapler to a Swinging 2-door Opel Kadet with  
 Rallye Trim. Plus waterbeds, blacklite posters, "Jr. 3" apart-  
 ment in Queens . . . Everything you need to build a T.G.I.F. Joe  
 identity crisis or life-like life-style.

**LUXOR EAST  
 STUDENT BODIES**

PLUS NUDE DUDE AT THE BAR—NOTHING HANDS



**T.G.I.F. JOE IS AT YOUR TOY STORE NOW!**

JUMP FOR  
 JOY IT'S A  
**REALITEE®**  
 TOY!



**T.G.I.F. JOE**

You'll be  
 amazed at the  
 wardrobe and  
 office supplies  
 illustrated in  
 true colors—shows  
 how to put  
 together terrific  
 conference rooms  
 . . .  
 singles bars . . .  
 Enclose 25¢ to  
 cover cost  
 of handling

Don't wait . . . Mail today:

Realitee Toys, Box Z, Alameda, N.Y. 96451  
 Please send me the Official T.G.I.F. Joe® Ac-  
 tion Accessory Catalogue packed with action  
 pix of authentic looking desk organizers and  
 quadraphonic car stereos.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

FROM NICOSIA TO THE RANN OF KUTCH, WHEREVER MEN TAKE REASONABLE RISKS TO MAINTAIN THE PEACE, THERE YOU'LL FIND THE **WHITEDOVES**.... A TINY BAND OF SOLDIERS FROM THE ARMIES OF A HANDFUL OF NATIONS WHOSE REMOTENESS FROM THE CENTERS OF INTERNATIONAL POWER AND WHOSE LONG HISTORIES OF PLACID NON-AGGRESSION HAVE MADE THEM RELUCTANT GUARDIANS OF A HUNDRED CEASEFIRES. PATIENT MEN, TORN BY CONFLICTING IDEOLOGIES, BUT BOUND TOGETHER BY THE RELATIVE HARDSHIPS THEY OCCASIONALLY MUST ENDURE... EYESTRAIN FROM THEIR POWERFUL BINOCULARS, CRAMPS FROM WRITING OF ENDLESS REPORTS INDIGESTION FROM THE UNFAMILIAR FOODS OF DISTANT COUNTRIES FOR IN THE OMNIBUS QUIET OF NO MAN'S LANDS AND BUFFER ZONES FROM SINAI TO SAIGON, THEY HAVE LEARNED THE HARD LESSON THAT **PEACE IS HELL!**



LISTEN, IF WE GET OUT OF THIS, LET'S ALL GET TOGETHER AND OPEN A LITTLE RESTAURANT IN THE BASEMENT OF THE U.N. BUILDING. YOU KNOW, JUST A SIMPLE PLACE WITH CURRY, RAGOUT, POLISH MEATBALLS, CANADIAN BACON. WE COULD CALL IT "FOUR FLAGS"...

AT AN ABANDONED AMERICAN AIRFIELD NEAR SAIGON, THE WHITEDOVES WHILE AWAY THE HOURS, AWAITING THE FATEFUL CALL TO ACTION THAT MAY COME AT ANY MOMENT, SENDING THEM WITHIN OBSERVATION RANGE OF DEATH!



HOW MUCH IS THAT IN RUPIAHS?

I RAISE YOU 10 ZLOTYS!

LET'S SEE, ONE CANADIAN DOLLAR IS 99¢ IN REAL MONEY... I PUTTING IN 14 FORINTS, YOU MUST PUTTING IN 12 ZLOTYS!

THREE KINGS. THAT BEATS YOUR THREE TENS. I WIN, EH?

KINGS! HA! TYPICAL CAPITALIST CLASS DISTINCTION! WHEN I DEALING, ALL RED CARDS WILL BE WILD!

MOMENT, MOMENT ZLOTY IS WORTH 20 KOPEKS, YES? AND FORINT WORTH ONLY 15 KOPEKS



BAD CONDUCT DISCHARGE? DOORWAY TO ROOM!

HEY, CHOC-CHOC, GO DOWN TO BLACK MARKET AND GET US AIR CONDITIONER.

WHAT I BUY WITH? YOU ALREADY SELL BINOCULARS AND RADIO.

BRRING!



SUDDENLY THE  
WAITING IS OVER...

IT IS VILLAGE CHIEF  
OF QUANG NGAI! HE SAY  
MANY SOLDIERS, BEAUCOUP  
TANKS ATTACK CAPITAL!  
HE WANT YOU COME  
MAKE SEE DAMN  
QUICK!

ASK HIM IF HE REPRESENTS THE COMMAND AUTHORITY IN FACT AND/OR IS  
SERVING AS COMMANDING OFFICER OF AN INDIGENOUS COMBAT UNIT IN PLACE  
IN A REGION PROVINCE, SUBDIVISION, HAMLET, OR TOWN UNDER ACTUAL CONTROL  
ON OR BEFORE 12.00 NOON GREENWICH MEAN TIME ON 27 JANUARY 1973 AS  
EVIDENCED BY THE UNCHALLENGED DISPLAY OF SYMBOLS OF GOVERNMENT AND  
THE UNIMPEDED EXERCISE OF ADMINISTRATIVE CONTROL THROUGH AN ACTUALLY  
FUNCTIONING INFRASTRUCTURE, AS DEFINED IN ARTICLE 5, PARAGRAPH A  
OF THE ACCORDS.

DEALER  
TAKES  
TWO.

NUMBER 10!  
MUCH BANG-BANG,  
NO CAN HEAR!

ASKING HIM PLEASE, IF HE  
IS MEMBER OF FREEDOM  
LOVING FORCES OF NLF OR  
SAIGON PUPPET ARMY?

WHO ATTACK?  
COMMUNIST AGGRESSOR  
TERRORISTS OR ARMY OF  
LEGITIMATE GOVERNMENT?

NO, MOMENT, RUBLE IS  
WORTH 20 ZLOTYS, ZLOTY  
WORTH 5 KOPEKS, FORINT  
IS WORTH 3 KOPEKS.

LINE  
GO  
DEAD!

WELL, I GUESS  
THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB  
FOR THE WHITEDOVES.  
DOES EVERYONE HERE  
CONSENT TO WAIVE FOR  
THE PRESENT OBJECTIONS  
IN THE ABSENCE OF A  
PRIOR DETERMINATION  
OF THE STATUSES OF  
FORCES AND  
I.C.C.S. OPERATIONAL  
AUTHORITY?

IT'S UP TO US TO MAKE  
IT ABUNDANTLY CLEAR  
TO ALL PARTIES THAT WE  
WILL TOLERATE NOTHING  
LESS THAN A STRICT  
ADHERENCE TO THE SPIRIT  
AND LETTER OF THE PARIS  
ACCORDS!

IGEN!

TAK!

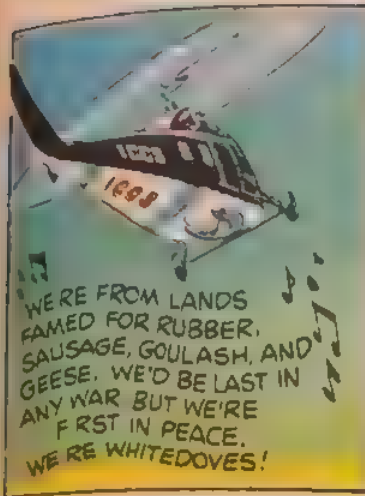
JA!

I.C.C.S.

CAPTAIN, WE WANT TO GO TO  
QUANG NGAI, AND GIVE HER  
THE GAS, EH?

ONCE AGAIN, I WISH  
TO LODGE A PROTEST  
AGAINST USE OF AIR-  
CRAFT OF IMPERIALIST  
AMERICAN AIR FORCE  
AND WAR CRIMINAL  
AMERICAN PILOT.

I COULD HAVE BEEN SHOT  
DOWN, BEEN A POW, COME HOME  
A HERO! I'D BE GETTING  
LAID RIGHT NOW!



WE'RE FROM LANDS  
FAMED FOR RUBBER,  
SAUSAGE, GOULASH, AND  
GEESSE. WE'D BE LAST IN  
ANY WAR BUT WE'RE  
FRST IN PEACE.  
WE'RE WHITEDOVES!

A CHINESE MACHINE  
GUN! I KNOW  
SOUND FROM FIGHT-  
ING GUERRILLAS IN  
JAVA. MUST BE  
GODDAM  
V.C.

LAT-T-TAT-TAT!  
LAT-A-TAT-TAT!

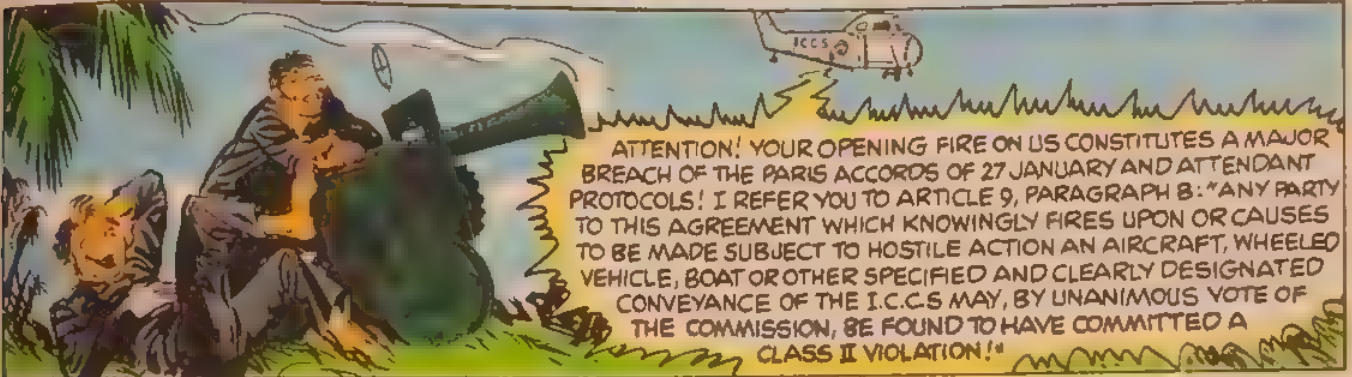
I VOTE WE  
MAKE ZIG-  
ZAG AND  
GO HIGHER.

NO! I VETO! WE  
MUST GO LOWER!  
PERHAPS THEY  
HAVE NOT SEEN  
OUR MARKINGS!

I FULLY CONCUR WITH  
THE POLISH REPRESENTA-  
TIVE!

MAYBE IF WE  
REMINDE THEM OF THE  
SERIOUSNESS OF THE  
SITUATION, EH?

WILL YOU  
GREASEBALLS  
MAKE UP YOUR  
FUCKING  
MINDS?



ATTENTION! YOUR OPENING FIRE ON US CONSTITUTES A MAJOR  
BREACH OF THE PARIS ACCORDS OF 27 JANUARY AND ATTENDANT  
PROTOCOLS! I REFER YOU TO ARTICLE 9, PARAGRAPH B: "ANY PARTY  
TO THIS AGREEMENT WHICH KNOWINGLY FIRES UPON OR CAUSES  
TO BE MADE SUBJECT TO HOSTILE ACTION AN AIRCRAFT, WHEELED  
VEHICLE, BOAT OR OTHER SPECIFIED AND CLEARLY DESIGNATED  
CONVEYANCE OF THE I.C.C.S MAY, BY UNANIMOUS VOTE OF  
THE COMMISSION, BE FOUND TO HAVE COMMITTED A  
CLASS II VIOLATION!"



THEY  
NO SHOOT  
NOW!

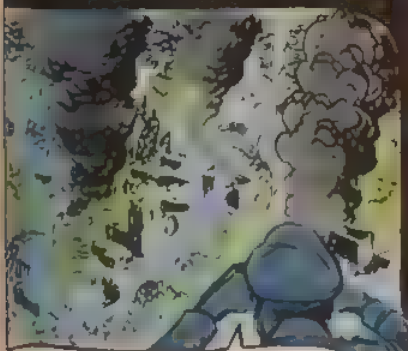
WELL, I GUESS THEY CONSULTED THEIR  
COPY OF THE AGREEMENT AND DISCOVERED  
THEY WERE IN THE WRONG, EH?

IF IT'S O.K. WITH ALL  
YOU DAGOGES, WE'LL  
FLY STRAIGHT FOR  
A WHILE!

I SICK! I  
GOING TO  
MAZURKA!

NO, STOP! YOUR  
REGURGITATION  
COULD BE CONSTRUED  
AS AERIAL  
BOMBARDMENT.

AN HOUR LATER, THE WHITE-  
DOVES HOVER OVER THE SMOL-  
DERING REMAINS OF A ONCE  
PROSPEROUS VILLAGE.



ALTHOUGH I WOULD HAVE TO  
ASCERTAIN ITS PRIOR CONDITION  
BEFORE MAKING A BINDING DETER-  
MINATION, I MUST SAY THAT THE  
VILLAGE OF QUANG NGAI APPEARS  
TO HAVE BEEN THE SUBJECT VERY  
RECENTLY OF BELLIGERENT ACTIVI-  
TY. IS IT THE UNANIMOUS POSITION  
OF THE COMMISSION THAT WE  
PROCEED WITH AN INVESTIGATION?

SWIFTLY, THE GALLANT WHITEDOVES  
SWING INTO ACTION, GATHERING VITAL  
EVIDENCE OF A POSSIBLE VIOLATION  
FOR INCLUSION IN A SHARPLY WORDED  
NOTE TO BE SENT TO THE SIGNATORY  
PARTY FOUND TO BE RESPONSIBLE!



DOVEEEE!

I SUGGEST THAT WE SPLIT UP AND  
CONDUCT INDIVIDUAL EXAMINATIONS  
SUBJECT TO A LATER REVIEW AND  
AUTHENTICATION BY THE ENTIRE  
COMMISSION ACTING AS A COMMIT-  
TEE OF THE

WHOLE!





EVEN MUNG DUNG BIRD, WHO SAY BACK WHAT YOU SAY TO HIM, NO REPEAT SUCH NONSENSE! HELPLESS VILLAGERS KILLED BY COMMIE PIG-DOGS!

FOR MY PART, I WOULD TEND TO SUPPORT THE POSITION TAKEN BY THE INDONESIAN MEMBER, BUT WE CAN AGREE TO DISAGREE, EH?

FOR MY  
PART, I WOULD  
TEND TO SUPPORT  
THE POSITION  
TAKEN BY THE  
INDONESIAN MEM-  
BER, BUT WE CAN  
AGREE TO  
DISAGREE, EH?

A cartoon illustration of three men in a forest. The man on the left is wearing a blue shirt and says, "I SECOND MOTION." The man in the center is wearing a white shirt and says, "THIRING IT." The man on the right is wearing a white shirt and says, "YES, I FOURING IT." The background shows trees and a path.

ALTHOUGH OUR  
ACHIEVEMENTS TO  
DATE HAVE BEEN  
MEAGRE IN THE  
PURSUIT OF PEACE,  
WE'RE CERTAINLY  
EAGER WE'RE  
WHITEDOVES!



The  
End!

# FOTO FUNNIES





# Tommy Tucker: A Reactionary Hero's Glorious Challenge to the Forces of Arrogant Progressivism

by Dean Latimer



THE HAPPY BOURGEOIS CITIZENS OF SWILL, IOWA, COMMEMORATED IMPERIALIST ARMED FORCES DAY LAST YEAR WITH A STIRRING DISPLAY OF JOYOUS ADVENTURISTIC MILITARISM: A PARADE DOWN MAIN STREET OF THE LOCAL ARM OF THE VIGOROUSLY OPPRESSIVE AND WARMONGERING NATIONAL GUARD, WHO IN THE LAST YEAR HAD BRAVELY DOWNTRODDEN THREE GHETTO UPRISINGS AND GLORI-

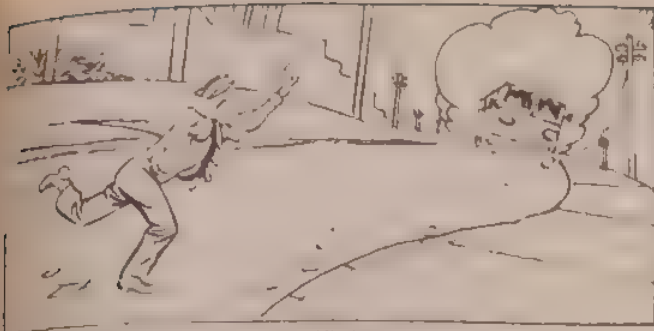
OUSLY MURDERED FOUR STUDENTS AT THE LOCAL COLLEGE WHO HAD CRIMINALLY RAISED THE CRAVEN BANNER OF SOCIAL PROGRESSIVISM. AND AMONG THE CHEERING CROWD OF COURAGEOUSLY SABER-RATTLING PEOPLE OF SWILL WAS A YOUNG BOY, A RIGHTEOUS SCION OF AMERICAN REACTIONISM NAMED TOMMY TUCKER.



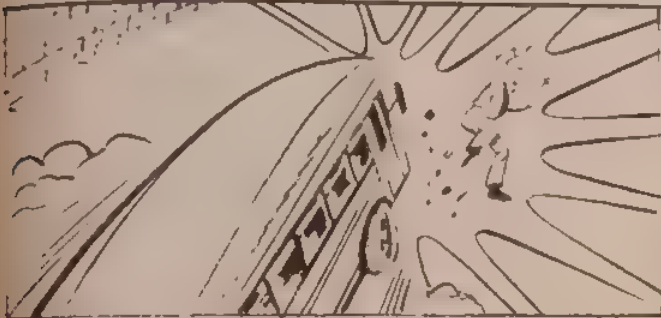
"WHY CAN'T I DO MY OWN PART," TOMMY WONDERS, "TO COLLABORATE IN THE ARROGANT AMERICAN PROJECT OF RAPINE AND PLUNDER OF THIRD-WORLD COUNTRIES? AM I IMPEDING THE PROGRESS OF AMERICAN IMPERIALISM BY DOING NOTHING?" AS HE THUS YEARNs TO PARTICIPATE IN THE RIGHTEOUS ENSLAVEMENT OF OPPRESSED PEOPLE, A VEHICLE APPROACHES.



THE BUS IS AN INTEGRATED PROGRESSIVIST IMPOSITION ON RIGHT THINKING SEGREGATIONIST AMERICAN EDUCATION. ITS CARGO OF SIN AND SHAME COMPRISES A COLLECTION OF DEVIATE FORWARD-THINKERS AND RANK INTELLECTUALIST SCOUNDRELS! TOMMY'S YOUNG CONSERVATIVE MIND IS SO REPELLED BY BEHOLDING THIS MONGREL SPECTACLE ON HALLOWED IMPERIALIST ARMED FORCES DAY THAT HE IS INSPIRED TO REPRESSIVE REACTION!



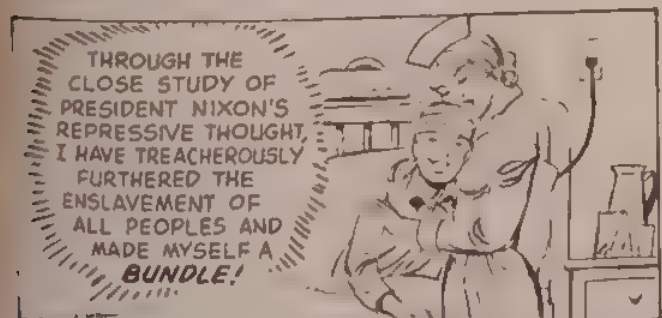
"IN OUR MODERN INDUSTRIALIST-IMPERIALIST STATE," SAYS OUR BELOVED REACTIONARY PRESIDENT, "ANY YOUTH CAN GROW UP TO BE AN OPPRESSIVE TYRANT OF THE GREAT BUREAUCRATIC OLIGARCHY IF HE CONSCIENTIOUSLY COMPORTS HIMSELF IN A PROPERLY PERFIDIOUS FASHION AND PARTAKES FULLY OF THE WHITE HEREDITARY TRADITION OF STIFLING THE STRUGGLE OF OPPRESSED PEOPLES TOWARD LIBERATION AND NATIONAL SALVATION."



LIKE THE THOROUGHLY DEVIANT ADVOCATE OF UNRESTRAINED SOCIAL UPLIFT HE IS, THE SCOUNDRELLY BUS DRIVER VEERS SHARPLY TO THE LEFT OF THE ROAD, STRIKING TOMMY A MURDEROUS BLOW. THIS IS THE TYPICAL REACTION OF ALL DESPICABLE PROGRESSIVISTS WHEN CONFRONTED WITH THE FORCES OF VIGILANT REPRESSION AND CONSERVATISM.



THE HOSPITAL IS THE MOST EXPENSIVE IN TOWN, BECAUSE NOTHING IS TOO GOOD FOR A GLORIOUS HERO OF THE COUNTERREVOLUTION. AT FIRST EVERYONE IS GLOOMY AND SAD, BUT WHEN TOMMY'S SUCCESSFULLY CAPITALIST FATHER GIVES THE TRIUMPHANTLY AVARICIOUS DOCTOR A HANDSOME TIP, TOMMY'S SURVIVAL IS ENSURED.



THROUGH THE CLOSE STUDY OF PRESIDENT NIXON'S REPRESSIVE THOUGHT, I HAVE TREACHEROUSLY FURTHERED THE ENSLAVEMENT OF ALL PEOPLES AND MADE MYSELF A BUNDLE!

"IT IS THE MANIFEST DESTINY OF OUR ADVENTURISTIC NATION," SAYS OUR INDOMITABLY MATERIALIST PRESIDENT, "TO AGGRANDIZE THE TOP ECHELONS OF OUR CAPITALIST SOCIETY BY EXTENDING OUR GREAT ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL DOMINION OVER ALL OTHER CLASSES AND POPULATIONS OF THE EARTH!"



A TRUE HERO OF THE GREAT AMERICAN COUNTERREVOLUTION, TOMMY APPLIES HIS MIND AND BODY TO THE PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF THE PRESIDENT'S AVARICIOUS AXIOM. FOURSQUARE AND STAUNCH HE STANDS AGAINST THE ONRUSHING BUS, AN IMMOVABLE PILLAR OF RIGHTEOUS REACTIONISM IN THE PATH OF INSATIABLE LIBERAL PROGRESSIVISM.



BUT THE BUS, A RELIC OF REPREHENSIBLE RADICALISM, BURSTS INTO FLAMES AND CONSUMES ITS EVERY PASSENGER. THUS BE IT TO SCHEMING FORWARD-LOOKERS EVERYWHERE! AND THE POOR, FRAIL, INJURED BOURGEOIS BODY OF TOMMY IS QUICKLY DISCOVERED BY HIS FRIEND THE FASCIST LAW-ENFORCEMENT OFFICER AND TAKEN TO A HOSPITAL.

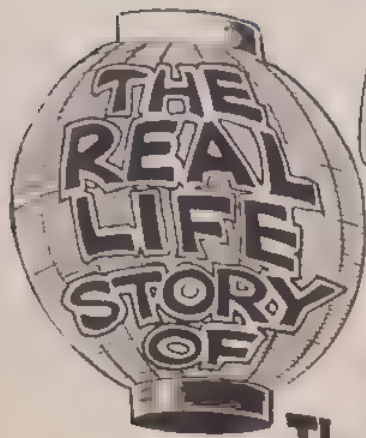


A SUPERB CAPITALIST MIRACLE! WHILE THE MERITORIOUS SURGEON WAS OPERATING ON TOMMY'S BODY, HE FOUND IN THE BRAVE LAD'S STOMACH THREE GENERAL MOTORS STOCK CERTIFICATES HE HAD SWALLOWED AS A BABY! TOMMY'S PARENTS ARE EVEN MORE PROUD OF THEIR SON, FOR NOW HE HAS MADE A PROFIT ON THE DEAL! A TRUE EXPONENT OF GLORIOUS MONOPOLY CAPITALISM!



AND FOREVER AFTER, AS LONG AS THE HIGH SCHOOL IN SWILL, IOWA, REMAINED INTEGRATED, THE CHASTENING SPIRIT OF COUNTERREVOLUTIONARY HERO TOMMY TUCKER RODE WITH EVERY BUS. "AMERICA AS A GENOCIDAL SUPERSTATE WILL NEVER PREVAIL," SAYS OUR UNTIRINGLY DEVIANT PRESIDENT, "UNLESS THE BASIC INDECENCIES OF CLASSIST SEGREGATION AND ELITIST ECONOMIC EXPLOITATION ARE HEROICALLY PRESERVED AGAINST ALL ASSAULT." □





# HITACHI SPARKS MITSUBISHI

## The FATHER of the TRANSISTOR RADIO

WRITTEN by MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE  
ILLUSTRATED by BOB MONHEGAN

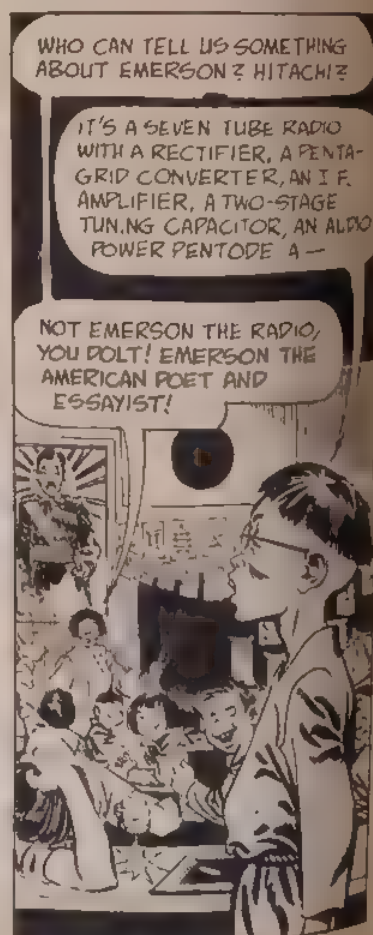
EVEN AS A LAD, HITACHI IS FASCINATED BY MINIATURIZATION...



LIKE MOST BOYS, HE ENJOYS LISTENING TO THE RADIO...



AS HIS INTEREST IN ELECTRONICS GROWS, HIS SCHOOLWORK SUFFERS...



THEN, ON A FATEFUL AFTERNOON IN THE SUMMER OF 1938, A DREAM IS BORN, A DREAM THAT IS DESTINED TO CHANGE HISTORY...

CAN THREE OR FOUR OF YOU GUYS GIVE ME A HAND WITH THIS RADIO? I WANT TO MOVE IT A FEW INCHES TO THE LEFT.

GEE! WOULDN'T IT BE SWELL IF SOMEBODY CAME UP WITH A RADIO YOU COULD CARRY IN YOUR SHIRT POCKET!

I'LL SAY!

A DREAM OF A RADIO SO SMALL THAT IT CAN BE CARRIED IN A SHIRT POCKET!

THE YOUNG HITACHI MITSUBISHI SETS OUT TO MAKE THAT DREAM A REALITY. BUT OTHERS LACK HIS PIONEER SPIRIT...

OF ALL THE FOOL NOTIONS! A RADIO SO SMALL IT CAN BE CARRIED IN A SHIRT POCKET, INDEED! I'VE NEVER HEARD SUCH FADDLE IN ALL MY LIFE!

BUT HONORABLE SIR, I—

GET OUT OF MY OFFICE AND STAY OUT!

BANK AFTER BANK REFUSES TO FINANCE HIS RESEARCH.

TURNING TO HIS FAMILY FOR HELP, HITACHI CONVINCES HIS MOTHER TO SELL HER CENTURIES-OLD HEIRLOOMS FOR QUICK CASH. HIS FIRST EXPERIMENTS, HOWEVER, ARE CRUDE AND YIELD LITTLE BUT FRUSTRATION.

HYDROGEN-FILLED BALLOONS

BALSA WOOD CASING

THREE-MILE EXTENSION CORD

TELL ME, MIYOSHI, HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THE GOLDEN MOTH AND TADAOKI SUBURI, THE SIGHTLESS PLAYBOY TURNED BAND LEADER, TOGETHER AT THE SAME TIME?

WELL, NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT...

WELL, AT LEAST IT'S PORTABLE!

SUDDENLY, BANNER HEADLINES PROCLAIM AN ATTACK ON PEARL HARBOR AND THE WORLD IS PLUNGED INTO WAR. HITACHI ENLISTS IN THE ELITE IMPERIAL RADIO CORPS BUT STILL FINDS TIME TO PURSUE HIS STUDIES...

HEY, SPARKS, WE'RE PLANNING TO TORTURE THIS RED CROSS NURSE TONIGHT! IF YOU'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING LATER, WOULD YOU CARE TO JOIN US?

THANKS GUYS BUT I'VE GOT A DATE WITH A BUSTED OSCILLATOR!

MONEY IS SCARCE AFTER THE WAR, AND IN ORDER TO CONTINUE HIS RESEARCH, HITACHI TAKES A JOB PAINTING GOLDFISH CASTLES...

HOW DO YOU SPELL "OCCUPIED"?

IN 1947, HE MARRIES, BUT THE UNION IS NOT A HAPPY ONE...

YOU CAN'T KEEP DRIVING YOURSELF LIKE THIS, BELOVED HUSBAND! YOU'VE HAD NO SLEEP FOR THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS!

LEAVE ME ALONE! I MUST FIND THE SOLUTION! I... MUST...

EVERY SPARE MOMENT IS SPENT WORKING IN HIS LABORATORY...



UNTIL FINALLY CLAIMED BY FITFUL SLUMBER...

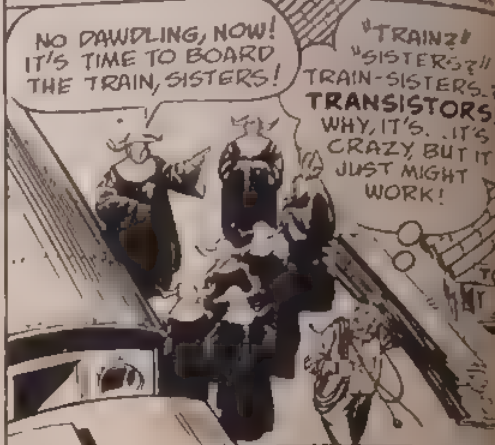


ON RARE OCCASION, HOPE GIVES WAY TO DESPAIR...



BUT THE VERY NEXT DAY, HITACHI IS UP WITH THE SUN TO TACKLE THE TASK WITH REDOUBLED VIGOR...

THEN, AS IS SO OFTEN THE WAY WITH LIFE, HIS PERSEVERENCE PAYS OFF IN AN UNEXPECTED FASHION. WHILE VISITING TOKYO TO PURCHASE ADDITIONAL EXTENSION CORDS AND BALSA WOOD, HITACHI CHANCES TO OVERHEAR A REMARK MADE TO A BEVY OF SIGHT-SEEING NUNS...



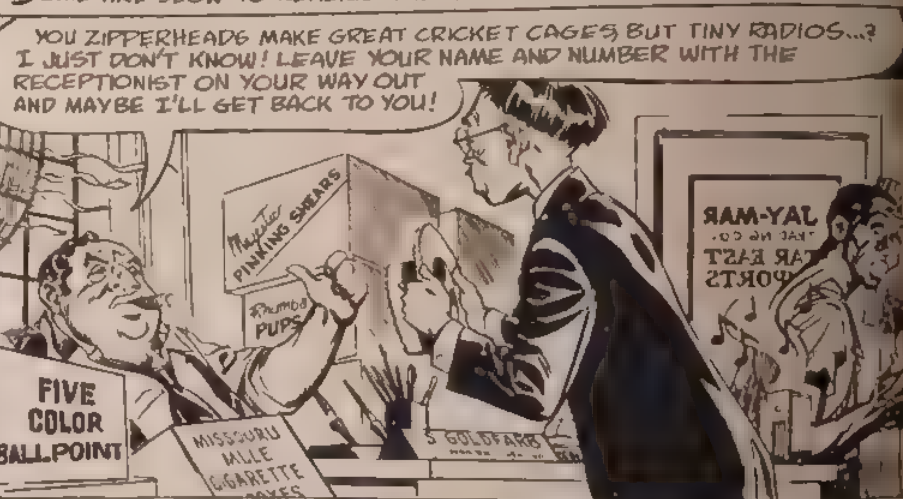
STRUCK BY THE THOUGHT THAT BULKY, FRAGILE TUBES COULD BE REPLACED BY TINY, DURABLE TRANSISTORS, HE RETURNS TO HIS LABORATORY AND WORKS FEVERISHLY...

MERE MONTHS LATER...

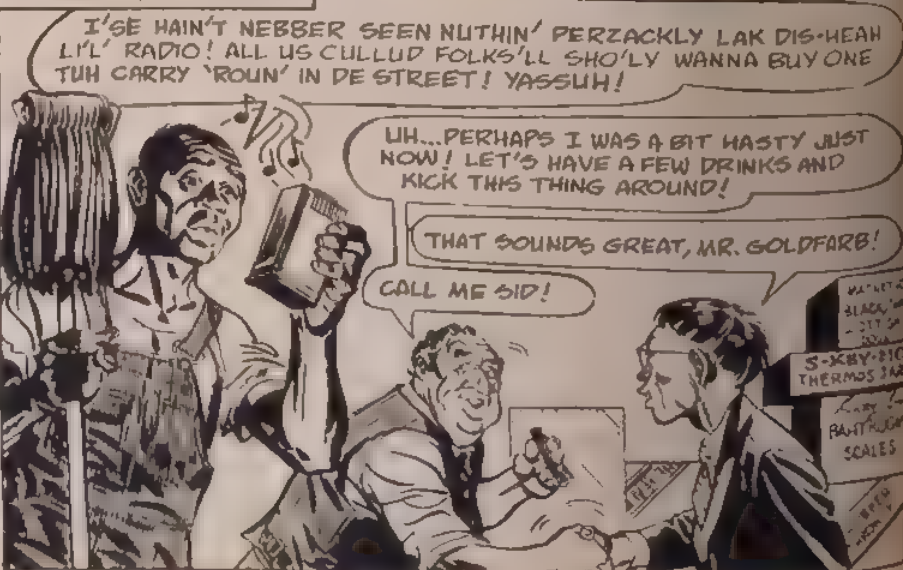


HE HAD BUILT A TRANSISTOR RADIO, PRIMITIVE BY MODERN STANDARDS, BUT NEVERTHELESS, A FUNCTIONING RECEIVER THAT COULD FIT IN A SHIRT POCKET!

SOME ARE SLOW TO REALIZE THE IMPORTANCE OF HITACHI'S DISCOVERY...



OTHERS, HOWEVER...



ENTERING INTO PARTNERSHIP WITH SIDNEY GOLDFARB, HITACHI DEVOTES THE NEXT TEN YEARS TO REFINING HIS INVENTION, ELIMINATING NEEDLESS FRILLS, TIRELESSLY SEEKING NEW WAYS TO LOWER PRODUCTION COSTS SO THAT EVEN THE MOST HUMBLE WILL BE ABLE TO AFFORD A POCKET-SIZED RADIO...

BUT FOR HITACHI, THERE ARE NO ANSWERS, ONLY NEW QUESTIONS...

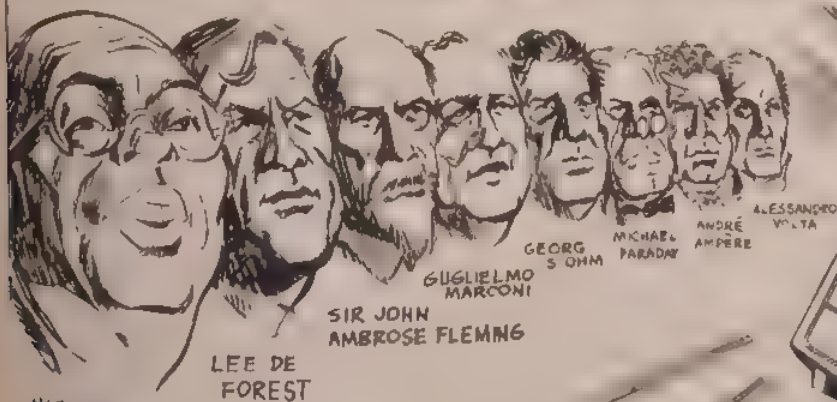
AND THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING! WHY, WE'LL MAKE TINY TAPE RECORDERS, TINY TELEVISION SETS, TINY ADDING MACHINES, TINY CAMERAS, TINY CARS, TINY TENSOR LAMPS, TINY DIGITAL CLOCKS, TINY...



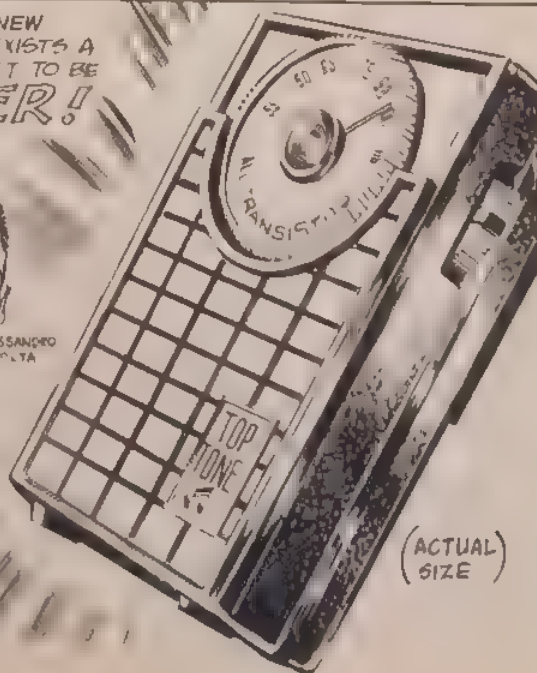
WITHOUT WARNING, ON AUGUST 3RD, 1971, WHILE ATTENDING A TRADE FAIR IN NEW YORK CITY, THE GREAT INVENTOR IS CALLED TO UNRAVEL THE FINAL ENIGMA...



IT IS SAID THAT MEN LIKE HITACHI NEVER DIE. THEY ARE BORN ANEW EACH TIME A LITTLE CHILD ASKS "WHY?" FOR WHEREVER THERE EXISTS A PROBLEM TO BE SOLVED, A RIDDLE TO BE ANSWERED, OR A SECRET TO BE UNLOCKED, THERE YOU WILL FIND **MAN the DREAMER!**



HITACHI  
MITSUBISHI  
1922-1971



(ACTUAL  
SIZE)



# BODE'S CARTOON CONCERT

## CHEECH WIZARD

DISCOVERS A  
TRAITOR  
OR: THE RUTABAGA  
TURNS BAD

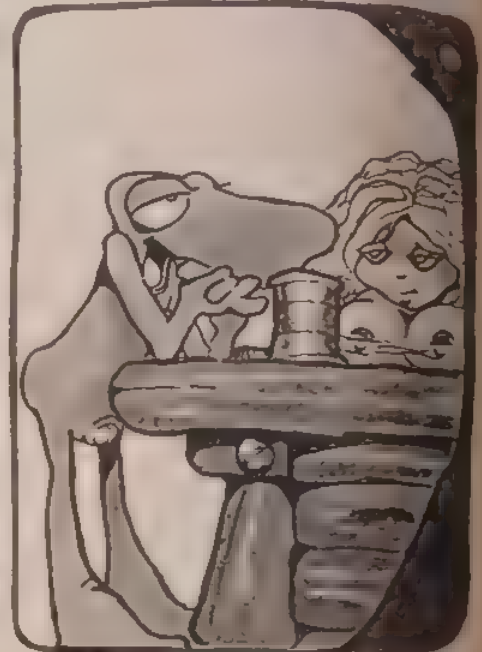


by VAUGHN BODE ©

EH?

..I'M TELLIN' YA, BABY,  
IT'S ME CHEECH  
WIZARD'S APPRENTICE,  
WHO DA POWER  
BEHIND DA HAT, AN  
DAT'S NO SHIT.

DAT HAT IS A FAKE... I DA  
ONE TAUGHT HIM ALL HE  
KNOWS, AN DAT NOT MUCH.  
**YES SIR,** I FOUND DA FUKER  
WHEN HE WAS A LIMPID,  
HAS BEEN ORPHAN.



CHEECH WAS A  
HANDICAP, OF COURSE  
HAIR-LIP AN ALL. I  
PULLED HIM OUT OF  
DA GUTTER AN  
TAUGHT HIM DIGNITY.

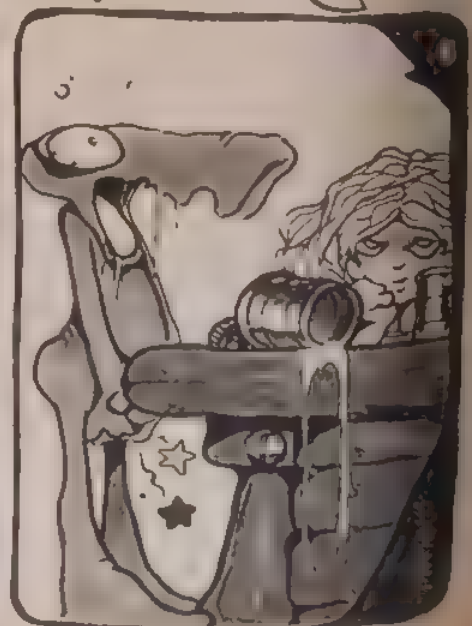
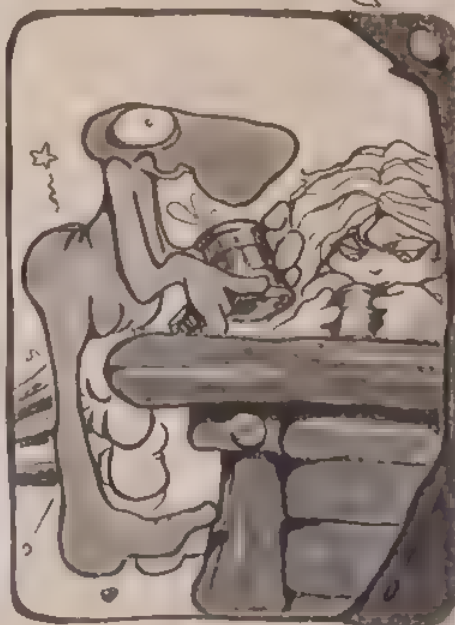
WOW,  
AN I  
BEEN  
BALLIN  
HIM ALL  
THIS TIME.

GOOR!

HE  
TOLD  
ME HE  
WAS  
GOD...

HE GOT  
MY BALLS.

...BUT HE  
NEVER  
DONE A  
TRICK.



# IT BIG BODE CARTOON CONCERT SPECIAL

## CHEECH WIZARD

SUCKS OFF A TURNIP



by VAUGHN BODE ©

YOU SLUGS  
PECKER, YOU  
PINHEAD TOAD,  
YOU LOST MY  
BEER MONEY!



GOLLY, CHEECH,  
I GAVE DA NICKEL  
TO A STARVING  
PARAPLEGIC BEGGER  
BOY WHO WAS LAIN  
BY THA ROAD SIDE!

DRA G YER SWAMP  
BALLS BACK TO DAT  
KID AN GIMME MY  
NICKEL OR I'LL  
MAKE YOU EAT A  
COWFROP AGAIN!



AN, WHEN YOU COME BACK,  
YOU APE TURD, YOU GOT TO  
EMPTY DA BED PANS, WASH  
DA DIRTY CLOTHES AN FIX  
DINNER FOR ME CAUSE YOU  
NOT GONNA GET ANY SUPPER!

DAT GOD DAMN HAT, THAT  
SHIT FAKE WIZARD!!  
I BEEN HIS APPRENTICE OVER  
A YEAR AN HE NEVER DONE A  
TRICK, HE NEVER TAUGHT ME NOTHIN'  
BUT ABUSE AN PAIN!

THE TIME HAS COME TO DO DA  
DEED I BEEN DREAMIN TO DO.  
I GONNA BREAK DAT FUKER,  
I GOING TO SET CHEECH UP  
FRAME HIS NO GOOD  
ASS!



TO NICE COOPER



I'M GOING TO STRIKE  
TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF  
DA VILLAGERS DRESSED AS  
THE IDENTICAL TWIN TO  
**CHEECH WIZARD!**



I'LL DIG UP THE MAYOR'S  
FRESHLY DECEASED  
MISTRESS WHO DIED OF  
DA BI-MONTHLY CITY-  
GOVERNMENT GANG BANG  
PARTY LAST WEEK.



AND DRAG DA  
BIG, MUSTY LUSTY  
BUXOM BODY  
DOWN TO DA  
TOWN SQUARE.

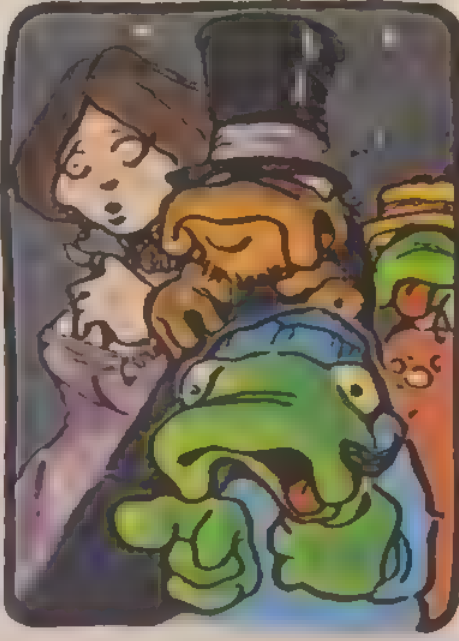


...GET HER SETUP FOR  
DA SEX SHOW. I ABOUT  
TO PERFORM A BUNCH  
OF UNSPEAKABLE PERVERSIONS  
TO DISSTIFF, BUT VOLUPTUOUS  
DEAD BROAD.



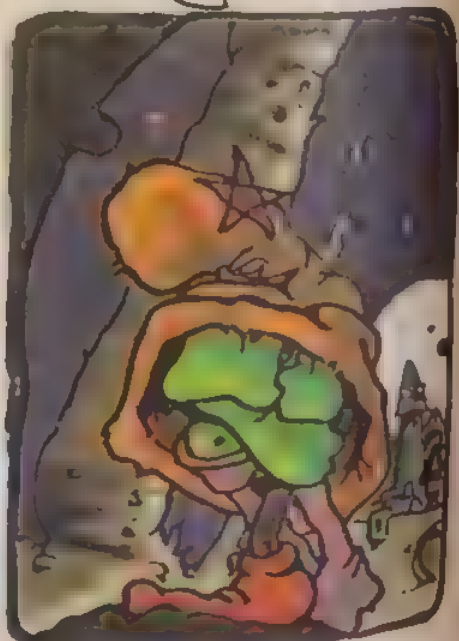
**GASP ACK GAW**

**CHOKES. LOOK WHAT DAT  
WIZARD IS DOIN!!**



SIX COMES LATER

AN NOW TO LEAD A  
UNMISTAKABLE TRAIL  
RIGHT UP TO DA FUKER'S  
DOOR, SO DA REVENGING  
POSSE DON'T GET LOST.



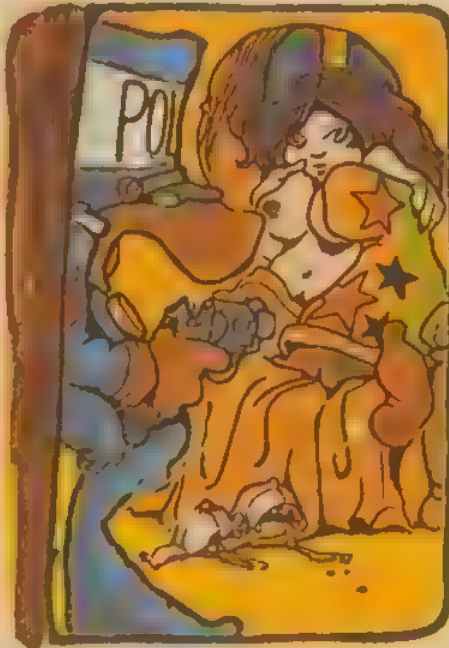
WELL, WELL, HERE COME DA COPS.  
I'LL LET EM SCARE THE SHIT  
OUTTA CHEECH, SLAP HIM  
AROUND A COUPLE DAYS  
BEFORE I COME ALONG AN  
GET HIS BUTT OFF DA HOOK.

GOOD LORD, IS  
THERE NO LIMITS  
TO DIS PERVERT'S  
APPETITE. HAT, YOU  
IS UNDER ARREST  
FOREVER!

GO  
JERK OFF  
TO DA  
BIBLE,  
FUZZ BALLS.

GET  
DAT  
FUKER,  
BOYS.

**CRAZY**  
**YOW!**

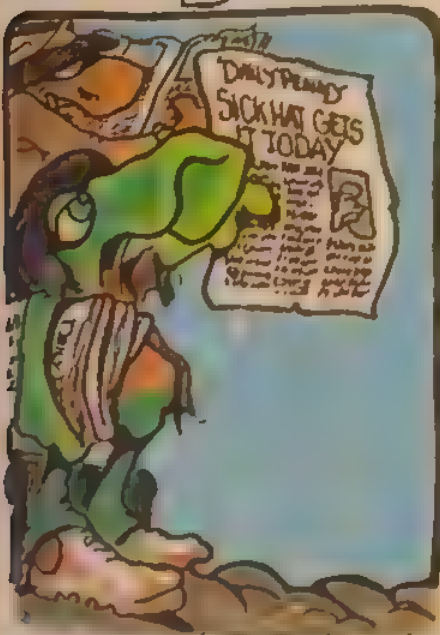


**BIG TRIAL TODAY**  
**READ ALL ABOUT IT!**  
**NEGRO-PERV HAT TO**  
**PAY FOR PUBLIC BODY BOP!!**

HEAR YE, HEAR YE,  
SUPREME COURT OF  
UNION PENNY, IS NOW IN  
SESSION. THE STATE VERSUS  
THE BLASPHEMING, NECROPHILIAC  
HAT, CHEECH WIZARD.

THE  
HAT'S  
COUNSEL  
MAY MAKE  
HIS OPENING  
STATEMENT.

YOUR HONOR, I  
PROTEST BEING SADDLED  
WITH THE JOB OF DEFENDING  
THIS SCUM. THERE IS NO  
DOUBT IN MY MIND, THIS  
CRAWLING SHIT IS GUILTY!



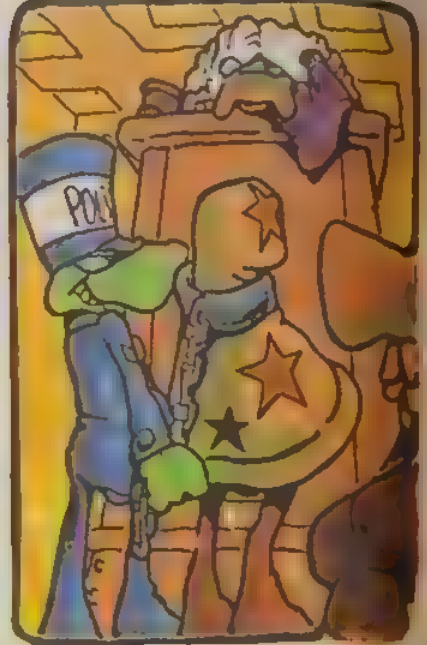


I AM THE WORLD'S  
GREATEST WIZARD!  
I CAN MOVE MOUNTAINS,  
AND TURN RIVERS! I  
GOT THE KEY TO THE  
UNIVERSE!!

SIT  
DOWN  
HAT.

WE GOT YOUR NOTORIOUS ASS  
LEGAL THIS TIME, CHEECH WIZARD.  
THE WHOLE TOWN SAW THE  
UNSPEAKABLE ACTS YOU DID ON  
MILLY, I MEAN DAT POOR DEAD  
STIFF. SAW YOU PLAIN AS DAY.

HAT, THERE IS NO POINT IN  
CONTINUING FURTHER... IT IS  
THE HAPPY DUTY OF THIS COURT TO  
FIND YOU GUILTY ON ALL CHARGES.  
I SUBJECT YOU TO BE HUNG BY THE  
NECK OR HAT TILL DEAD WITHIN THE HOUR.



**HOHA CHEECH, YOU  
FUKER, IT WAS I,**  
YOUR FAITHFUL APPRENTICE  
WHO DID THE DEED JUST TO  
TEACH YOU A SHARP LESSON!

LIZARD, YOU DON'T KNOW HOW  
DISAPPOINTED THE COURT IS TO HEAR  
THIS UNTIMELY CONFESSION. YOU  
COULDN'TA WAITED AN HOUR.  
OH WELL, WHAT'S DONE IS DONE.  
RELEASE THE HAT AND HANG THE LIZARD.

IT WAS NICE  
OF YOU TO  
VOLUNTEER  
TO KICK THE  
LEVER, CHEECH.  
MORE BEER?

HOW'S DIS SOUND;  
APPRENTICE WANTED  
GLORIOUS CAREER  
WITH WORLD FAMOUS  
WIZARD. ALL GLORY,  
TOP PAY, NO WORK!



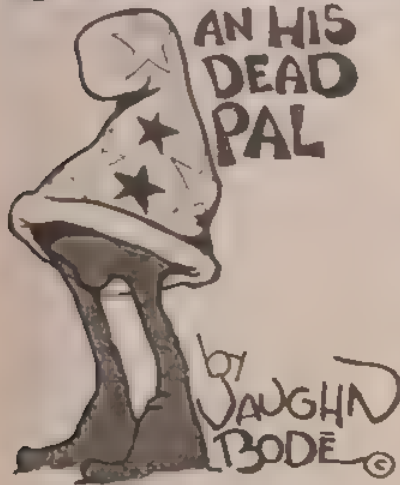
# BODE'S CARTOON CONCERT

## GHEE WIZARD

WELL, TURDBALL, THA TAXIDERMIST DID A GREAT JOB ON YOU. YOU LOOK BETTER NOW THAN WHEN YOU WAS ALIVE... IF YOU EVER WAS ALIVE YOU STUFFED BURP.

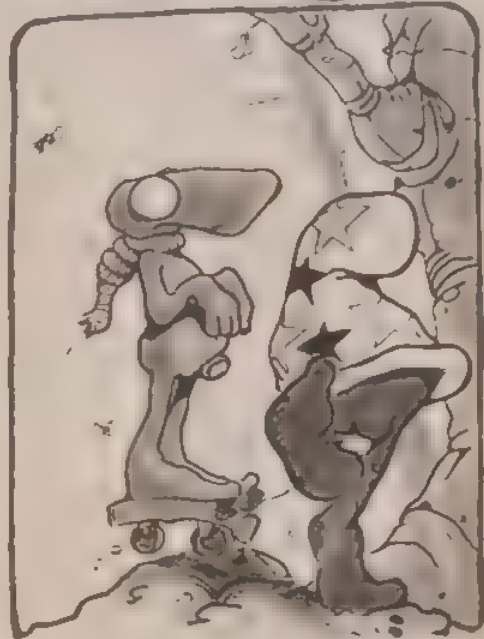
SNEAK  
BUMP  
RUMPLE

YOU WAS DA WORST APPRENTICE IN HISTORY. A ROTTEN, SPITEFUL, BACK-STABBIN, BADMOUTH SKULKER.



AN HIS  
DEAD  
PAL

by  
JAUGHN  
BODE ©

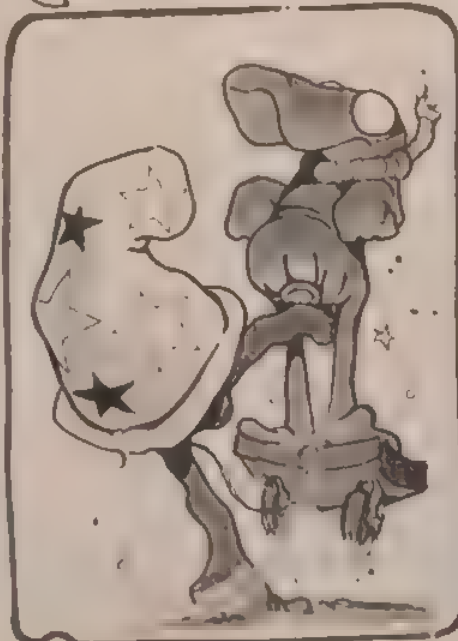
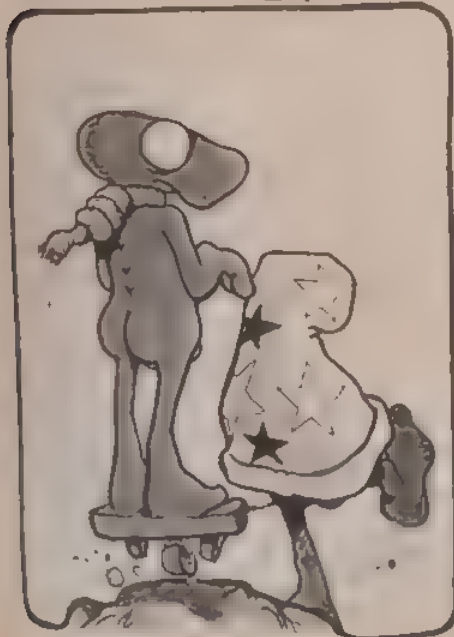


...YOU PISSED ON MY HAT,  
RAGGED ON ME IN PUBLIC,  
HIRED A GOOK TO GET ME,  
THEN FRAMED MY ASS... WHY?!!  
I GAVE YOU DA BEST ALL DOWN  
THA LINE, AN DATS HOW YOU PAY ME.

HERE'S  
A  
KICK  
IN DA  
BALLS!

GOOM  
PH!

I GOTTA WATCH DAT NOW  
THAT HE'S STUFFED.  
KICK THA SHIT IN DA'  
BALLS AN HE BLOWS A STITCH.





# BODE'S CARTOON CONCERT

## GEEKY WIZARD

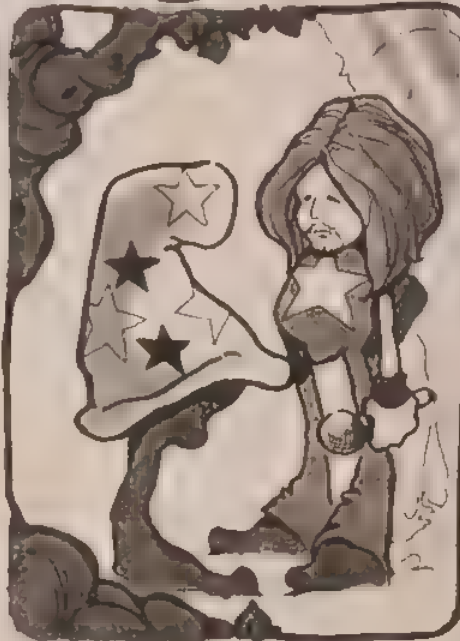
SUPERSTAR, I IS HERE TO LAY A HEAVY MESSAGE ON YOU. I WOULD'A SENT MY APPRENTICE BUT HE GOT STUFFED AN NOBODY ELSE APPLIED FOR DA JOB EXCEPT A RABID NUN.

DAMANAGEMENT HAS TOLD ME TO TELL YOU DAT YOU IS IN HIGH MOTION. YOU HAS BEEN CHOSEN TO DO THE WORK.

♪ DIS CAT GOT TO BE A PINBALL WIZARD.



VAUGHN BODE



## ZOR

♪ HEY MAN. SOMETHIN' JUS RAN UP YER HAT.

HOLY CRAP A SEX CRAZED SCOOTER-STINGER TRYIN TO GET IN MY PANTS!!

I GOT TO LIE STILL, PRETEND I'M DEAD. SCOOTER STINGERS IN HEAT NEVER FUK A DEAD HAT.

♪ HE DIED BEFORE I COULD LET HIM KNOW I KNOW.



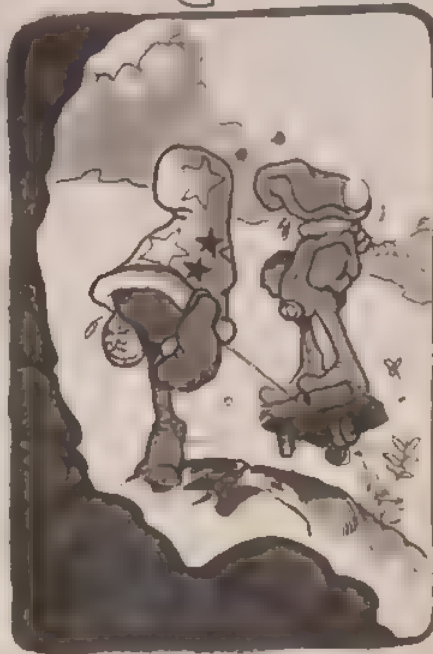
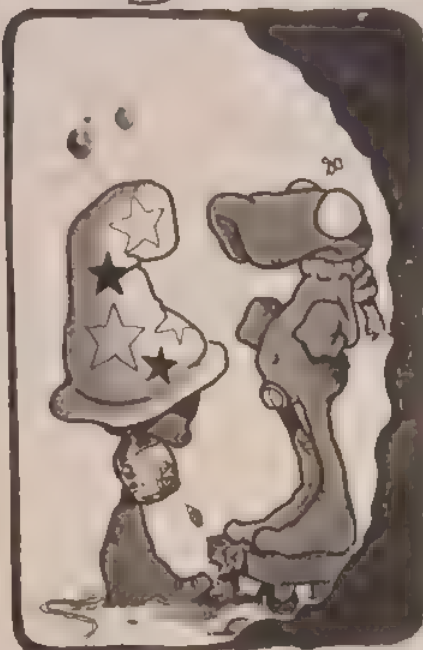
TO VERY HIGH TED KEELEZ

# BOB'S CARTOON CONCERT

## GEEZY WIZARD

HICCUP, LISZEN A ME, OL' STUFFED AMEGO, JUST CAUSE YOU SUCKED IN LIFE DON'T MEAN WE CAN'T BE CHUMS ON MY BIRTHDAY... HOWZ ABOUT A DRINK TO TEMPER DA MONOTONY OF DEATH.

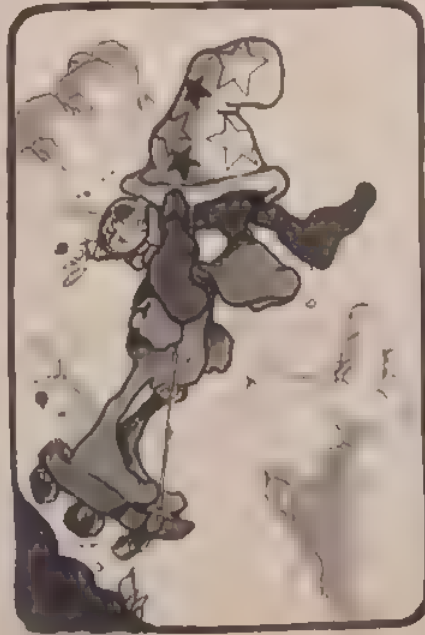
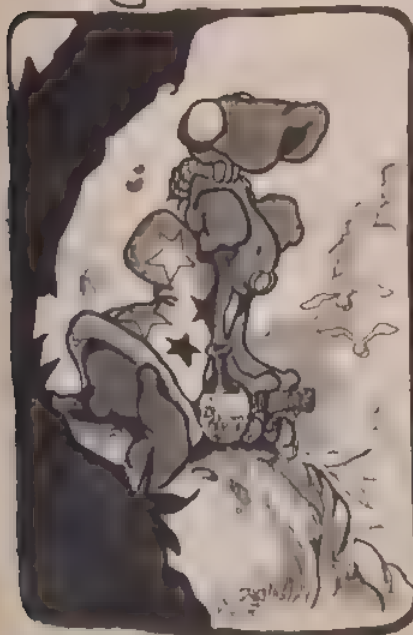
THE MAILMAN FORGOT TO DELIVER MY SACK OF CARDS AN GIFTS. BUT, I DON'T CARE ABOUT THAT STUFF... I'D RATHER GUZZLE BOOZE IN DA WOODS WIF AN OL' PAL.



YOU KNOW, STIFFY, I FEELS EXPANSIVE TODAY. I BET YOU GOT TO BE HORNY AS A ROCK IN HEAT BY THIS TIME... SO, MAYBE I'LL FIX YOUSE UP WIF A TOWN WHORE. GET DA RIGOR OUT OF YER JOINT.

**HEXA** WE OFF TO DA CAT HOUSE!!! I GONNA GET MAGGIE THE MOUTH TO GIVE YOU A BLOW JOB AN A HALF BEST BUDDY.

**JESUS** IT TELLS YA' BIG GIMPO, I JUS SAW DA MOOR MONSTER! IT WAS DIS ICKY AWFULL DEAD THING ON A CART WITH A HUGE HAT AN FOUR LEGS!.. IT, AH, WENT CRASHING INTO DA WHORE HOUSE.







MANLY  
COMICS  
GROUP

20¢ NOV  
7

# CHARACTER BUILDING

APPROVED BY THE  
NATIONAL  
COMMISSION ON  
CHRISTIANITY  
AND JEWRY

BRIAN'S  
BALLAD

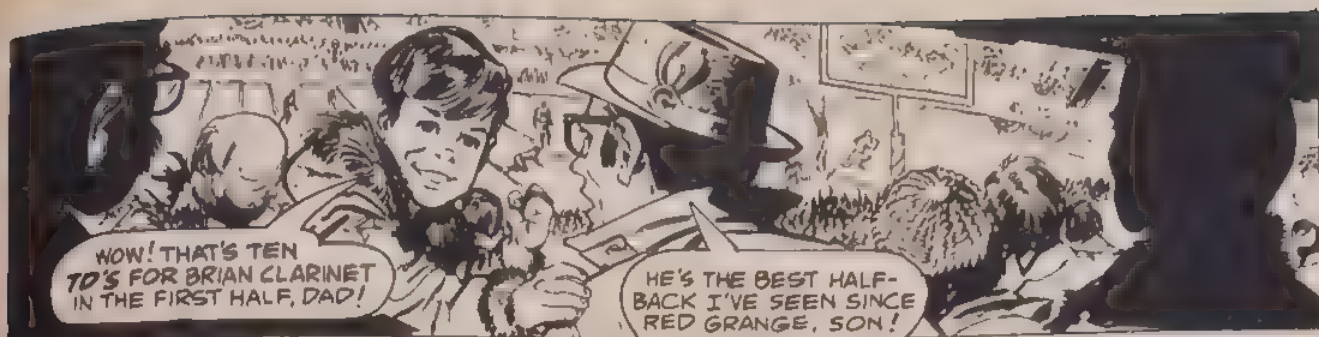
COMICS

SURE IT  
HURTS! BUT IT  
HURTS A LOT  
MORE NOT TO  
PLAY!



also in this issue:  
THE LIFE OF GEORGE ALLEN:  
chapter I: The Early Years

Holladay



NOW! THAT'S TEN  
TO'S FOR BRIAN CLARINET  
IN THE FIRST HALF, DAD!

HE'S THE BEST HALF-  
BACK I'VE SEEN SINCE  
RED GRANGE, SON!

# BRIAN'S BALLAD

WRITTEN BY GERRY "HANDS" SUSSMAN • ILLUSTRATED BY FRAN "CRAZYLEGS" HOLLIDGE

THE CHICAGO BEARS ROMPED TO ANOTHER EASY VICTORY, THANKS TO THE HEROICS OF BRIAN CLARINET...



MINE IS  
6 1/2.

MAHN'S  
18 1/4.

HEY, MAN,  
GIMME  
SOME SOAP.

FUCK YOU.  
GET YOUR  
OWN  
SOAP.

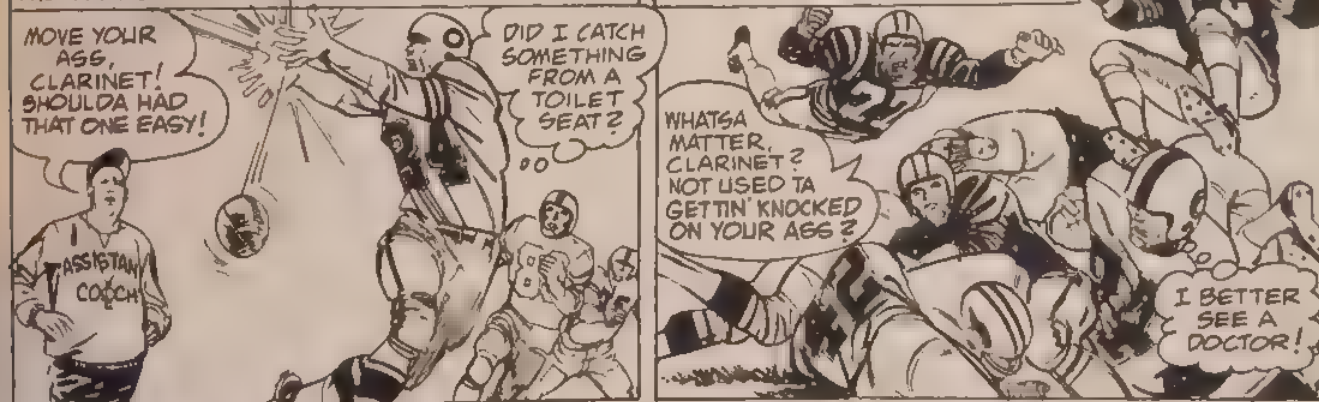
BRIAN, YOU LOOKED  
FABULOUS TODAY.  
BUT HOW DO YOU  
REALLY FEEL? YOU  
OWE THE FANS AN  
EXPLANATION!

WELL, HOWARD  
I DO MY BEST...

THIS ITCH IN MY  
ASS IS DRIVING  
ME BANANAS!

AND IN THE NEXT GAME IT TOOK  
ITS TOLL... BRIAN CLARINET  
COULDN'T DO ANYTHING RIGHT...

THE TORMENT OF RECTAL ITCH GREW WORSE...



MOVE YOUR  
ASS,  
CLARINET!  
SHOULDA HAD  
THAT ONE EASY!

DID I CATCH  
SOMETHING  
FROM A  
TOILET  
SEAT?

WHATSA  
MATTER,  
CLARINET?  
NOT USED TA  
GETTIN' KNOCKED  
ON YOUR ASS?

I BETTER  
SEE A  
DOCTOR!

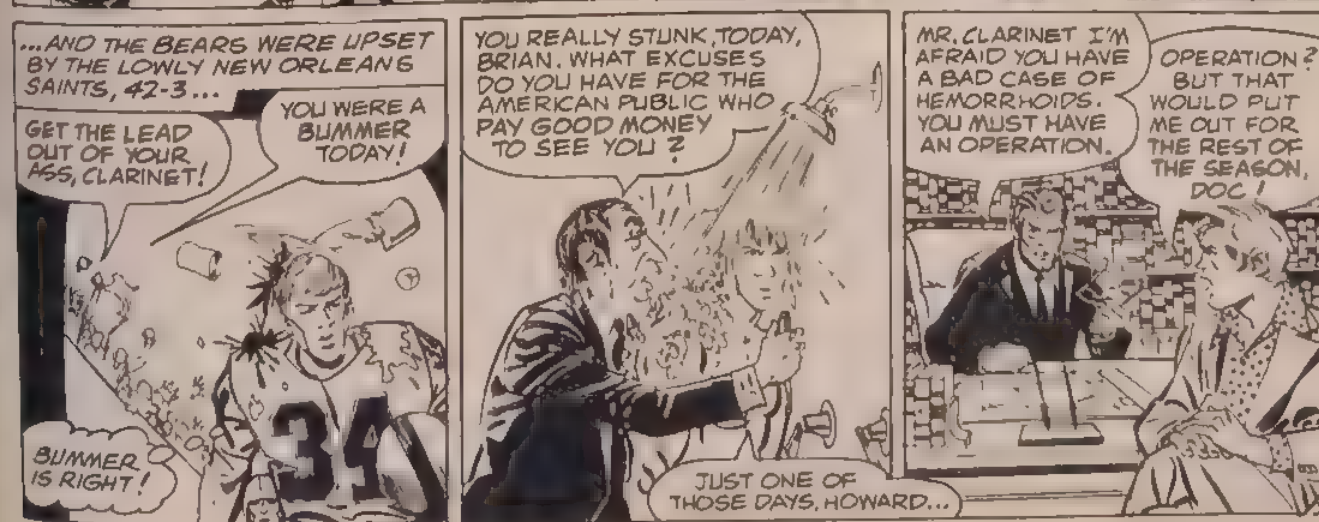
...AND THE BEARS WERE UPSET  
BY THE LOWLY NEW ORLEANS  
SAINTS, 42-3...

GET THE LEAD  
OUT OF YOUR  
ASS, CLARINET!

YOU WERE A  
BUMMER  
TODAY!

BUMMER  
IS RIGHT!

YOU REALLY STUNK, TODAY,  
BRIAN. WHAT EXCUSES  
DO YOU HAVE FOR THE  
AMERICAN PUBLIC WHO  
PAY GOOD MONEY  
TO SEE YOU?

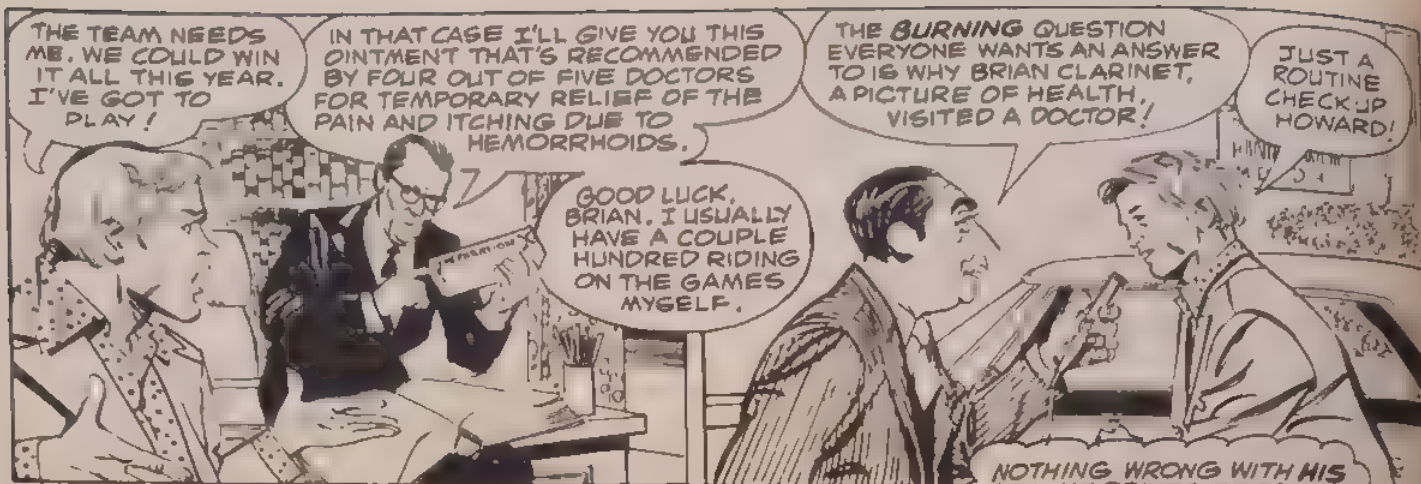


MR. CLARINET I'M  
AFRAID YOU HAVE  
A BAD CASE OF  
HEMORRHOIDS.  
YOU MUST HAVE  
AN OPERATION.

OPERATION?  
BUT THAT  
WOULD PUT  
ME OUT FOR  
THE REST OF  
THE SEASON,  
DOC!

JUST ONE OF  
THOSE DAYS, HOWARD...





THE TEAM NEEDS ME. WE COULD WIN IT ALL THIS YEAR. I'VE GOT TO PLAY!

IN THAT CASE I'LL GIVE YOU THIS OINTMENT THAT'S RECOMMENDED BY FOUR OUT OF FIVE DOCTORS FOR TEMPORARY RELIEF OF THE PAIN AND ITCHING DUE TO HEMORRHOIDS.

THE BURNING QUESTION EVERYONE WANTS AN ANSWER TO IS WHY BRIAN CLARINET, A PICTURE OF HEALTH, VISITED A DOCTOR!

JUST A ROUTINE CHECK-UP HOWARD!

GOOD LUCK, BRIAN. I USUALLY HAVE A COUPLE HUNDRED RIDING ON THE GAMES MYSELF.

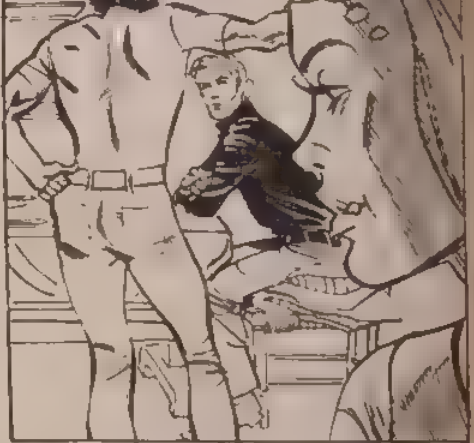
THAT EVENING BRIAN AND WIFE, DONNA, ENTERTAINED BRIAN'S BEST FRIEND, STAR WIDE RECEIVER JIM RIVERS AND JIM'S WIFE SUE.

...YOU'RE THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO KNOW. I'VE GOT TO KEEP IT A SECRET UNTIL THE END OF THE SEASON!

BETTER WATCH YOUR ASS FROM NOW ON, BRIAN.

OH SHUSH, JIM! THAT'S IN BAD TASTE!

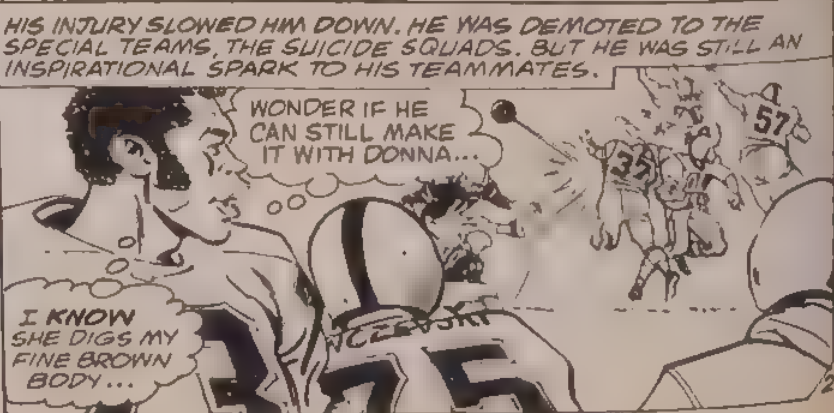
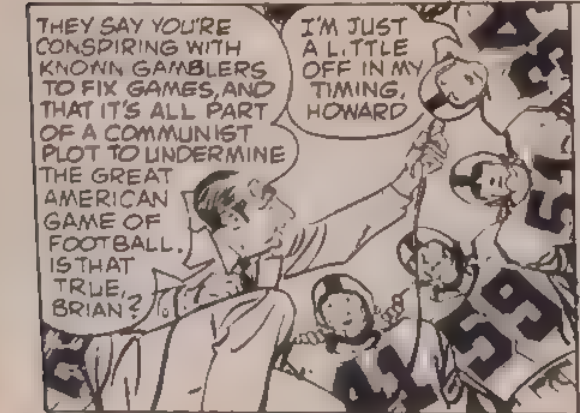
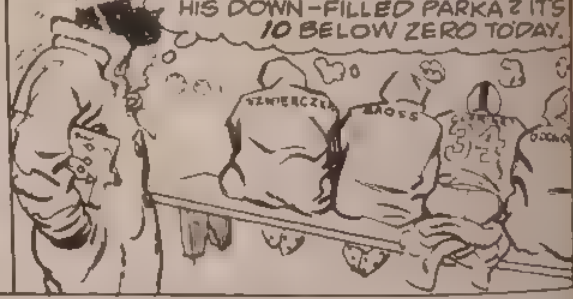
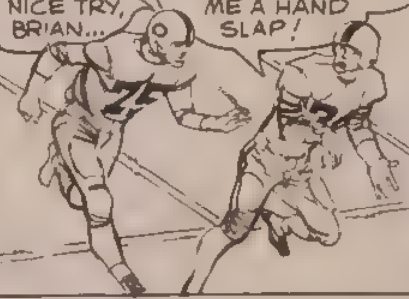
NOTHING WRONG WITH HIS ASS. HE DRIVES ME CRAZY IN THOSE TIGHT PANTS. MAYBE WE CAN DO WHAT KEKICH AND PETERSON DID... BUT I'M KEEPING OUR CATS.



THE REST OF THE SEASON WAS ONE LONG NIGHTMARE TO BRIAN CLARINET.

HE TRIED HARDER THAN EVER...

...BUT HIS PROBLEM GREW WORSE AND WORSE...





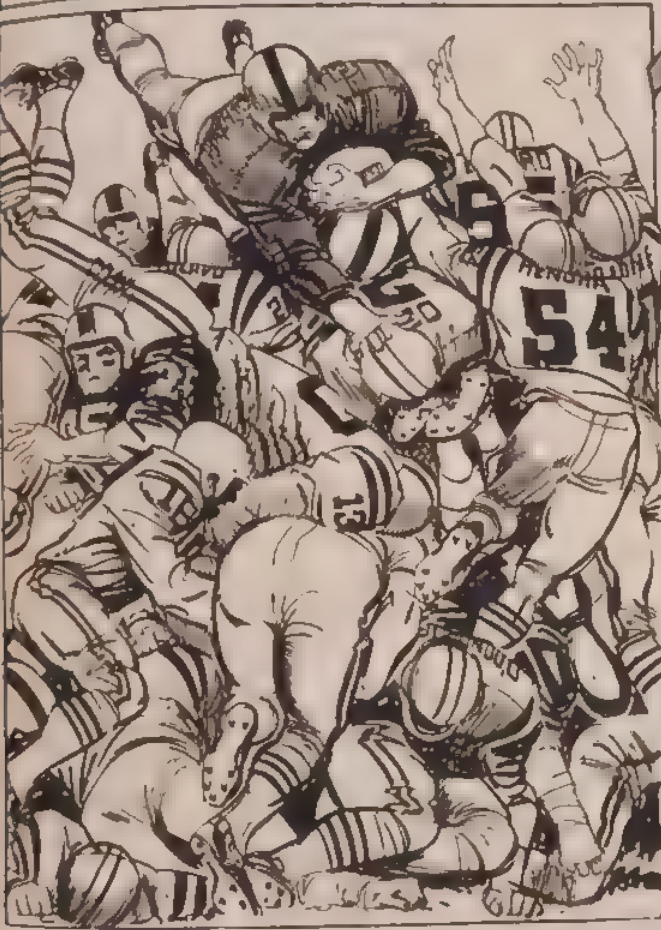
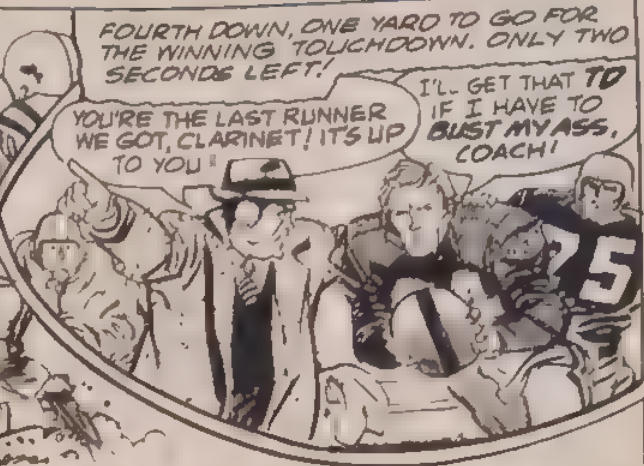
AND IN THE FINAL GAME, THE BEARS STILL HAD A CHANCE TO CLINCH A PLAY-OFF BERTH...



FOURTH DOWN, ONE YARD TO GO FOR THE WINNING TOUCHDOWN. ONLY TWO SECONDS LEFT!

YOU'RE THE LAST RUNNER WE GOT, CLARINET! IT'S UP TO YOU!

I'LL GET THAT TD IF I HAVE TO BUST MY ASS, COACH!



**TOUCHDOWN!**

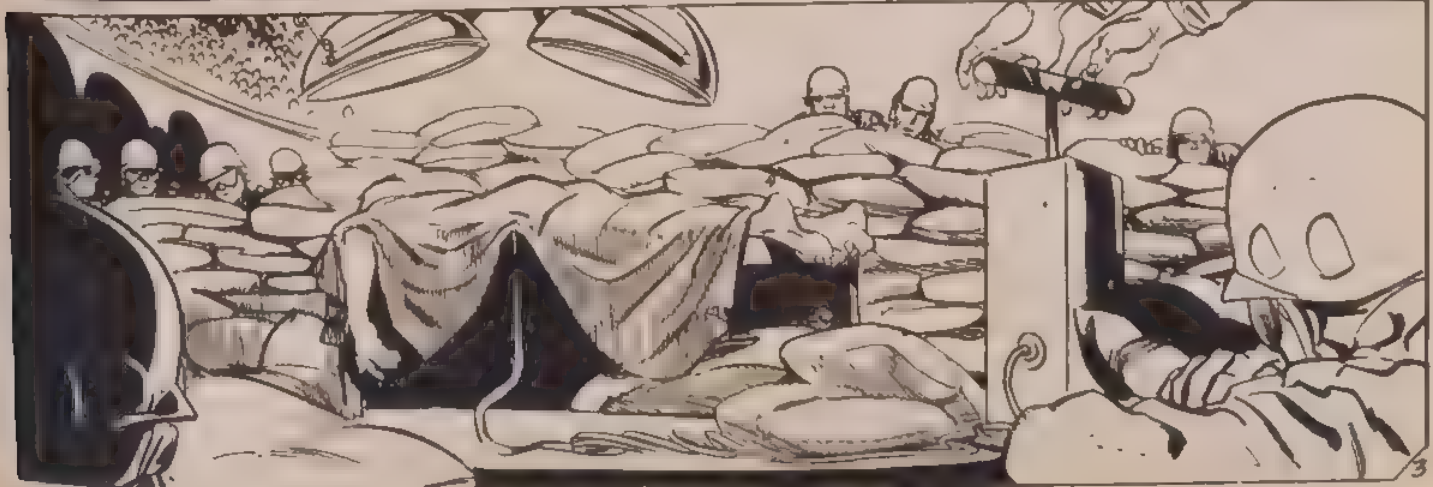
IS THERE ANY TRUTH TO THE RUMOR THAT YOUR BODY IS RAVAGED WITH AN EMBARRASSING DISEASE, BRIAN?



I'M JUST A LITTLE WORN OUT, HOWARD. IT'S BEEN A LONG...

GENTLEMEN, THIS PATIENT HAS ALLOWED HIS HEMORRHOIDS TO SPREAD TO AN ALARMING DEGREE. THERE'S ONLY ONE HOPE...

WOW! LOOK AT THOSE ROIDS! THEY'RE THE SIZE OF CANTALOUPE!





# BOOM!

BUT THE OPERATION WAS A FAILURE IT WAS TOO LATE!

I...I'M SORRY BRIAN! IT'S TERMINAL HEMORRHOIDS AND THEY'RE SPREADING FAST. WE'LL TRY TO MAKE IT AS EASY AS POSSIBLE FOR YOU!

OH, BR AN... WHY? WHY YOU?

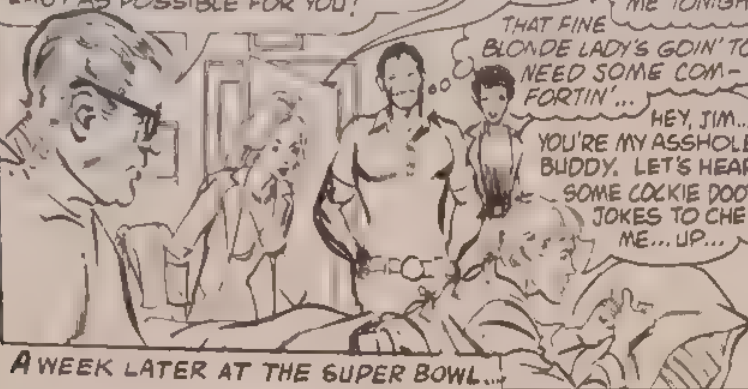
I'M GOING TO CALL JIM TO CONSOLE ME TONIGHT...

THAT FINE BLONDE LADY'S GOIN' TO NEED SOME COMFORTIN'...

HEY, JIM... YOU'RE MY ASSHOLE BUDDY. LET'S HEAR SOME COCKIE DOOTIE JOKES TO CHEER... ME... UP...

BRIAN, WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO YOUR FAMILY? HOW DOES IT FEEL TO LEAVE A WIFE, TWO KIDS, A BIG MORTGAGE AND HAVE ONLY \$140 IN THE BANK?

MY AGENT JUST MADE A SIX-FIGURE PACKAGE DEAL FOR MY STORY, HOWARD. INCLUDES MOVIE, TV SERIES, RECORD BOOK MAGAZINE STORIES, PROMOTIONAL TIE-INS... SHOULD TAKE CARE OF DO...DONNA AND THE K-K-KIDS...

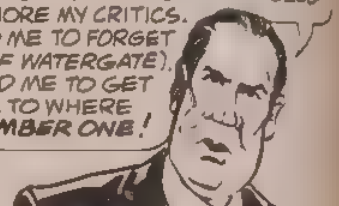


A WEEK LATER AT THE SUPER BOWL...

...IT IS MY HONOR TO ANNOUNCE THAT PART OF THE PROCEEDS OF THIS GAME WILL GO TO THE BRIAN CLARINET HEMORRHOID FOUNDATION, AND THE MOST VALUABLE PLAYER WILL RECEIVE THE GOLDEN SUPPOSITORY AWARD.



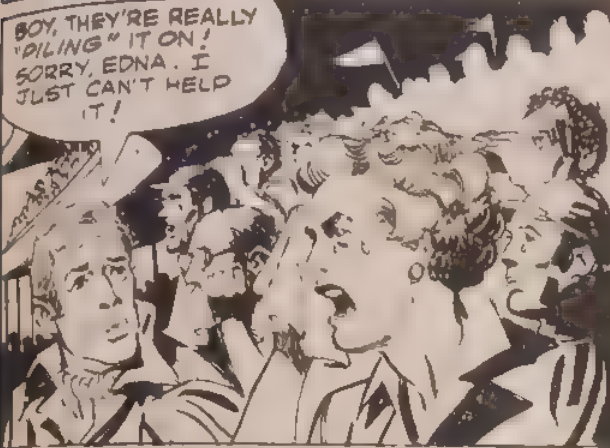
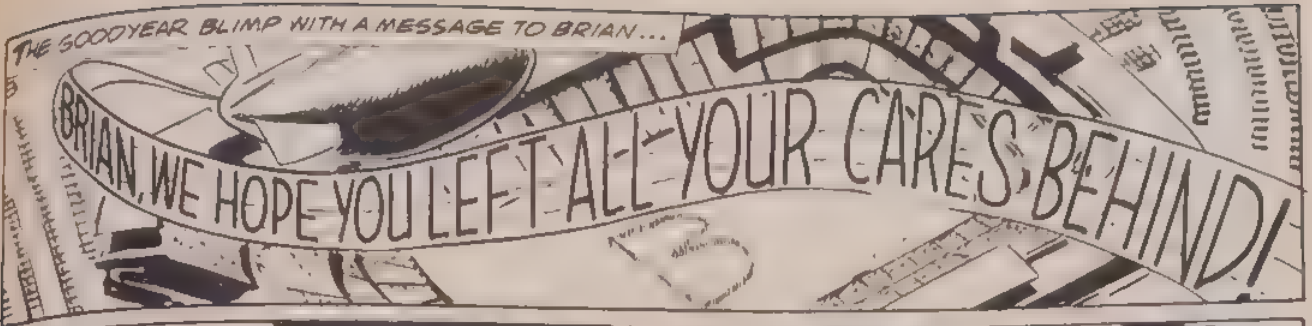
MORE THAN ANYTHING IN HIS LIFE, BRIAN CLARINET WANTED TO WIN THE SUPER BOWL... *or BOWL!* HE DIED SO THAT HIS TEAM COULD BE HERE TODAY, AND IF HE WERE ALIVE TODAY, HE WOULD TELL ME THAT THE ONLY WAY TO WIN IS TO KEEP PLAYING THE GAME, EVEN WHEN YOU'RE HURT BAD. HE WOULD HAVE TOLD ME TO IGNORE MY CRITICS. HE WOULD HAVE TOLD ME TO FORGET THE OLD WOUNDS (OF WATERGATE). HE WOULD HAVE TOLD ME TO GET THIS COUNTRY BACK TO WHERE IT BELONGS! *NUMBER ONE!*



THE HALFTIME CEREMONIES CONTINUE WITH A SALUTE TO BRIAN CLARINET, THE BIG "B"!



...CONTINUING OUR GREAT TRIBUTE TO BRIAN CLARINET WITH THE KING OF SWING, MR. CLARINET HIMSELF, BENNY GOODMAN, PLAYING "BRIAN'S BALLAD," THE NEW HIT THAT'S SWEEPING THE COUNTRY!



BOY, THEY'RE REALLY  
'PILING' IT ON!  
SORRY, EDNA. I  
JUST CAN'T HELP  
IT!



HERE'S TO  
BR AN  
CLARINET.  
HE WAS A  
REGULAR  
GUY!

BOTTOM'S UP!  
OH, SHIT!  
WHAT AM I  
SAYING?

THE BEARS WON THE SUPER BOWL AND THE NEXT  
DAY BRIAN CLARINET'S HEMORRHOIDS WERE  
DONATED TO THE FOOTBALL HALL OF FAME IN  
CANTON, OHIO.

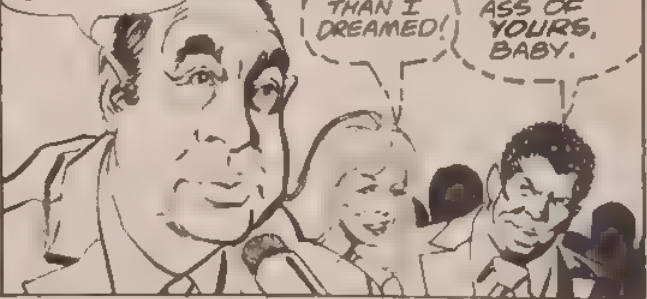
...AS MUCH AS I HAVE ALWAYS  
ADMIRERD BRIAN CLARINET FOR HIS COURAGE AND  
DEVOTION TO HIS TEAM, THE QUESTION STILL RE-  
MAINS: WHY DIDN'T BRIAN CLARINET HAVE AN  
OPERATION EARLY IN THE SEASON WHEN IT  
COULD HAVE SAVED  
HIS LIFE?



WAS HE AFRAID TO GO  
UNDER THE KNIFE BE-  
CAUSE HE MIGHT BE  
FOUND OUT AS A  
HOMOSEXUAL? THE  
FANS HAVE A RIGHT  
TO KNOW....

OH, JIM,  
LAST  
NIGHT  
WAS  
EVEN  
BETTER  
THAN I  
DREAMED!

DON'T EVER  
LET ANY-  
THING  
HAPPEN TO  
THAT  
BEAUTIFUL  
ASS OF  
YOURS,  
BABY.



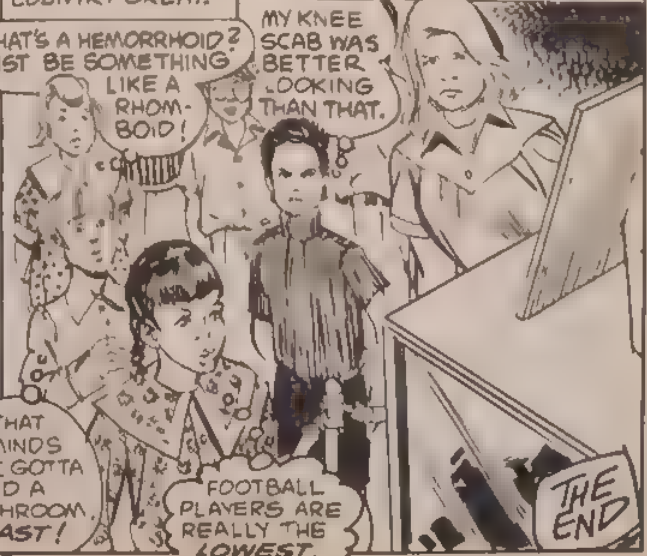
AND SO BRIAN CLARINET BECAME THE SYMBOL OF  
THE AMERICAN DREAM--TO WIN, TO DIE, TO BE  
REBORN IN THE MINDS AND HEARTS OF YOUNG  
AMERICANS WHO WILL FIGHT TO KEEP THIS  
COUNTRY GREAT.

WHAT'S A HEMORRHOID?  
MUST BE SOMETHING  
LIKE A RHOM-  
BOID!

MY KNEE  
SCAB WAS  
BETTER  
LOOKING  
THAN THAT.

THAT  
REMINDS  
ME, I GOTTA  
FND A  
BATHROOM.  
FAST!

FOOTBALL  
PLAYERS ARE  
REALLY THE  
LOWEST..



THE  
END



# The Life Of GEORGE ALLEN

Chapter 1. "The Early Years."

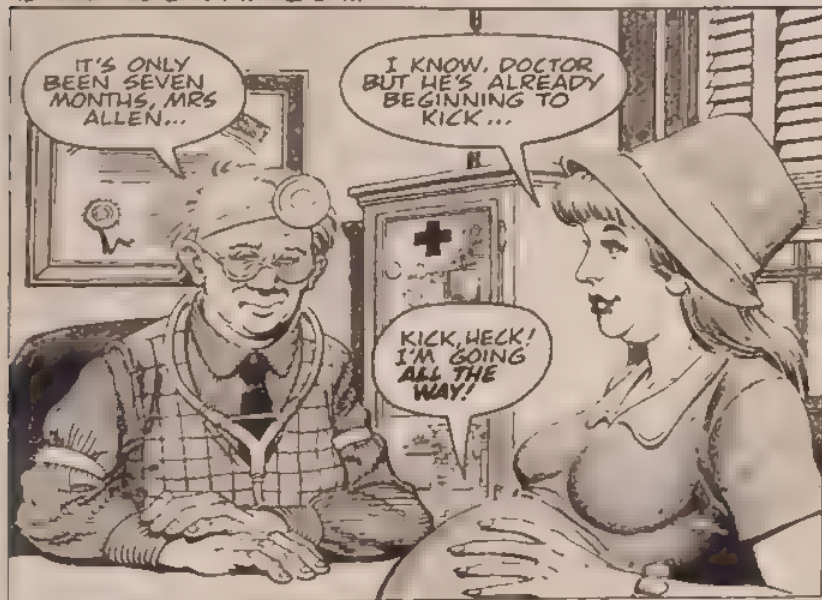
FROM THE VERY BEGINNING, GEORGE ALLEN BROUGHT TOTAL EFFORT TO EVERYTHING HE DID...



...AND HE DEMANDS TOTAL EFFORT FROM THOSE AROUND HIM...



HE LEARNED VERY EARLY IN LIFE THAT EVERY DAY YOU WASTE IS ONE YOU CAN'T MAKE UP...



...THAT WINNING IS LIVING...



...AND THAT THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS THE OFF SEASON.



HE ALWAYS PUT OUT 110 PERCENT...

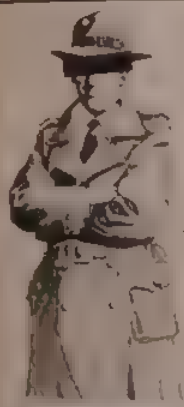




I WONDER IF HE COULD TASTE THE STRYCHNINE IF I PUT IT IN HIS STRAINED PEAS...



NEXT MONTH:  
CHAPTER II, THE WONDER YEARS.



I CAN TEACH  
YOU TO  
BLOW YOUR  
ATTACKER TO  
DEATH WITH

**LUNG-FU**

Up to now, Lung Fu was known only by the dreaded *Hoseln*, the assassination arm of the Chinese Secret Police. But a famous American war correspondent secretly photographed the pages of a Lung-Fu manual and smuggled them out of mainland China!

Today he is in hiding for fear that the *Hoseln* may extract a painful punishment for his act. But he felt that the benefits of Lung-Fu were so important to the American people that it was worth the risk of his life!

Turn Your Attacker Into a Bunch of Flying Bones! Lung-Fu is even more lethal than karate or Kung-Fu. It uses the incredible powers stored in your lungs—shows you how to blow an attacker to smithereens with a force equal to a 150 m.p.h. hurricane!

**NO MONEY BACK TRIAL OFFER ACT NOW**

**MARSHALL ARTS SCHOOLS, Inc.** Dept. 4365  
1224 Utopia Parkway  
Bayside, N.Y.

—I wish to be inducted into the secret self-defense method of Lung-Fu and I am willing to take the risk of being hunted by the Chinese Secret Police if I am discovered. I pledge to show the Lung Fu Manual to no one. I enclose \$2.98 payment in full.

—I pledge never to use Lung-Fu as an aggressor or use it near private property, which could be destroyed by a good blow.

(My Signature)

NAME

ADDRESS.....AGE.....

CITY STATE ZIP.....

## BE A TACKLING DUMMY

Get into the action at the  
**BOOM BOOM HARRIS  
FOOTBALL CAMP**

"I learned to take it at the Boom Boom Harris Football Camp and now I can really dish it out!"  
J.L., starting fullback  
Massillon High, Massillon, Ohio

Learn how to pay for it, practice as a tackling dummy, Expert instruction for NFL players. Good facilities, meals, naps, trips to the Atlantic Beach. Write to Football Camp, Box 1, Rte. 1, Wis.

## SEE FOOTBALL GAMES FREE WITH OFFICIAL NFL PRESS PASSES



Watch the big NFL football games in the pressbox or right on the field, next to your favorite players! Genuine replicas of official NFL press passes, 50 in a packet, including Daily Press, the Evening Gazette or Only \$11. NFL Press Passes, Box 3, Boise, Idaho

## DIE LIKE A MAN!

Join Wilderness Trekkers on a survival trip to Greenland. Short rations, inadequate clothing, no fuel or compass. The ultimate test for boys who want to become MEN. Small groups, no supervision. Free brochure, write Wilderness, Box 12, Montpelier, Vt.

## YOU MAY HAVE THE 7 SIGNS OF EFFEMINACY AND NOT KNOW IT!

Effeminacy can start in your subconscious and spread throughout your entire body if you can't recognize the danger signs and act fast.

My new method detects effeminacy signs in seconds, eliminates them in just a few minutes of special exercises.

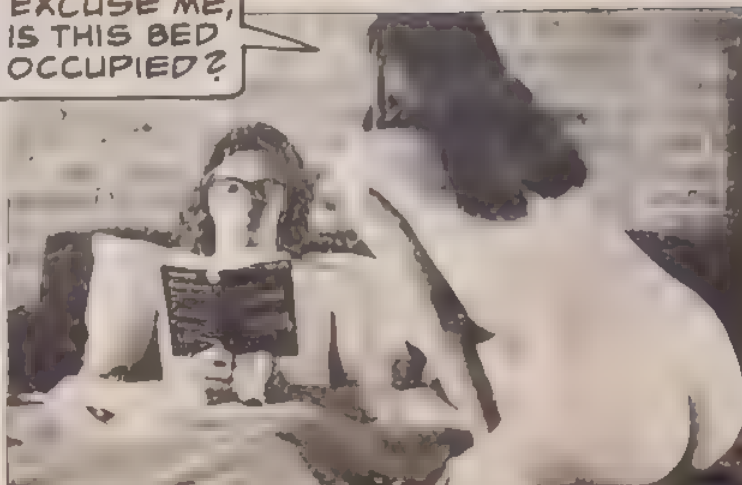
Don't ruin your life. Get the facts, send only \$5.98 to Heidelberg School of Mind Body, Dept. 1-3, Canajoharie, N.Y.





FUNNIES

EXCUSE ME,  
IS THIS BED  
OCCUPIED?



WHY, UH, NO.

MMMMM,  
I'M GLAD.



OOOH, I WANT  
ONE OF YOUR  
CIGARETTES.



I JUST LOVE  
TO SUCK  
ON THINGS!



LISTEN,  
LET'S  
MAKE  
IT!

WHAT?!

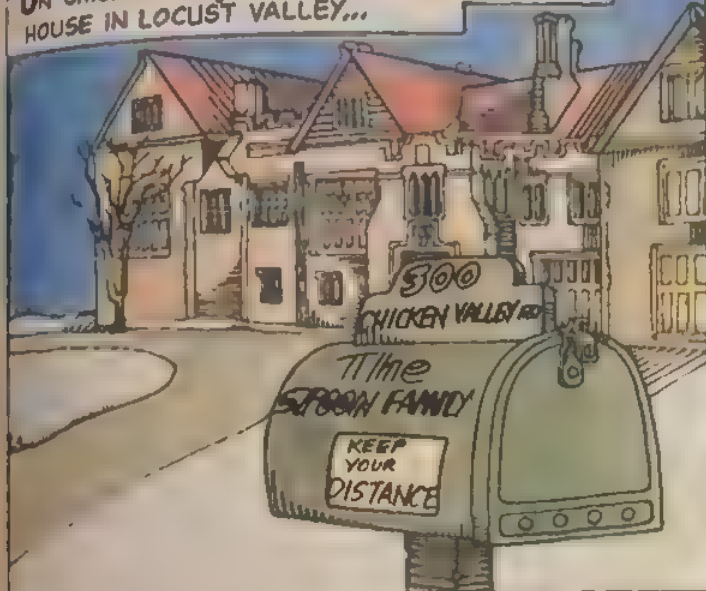


WHEN ARE YOU MEN GOING  
TO STOP TREATING ME AS  
A SEXUAL OBJECT?



# AN ANGLO-SAXON YULETIDE TALE

ON CHICKEN VALLEY ROAD, IN THE LARGEST HOUSE IN LOCUST VALLEY...



CORNELIUS V. SPOON, DECADENT ANGLO-SAXON SHOE HEIR, WHO HAS BEEN KNOWN TO CONSORT WITH PIPE-FITTERS IN DARK ALLEYS...

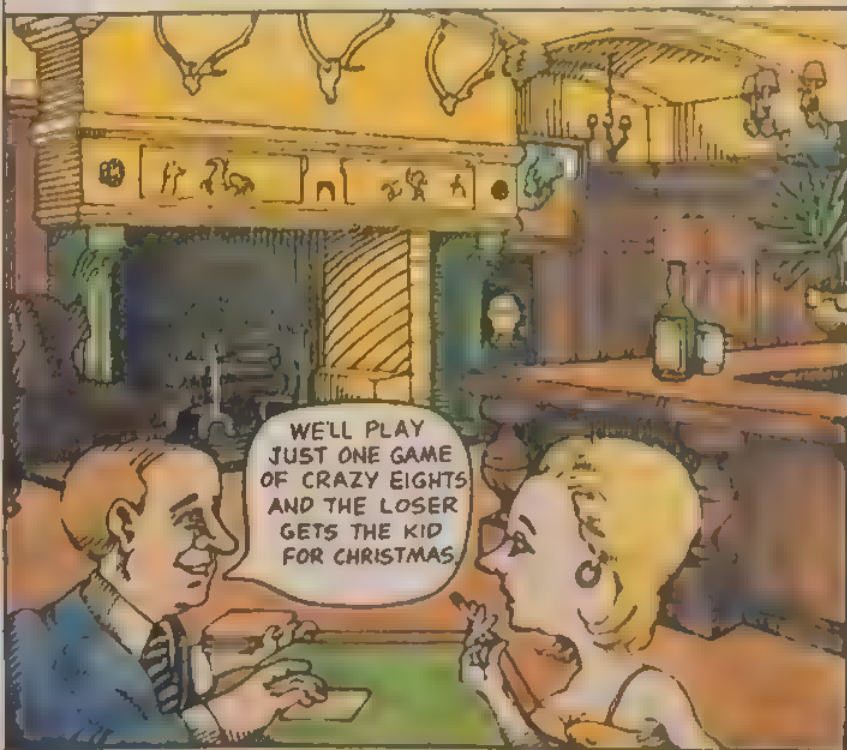


AND HIS ESTRANGED WIFE, ALEXANDRA, WHOSE MIND IS A THING OF SHARDS AND FRAGMENTS...

FRANKLY, IN CASES SUCH AS YOURS, WHERE THE PROTESTANT GLAND HAS CEASED TO FUNCTION ALTOGETHER, EVEN MODERN MEDICAL SCIENCE IS HELPLESS, MR. SPOON.

OH, NO.

BEGINS A SINISTER HOLIDAY RITUAL ...



WE'LL PLAY JUST ONE GAME OF CRAZY EIGHTS AND THE LOSER GETS THE KID FOR CHRISTMAS

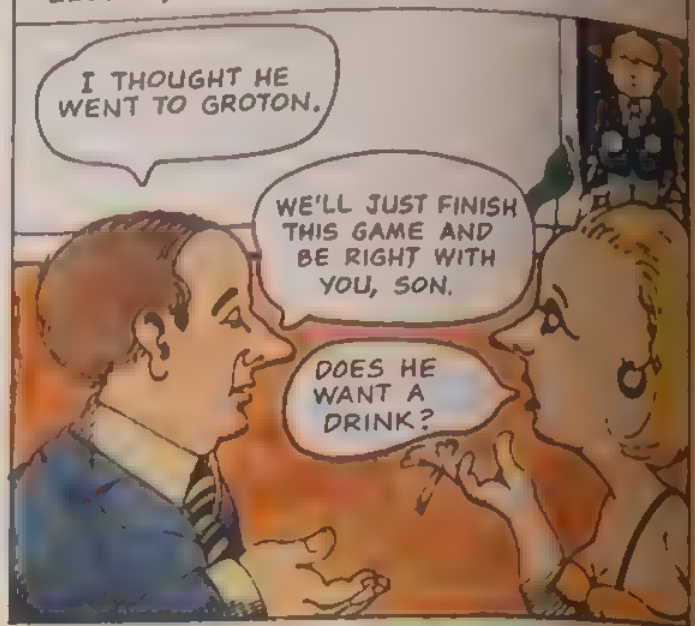


BENT OVER THEIR CARDS, CORNELIUS AND ALEXANDRA DO NOT IMMEDIATELY NOTICE THAT A SMALL WISPY FIGURE HAS APPEARED IN THE DOORWAY.



HI MOM, HI DAD. I GOT HOME FROM HOTCHKISS A DAY EARLY.

THE MYSTIC CIRCLE OF THE NUCLEAR FAMILY UNIT (CELEBRATED IN ANGLO-SAXON LEGEND), HAS BEEN COMPLETED.

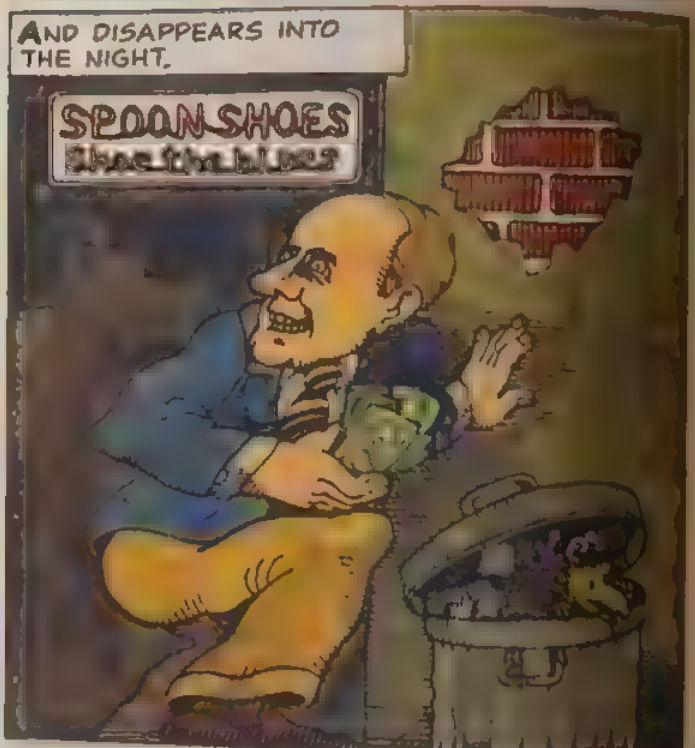


I THOUGHT HE WENT TO GROTON.

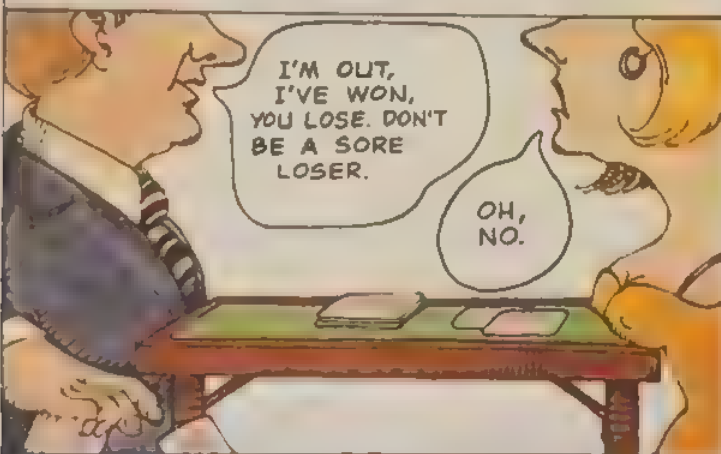
WE'LL JUST FINISH THIS GAME AND BE RIGHT WITH YOU, SON.

DOES HE WANT A DRINK?

AND DISAPPEARS INTO THE NIGHT.



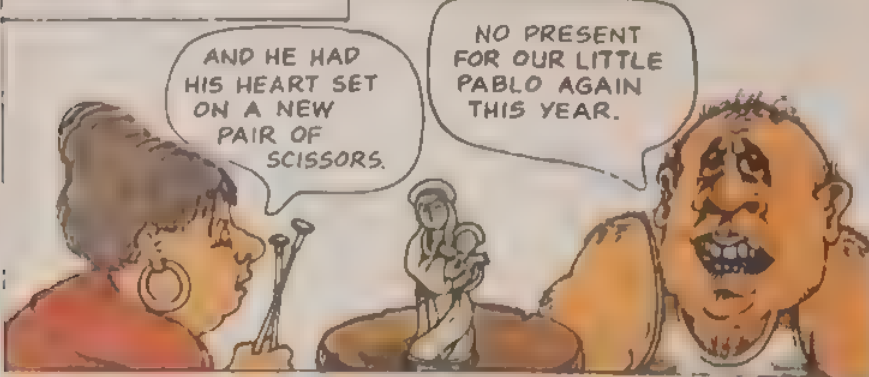
DESPERATE NOW TO RETURN TO HIS ALLEY, CORNELIUS CHEATS AT CRAZY EIGHTS.



I'M OUT, I'VE WON, YOU LOSE. DON'T BE A SORE LOSER.

OH, NO.

MEANWHILE, IN LOCUST VALLEY'S PORTUGUESE GHETTO, THE POOR BUT LOVING SPINOSA FAMILY PREPARES FOR ITS SIMPLE CHRISTMAS.



AND HE HAD HIS HEART SET ON A NEW PAIR OF SCISSORS.

NO PRESENT FOR OUR LITTLE PABLO AGAIN THIS YEAR.

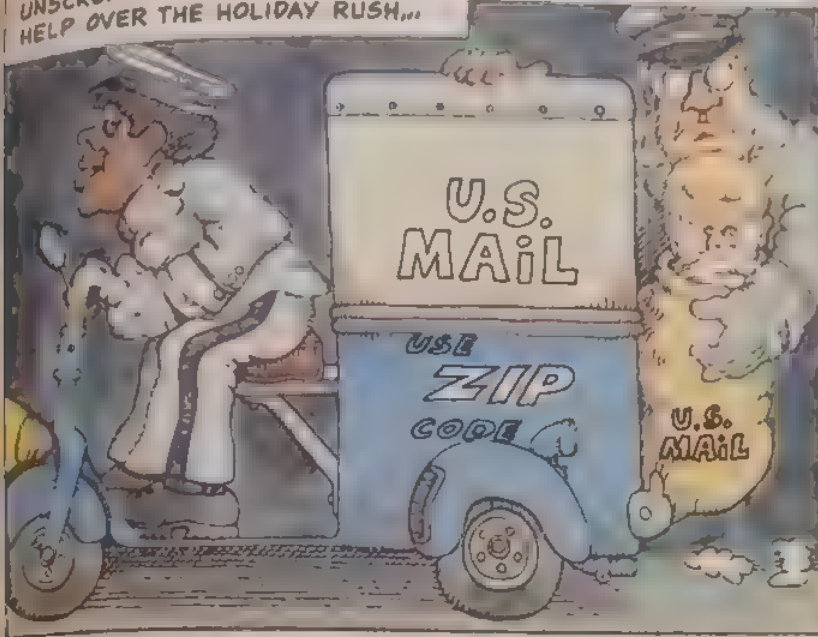
MOTHER AND SON FAIL TO CONNECT..



HEY MUMMY, LETS READ THE CHRISTMAS STORY FROM DEBRETT LIKE WE USED TO DO.

LET'S HAVE A NIGHTCAP.

AND LONELY LITTLE C.V. SPOON II ROAMS THE STREETS ALONE UNTIL HE IS KIDNAPPED BY A GANG OF UNSCRUPULOUS POSTAL WORKERS LOOKING FOR EXTRA HELP OVER THE HOLIDAY RUSH...

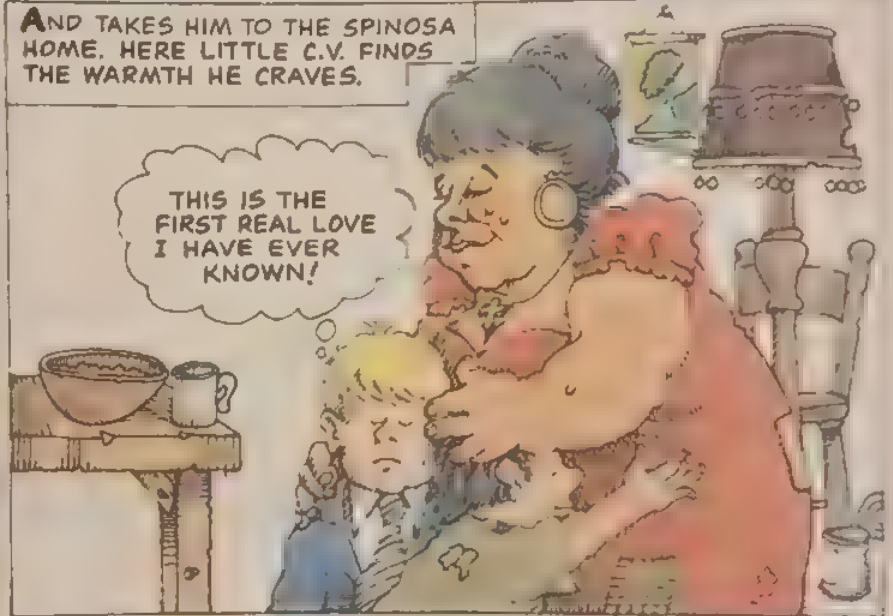
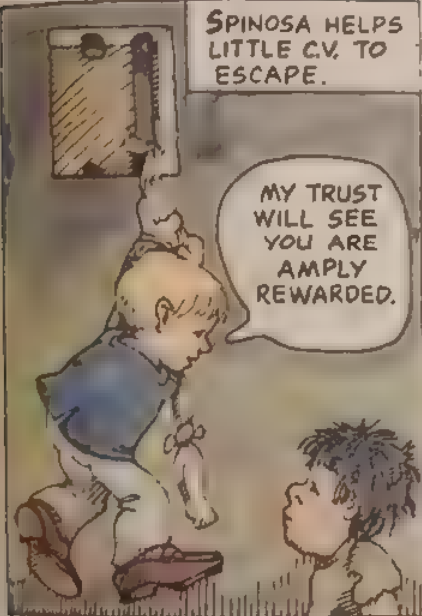


IN THE DINGY POSTAL PRISON, LITTLE C.V. II MAKES FRIENDS (AFTER A FASHION) WITH A CLEVER YOUTH NAMED SPINOSA.



SPINOSA HELPS LITTLE C.V. TO ESCAPE.

AND TAKES HIM TO THE SPINOSA HOME. HERE LITTLE C.V. FINDS THE WARMTH HE CRAVES.



ON CHRISTMAS MORNING. MR. SPINOSA (A PIPE-FITTER BY TRADE) FORCES HIMSELF TO PERFORM A DISGUSTING ACT IN A DARK ALLEY WITH A RICH STRANGER IN ORDER TO...



BUY HIS SON A SHINY NEW PAIR OF SCISSORS.





SO THAT LITTLE PABLO WAKES UP TO FIND A LOVELY SURPRISE UNDER THE CHRISTMAS SNAKEPLANT!



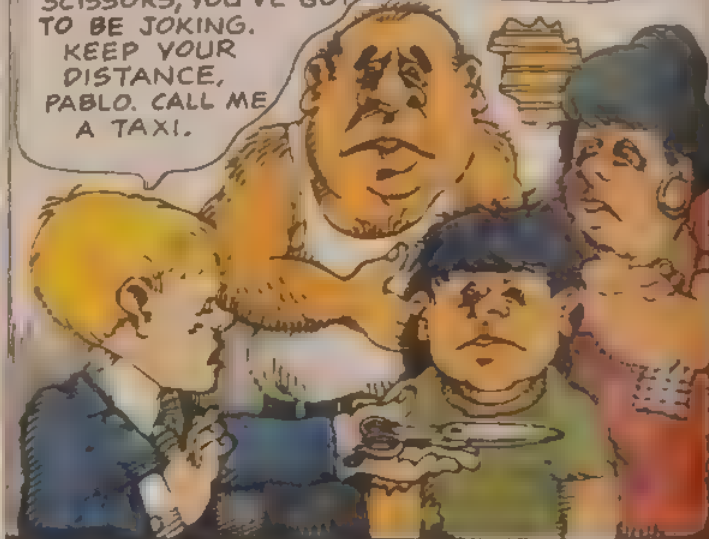
LITTLE C.V. AWAKENS



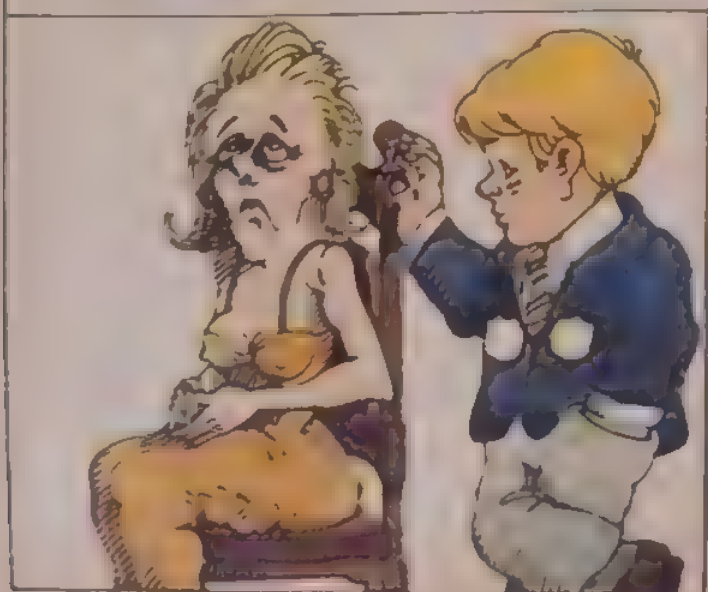
BESIDE HIS BED AND FINDS A SHINY NEW PAIR OF SCISSORS WITH A NOTE.



YOU CALL THIS A PRESENT-- A PAIR OF SCISSORS, YOU'VE GOT TO BE JOKING. KEEP YOUR DISTANCE, PABLO. CALL ME A TAXI.



LITTLE C.V. ARRIVES HOME TO FIND THAT THE SHARDS AND FRAGMENTS OF HIS MOTHER'S MIND HAVE SCATTERED FOREVER.



AND SPENDS A RATHER PLEASANT CHRISTMAS WITH A MAN FROM THE TRUST DEPARTMENT OF THE ANGLO-SAXON NATIONAL BANK.



# THE ADVENTURES OF



# DEADMAN

SPECIAL  
ORIGINS  
ISSUE

LOOK, UP THERE,  
A CORNICE HAS  
FALLEN OFF THAT  
BUILDING!

NO,  
A WINDOW  
WASHER  
SLIPPED!

NO,  
IT'S  
DEADMAN!

WHAT  
TH'?

Written by:  
HENRY BEARD  
Art by:  
DICK GIORDANO  
NEAL ADAMS



# LAST AID

## What to Do Until the Mortician Comes

Death can strike anywhere, anytime. It can happen miles from the mortuary or funeral parlor in terrain too rugged for hearse or under circumstances such as in combat or time of natural disaster when a crew of "Mortician" or phone call to a funeral director may go unanswered and precious minutes, even hours, will pass before a qualified undertaker reaches the scene. In this critical period immediately following a death when irreversible changes in the deceased take place, the presence of a cool-headed individual with a knowledge of last aid techniques can mean the difference between a dismal perfunctory closed-coffin ceremony that wouldn't do justice to some shapeless lump on the highway and a lavish unforgettable funeral with the deceased transformed by the embalmer and cosmetician's arts into a personification of peace and contentment that gives friends and relatives a memory to cherish always. Remember morticians aren't magicians. If someone comes in looking like 150 pounds of stew beef, he's going to go out looking like he's auditioning for a role as a walk-on in a Jap horror movie. Learn these seven death-saving steps sometime soon, someone you love may be dying for your help.



1. Don't panic. Move quickly to the side of the deceased. Do not waste valuable time trying to revive him. It is in the first few minutes that the most damage is done to the remains, either by well-meaning but clumsy individuals who often permanently ruin the body's appearance by trying to apply hopelessly inadequate medical treatment like snakebite incisions, tourniquets, and amateur tracheotomies, or by the deceased himself, who often ruins skin texture and features in the course of his struggles, grimaces, and fits.



2. Immediately render the deceased immobile. This may be done by pinning a folded blanket or rolled up coat over his face and holding it in place for at least three minutes or by pinching the nostrils and using mouth-to-mouth asphyxiation. If his involuntary reflexes or death agony proves too violent for these methods, hit him repeatedly behind the ear either with a sock filled with sand or with the upper, soft side of a shoe or boot. Do not use a solid object like a rock or log, as this will leave permanent bruises and marks. Once you have quieted the deceased, apply the blanket or coat.



3. Insure that the deceased is lying as flat as possible. If a leg or arm will not go straight due to fracture or dislocation, force it slowly to the ground by kneeling on it. Do not be concerned by breaking noises, but if the limb shows signs of becoming detached from the remains, do not attempt to straighten it further. Fold the arms over the stomach. If there are any visible wounds, cover them with basic flesh-tone cream cosmetic from your last aid kit, or if you have no kit with you, place a clump of moss or grass (from which you have shaken most of the dirt) over the wound.



4. To prevent excess blood from flowing to the head and discoloring the face, use your belt to tie a tourniquet around the deceased's neck just below the Adam's apple. Fasten it as tight as you can by hand, but do not use a stick to wind it tighter. At the same time, prevent the jaws from becoming frozen in an open position by tying a necktie or strip of cloth into a loop from beneath the chin to the top of the head or by wadding well-chewed chewing gum along the deceased's lower teeth, then pressing the jaws together and holding them in a closed position for at least one minute. Make sure that the jaws are properly aligned.

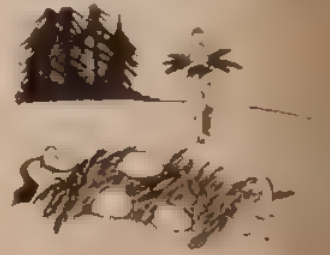


5. Remove the deceased's wallet and search through it for any card or slip indicating that his body has been sold or willed to a medical school. If you find one, burn it immediately, then remove the deceased's shoes and socks and examine his ankles and the soles of his feet with the ultraviolet viewer in your last aid kit to find the identification mark. If you have no kit, look for a slightly pale rectangular patch of skin approximately  $\frac{1}{4} \times \frac{1}{4}$ . When you have found it, use a knife or other sharp tool to cut it out. Do not merely scrape the skin, make a deep incision and remove the entire area.



6. Using your knife, carefully cut away the deceased's clothing from the inside of both his left and right thighs approximately six inches above the knee. When the skin is exposed, make a slit at least three inches deep in

the fleshy portions of the legs. Repeat until there is a copious flow of blood. Allow blood to drain for five minutes, or until flow diminishes. Contrary to widespread belief, do not attempt to put soft drinks, cleaning compounds, or any other temporary embalming fluids into the deceased by means of a tube or in any other manner.



7. Using folded clothing, several layers of pine boughs, or six inches of dirt or sand, make a platform around the deceased from below his neck to his knees. Once the body is in place, pile on top of it the heavy rocks, logs, or other heavy objects you can carry, covering the entire body evenly and completely as possible. This will prevent rigor mortis from permanently stiffening the deceased into any unnatural positions, which might cause random relaxation of his muscles.

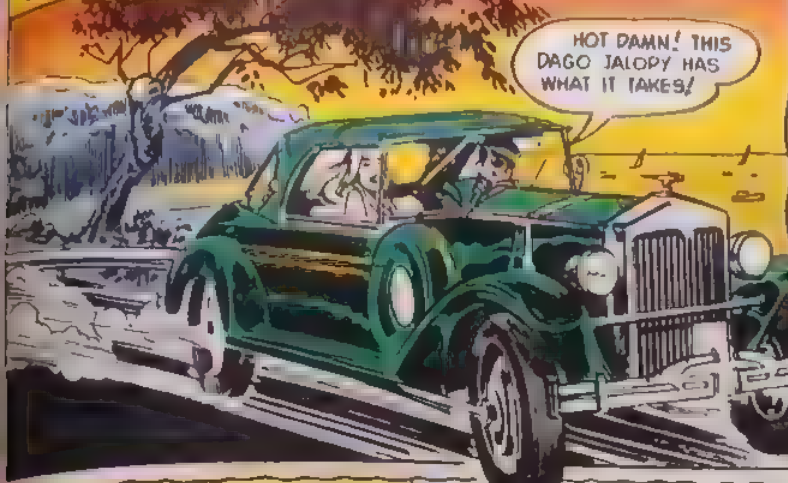
SEE WORK SON THANKS TO YOUR PROMPT APPLICATION OF LAST AID, THIS BOY IS GOING TO LOOK LIKE A MILLION BUCKS AT HIS FUNERAL!



For information on how to become a member in your community and the location of stores selling last aid kits, contact your local chapter of the American Dead Cross or write to: The American Dead Cross, Box 100, Montclair, New Jersey 08010.

**D**on't fiddle with death. LEARN THE SEVEN DEATH SAVING STEPS.

DISOLUTE PLAYBOY, HAMSTER TOLLHOUSECOOKIE LA BREA II, HEIR TO THE VAST  
TAR PIT FORTUNE, SPEEDS ALONG A MOUNTAINOUS CALIFORNIA ROAD IN HIS  
CUSTOM-MADE GIOTTO CHIAROSCURO G.T.



HOT DAMN! THIS  
DAGO JALOPY HAS  
WHAT IT TAKES!

AT HIS SIDE SITS THE LATEST IN A LONG LINE OF  
LOOSE COMPANIONS BELLE PAESE AN ITALIAN-  
SWISS GO-GO SPEAKER HE PICKED UP AT A  
TOPILESS LECTURE ON ADMIRALTY LAW IN THE  
BASEMENT OF THE WORLD COURT AT THE HAGUE

OH, HAMSTER, ZIS CHAMPAGNE  
HAS MADE ZEE BOTTOM OF  
MY SLIPPER ALL STICKY. I  
WANT YOU TO WIRE  
DR. SCHOLL AND TELL  
HIM TO SHAG OUT  
HERE PRONTO  
WIZ A CASE OF  
HIS SWELEST  
FOOT-PADS!

SHUT UP,  
YOU TRAMP!



HIS LIFE HAS BEEN AN EMPTY SHAM, A  
STUDY IN DECADENCE PLAYED AGAINST THE  
BACKDROP OF AN ENDLESS SUCCESSION  
OF FANCY EUROPEAN  
WATERING SPOTS.

VOICI, M'SIEUR, TWO CAVIAR-  
BURGERS—ONE WITH FOIE GRAS, ONE  
WITH PHEASANTS' TONGUES—A LAFITE-  
ROTHSCHILD FRAPPE, AND A MALTED  
MARGAUX.

HERE, FROG-FACE. TAKE  
A FISTFUL OF THIS COMFORT TISSUE  
YOU GREASERS USE FOR MONEY!

BUT, HAMSTER, MON  
CHER, I WANTED MY  
BURGER WIZ OWL KIDNEYS.



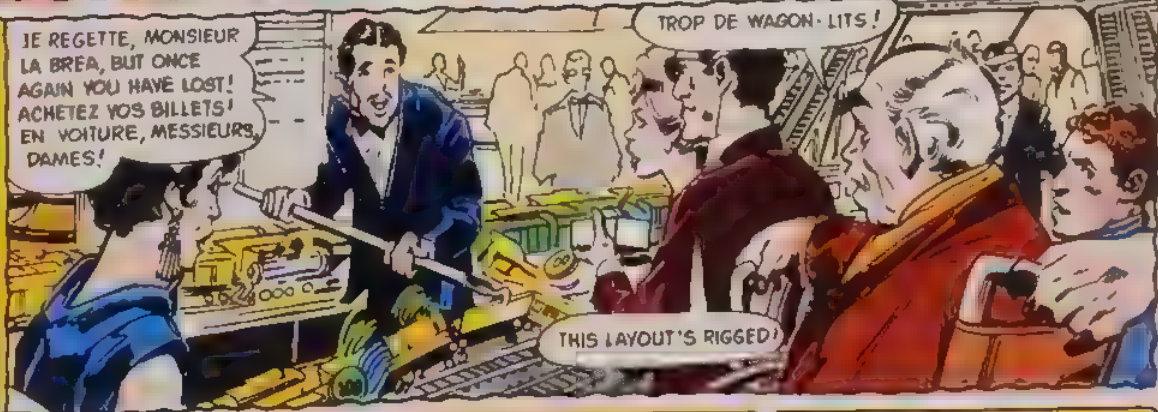
SHUT UP,  
YOU TRAMP!

HIS ONLY REASON FOR  
RETURNING TO HIS  
NATIVE LAND IS TO  
CASOLE HIS WIDOWED  
MOTHER INTO GIVING  
HIM A \$5 MILLION  
ADVANCE ON HIS NEXT  
ALLOWANCE TO COVER  
THE GAMBLING DEBTS  
HE HAS RUN UP  
PLAYING CHEMIN  
DE FER AT THE  
NOTORIOUS CASINO  
IN ST LAZARE

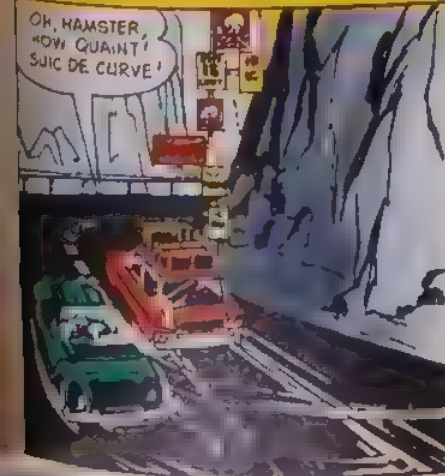
JE REGETTE, MONSIEUR  
LA BREA, BUT ONCE  
AGAIN YOU HAVE LOST!  
ACHETEZ VOS BILLETS!  
EN VOITURE, MESSIEURS  
DAMES!

TROP DE WAGON-LITS!

THIS LAYOUT'S RIGGED!



BUT AS HE RECKLESSLY ACCELERATES  
THROUGH THE RUGGED SIERRA NEVADAS  
TOWARD THE MANSION HIS FATHER CON-  
STRUCTED FROM BUILDINGS MAILED STONE  
BY STONE FROM EUROPE.



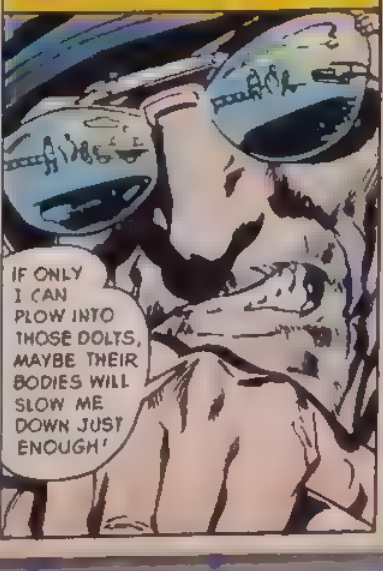
OH, HAMSTER,  
HOW QUANT!  
SUIC DE CURVE!

...LITTLE DOES HAMSTER REALIZE THAT ANOTHER  
DEBT HAS COME DUE.



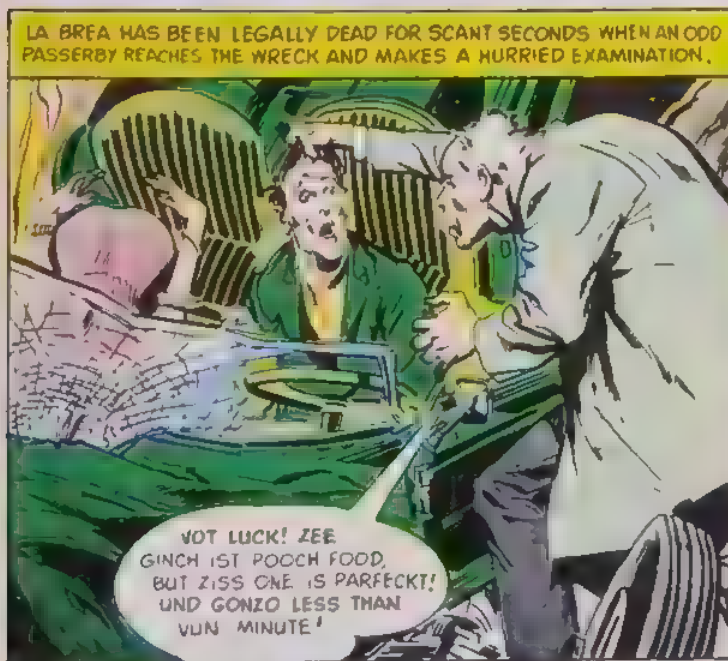
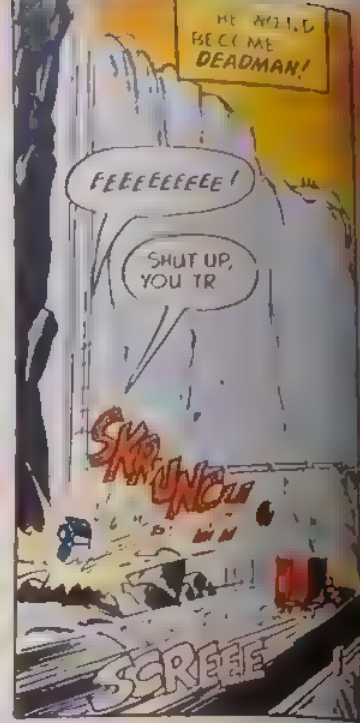
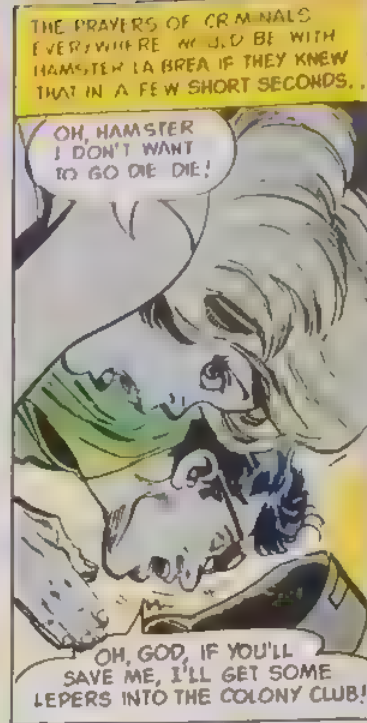
DUH!

HE MAKES ONE FINAL SELFISH  
GESTURE...

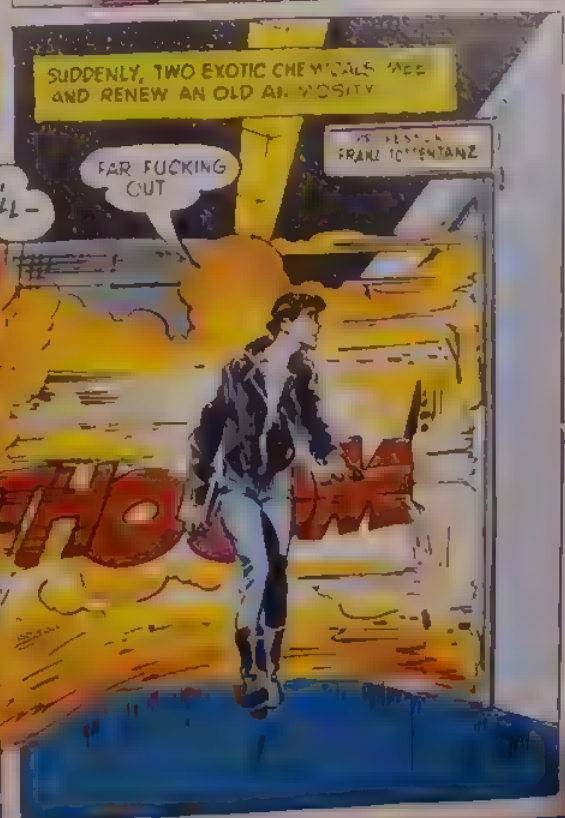
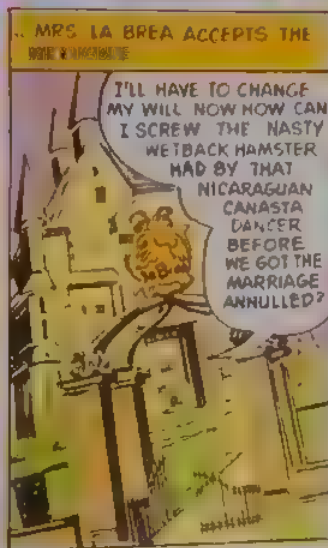
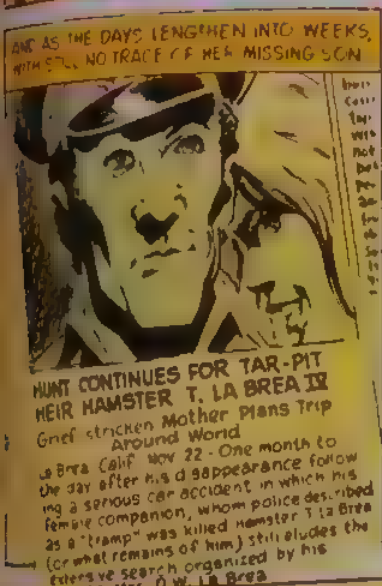


IF ONLY  
I CAN  
PLOW INTO  
THOSE DOLTS,  
MAYBE THEIR  
BODIES WILL  
SLOW ME  
DOWN JUST  
ENOUGH!

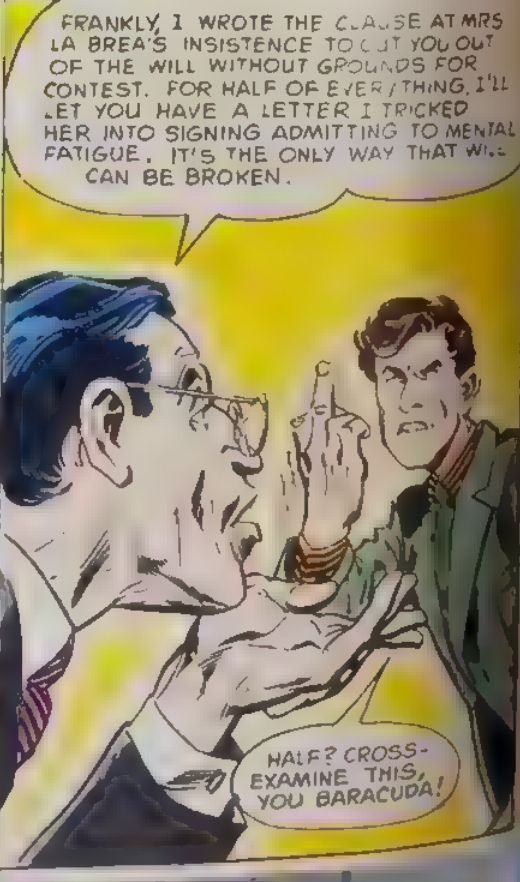
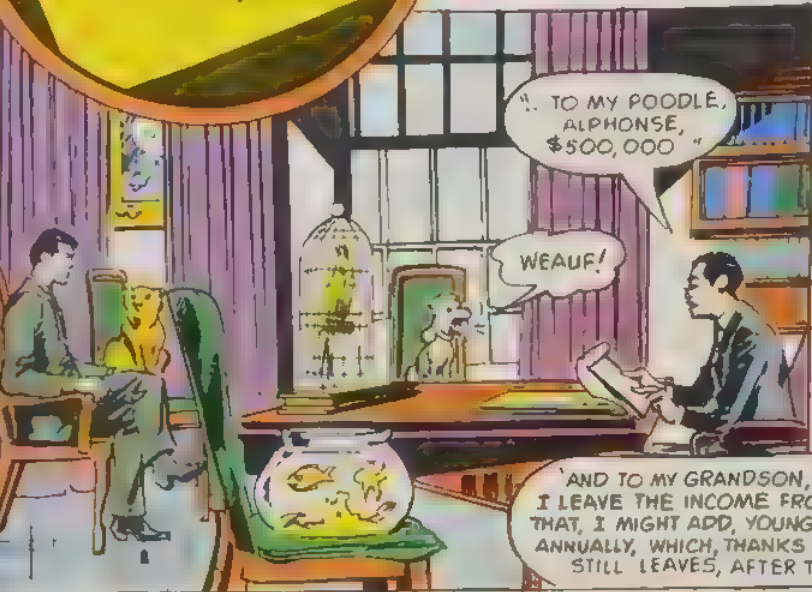
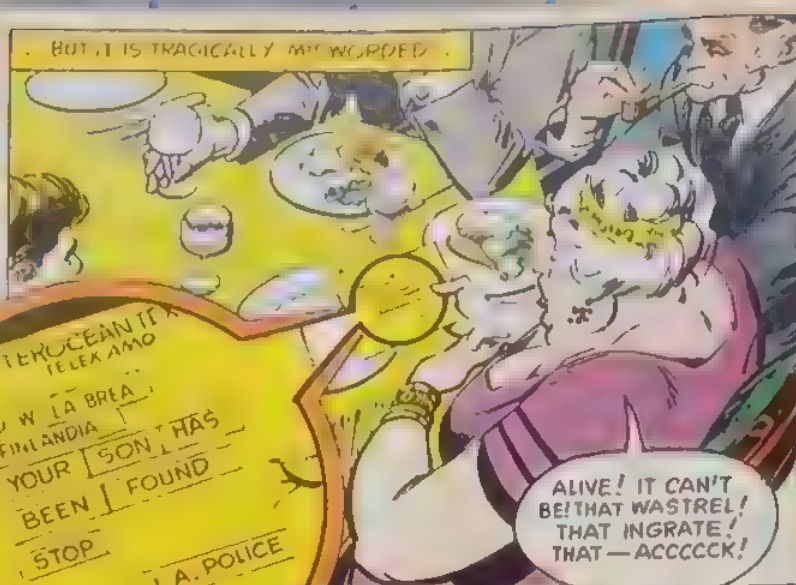














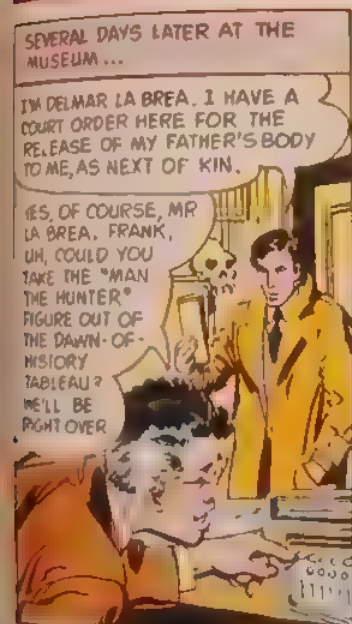
STEN, DO YOU WANT SOME GODDAMN PLANTS BRING THEIR PULPY TIES IN GOLD DUST WHILE YOU LIVE ON RESEARCH AND NEAR DEER?

GO SIT ON A WRIT!



I WENT GET A PENNY ILL SEE TO IT THAT MYSE LIPID MUDS AT WATERED WITH AMERICAN N'GALSO YOU WILL BE THE THER TAY STEAM! THEY'LL GET MORE AND MORE THE 6 MULLY! THEY'LL HAVE GREENHOUSES IN ST MORITZ AND CAPRI!

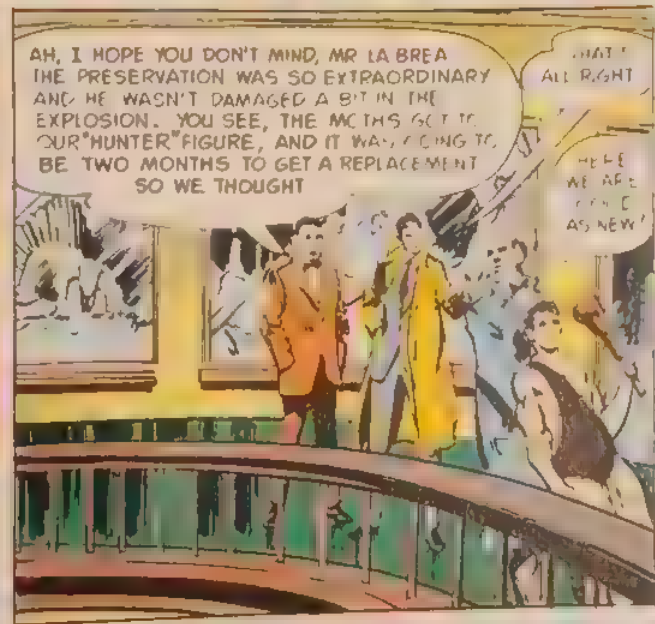
THESE ARE TO BE A WAY!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER AT THE MUSEUM...

I'M DELMAR LA BREA. I HAVE A COURT ORDER HERE FOR THE RELEASE OF MY FATHER'S BODY TO ME, AS NEXT OF KIN.

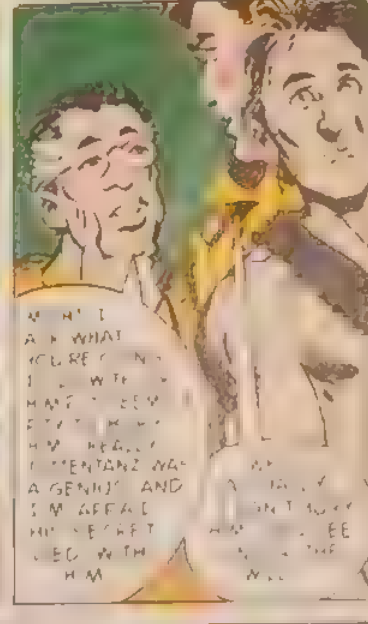
YES, OF COURSE, MR LA BREA. FRANK, UM, COULD YOU TAKE THE "MAN THE HUNTER" FIGURE OUT OF THE DAWN-OF-HISTORY TABLEAU? WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER



AH, I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND, MR LA BREA THE PRESERVATION WAS SO EXTRAORDINARY AND HE WASN'T DAMAGED A BIT IN THE EXPLOSION. YOU SEE, THE MOCHS GOT IT OUR "HUNTER" FIGURE, AND IT WAS GOING TO BE TWO MONTHS TO GET A REPLACEMENT SO WE THOUGHT

THAT'S ALL RIGHT

HERE WE ARE AS NEW!



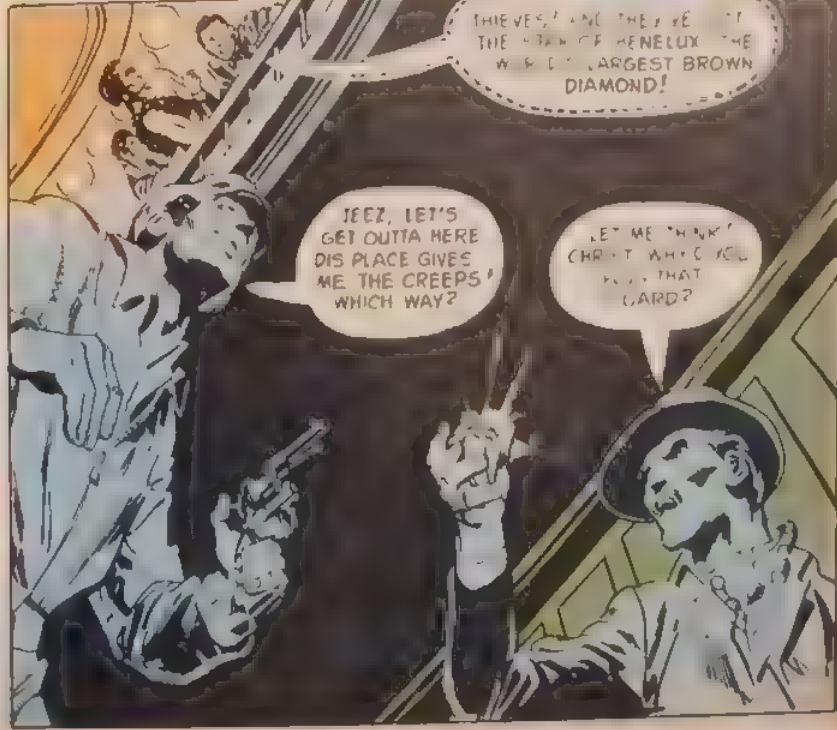
WELL I AM WHAT YOU'RE NOT I'VE WITH MYSELF STAYING IN MY HEADLY MOMENTANZ WAS A GENNY! AND I'M AFFAIR MY SECRET LIES WITH HIM

WELL I AM WHAT YOU'RE NOT I'VE WITH MYSELF STAYING IN MY HEADLY MOMENTANZ WAS A GENNY! AND I'M AFFAIR MY SECRET LIES WITH HIM



BLAM  
V-LAM  
V-LAM

GOOD HEAVENS, GUNSHOTS! IT SOUNDS LIKE THEY CAME FROM THE MINERAL ROOM!

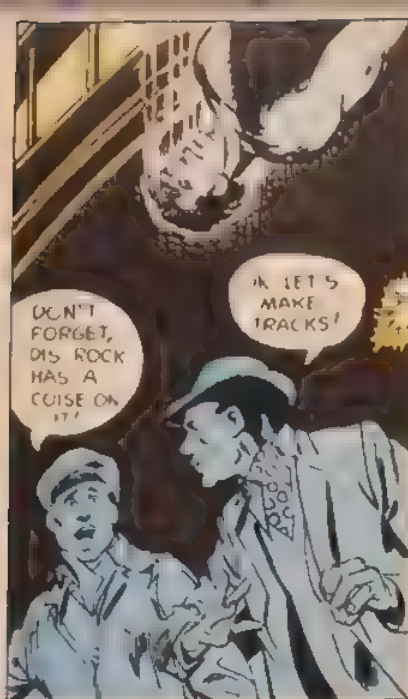


THIEVES! AND THEY'RE AT THE MUSEUM OF HENELUX THE WORLD'S LARGEST BROWN DIAMOND!

JEEZ, LET'S GET OUTTA HERE DIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS! WHICH WAY?

LET ME THINK! CHRIST WHY'D YOU CALL THAT LARD?





DON'T FORGET, DIS ROCK HAS A COISE ON 177

LET'S MAKE TRACKS!



DROP THOSE GUNS!

ANYEIEEE! A MUMMAY! GIVE UP!

UNNNNH!



ALL RIGHT YOU TWO, MOVE!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, JUST GET ME AWAY FROM THAT STIFF!

WE OWE YOU A LOT, MR. LA BREA.

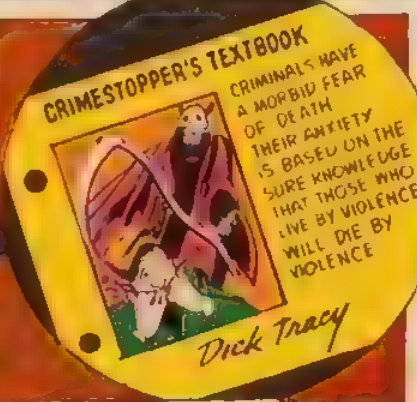
GLAD TO BE OF HELP.

I WONDER



LATER THAT DAY AT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY...

HERE IT IS!



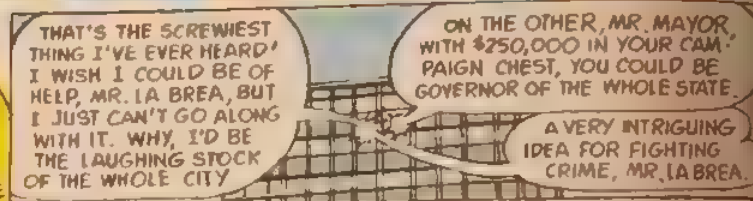
THAT SAME WEEK...

MR. LA BREA, THE WHOLE CITY IS IN YOUR DEBT. THAT CERTAINLY WAS QUICK THINKING.

THANK YOU, MR. MAYOR. AND NOW I WONDER IF I MIGHT HAVE A FEW WORDS WITH YOU IN PRIVATE.



MAYOR



THAT'S THE SCREWIEST THING I'VE EVER HEARD! I WISH I COULD BE OF HELP, MR. LA BREA, BUT I JUST CAN'T GO ALONG WITH IT. WHY, I'D BE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE WHOLE CITY

ON THE OTHER, MR. MAYOR, WITH \$250,000 IN YOUR CAMPAIGN CHEST, YOU COULD BE GOVERNOR OF THE WHOLE STATE.

A VERY INTRIGUING IDEA FOR FIGHTING CRIME, MR. LA BREA.

MR. LA BREA, AS CHIEF OF POLICE, I'M, OF COURSE GRATEFUL FOR WHAT YOU DID, AND I APPLAUD YOUR RESOURCEFULNESS, BUT I HARDLY THINK—

I UNDERSTAND THE MAYOR IS GOING TO MAKE THE RACE FOR GOVERNOR. WOULD \$100,000 BE ENOUGH TO START YOUR MAYORAL BID?

COME, TO THINK OF IT, MR. LA BREA, THE VERY NOVELTY OF THE METHOD RECOMMENDS IT...

MR. LA BREA, I APPRECIATE YOUR, UH, INTERESTING OFFER, BUT I'M SURE YOU REALIZE THAT NO DIVISIONAL COMMANDER IN HIS RIGHT MIND COULD PERMIT SUCH A THING.

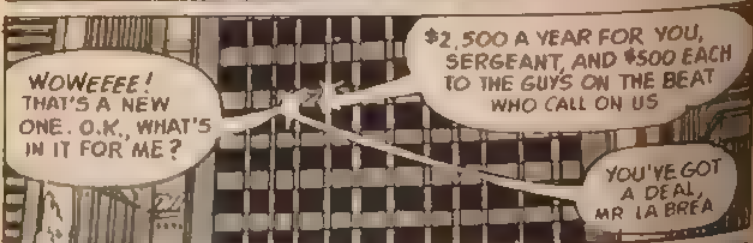
I UNDERSTAND, CAPTAIN. AS A MATTER OF FACT, I'M WILLING TO BET YOU \$50,000 YOU WON'T ALLOW.

WELL, NOW, I'M NOT NORMALLY A BETTING MAN, BUT...

YOU'RE NOT SERIOUS! YOU ARE SERIOUS! LOOK, MR. LA BREA, I CAN GIVE YOU A THOUSAND GOOD, SOUND REASONS WHY IT CAN'T BE DONE!

AND I CAN GIVE YOU TEN THOUSAND CRISP NEW REASONS WHY IT CAN, LIEUTENANT.

HMM, I HADN'T CONSIDERED THAT LINE OF ARGUMENT BEFORE, MR. LA BREA...



WOWEEEEE! THAT'S A NEW ONE. O.K., WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME?

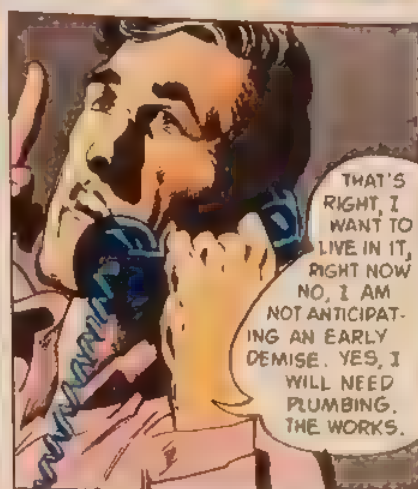
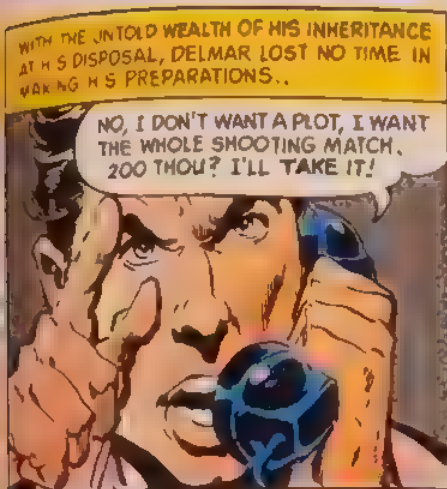
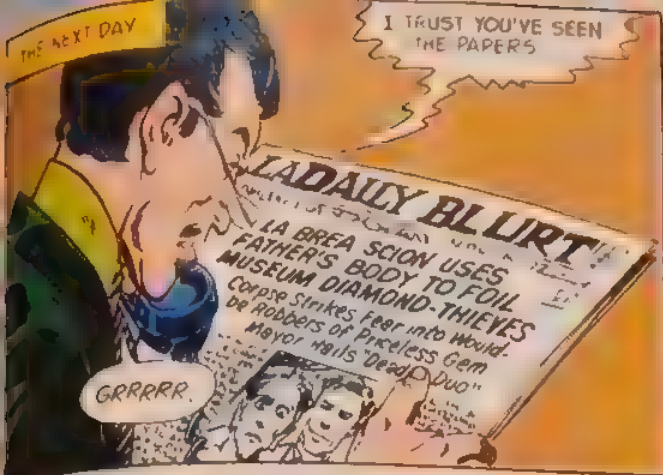
\$2,500 A YEAR FOR YOU, SERGEANT, AND \$500 EACH TO THE GUYS ON THE BEAT WHO CALL ON US

YOU'VE GOT A DEAL, MR. LA BREA

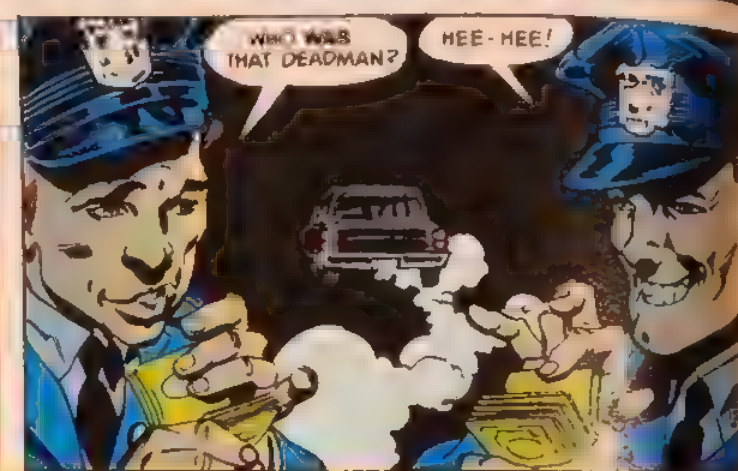
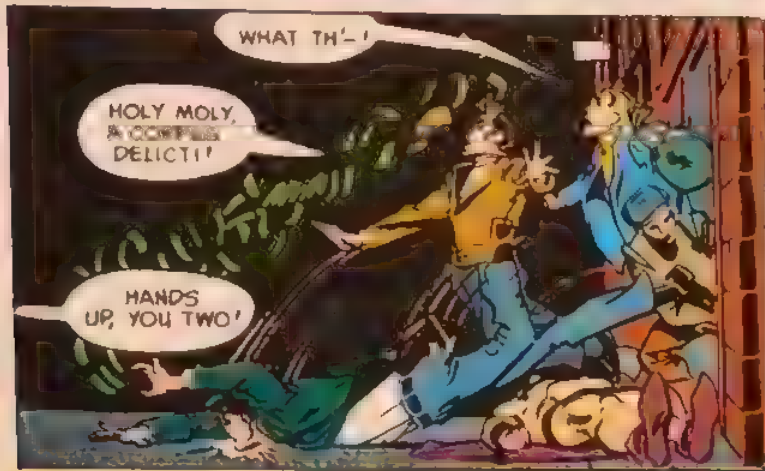


DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING-A-LING-A-LING OR GRAVE THY VICTORY!

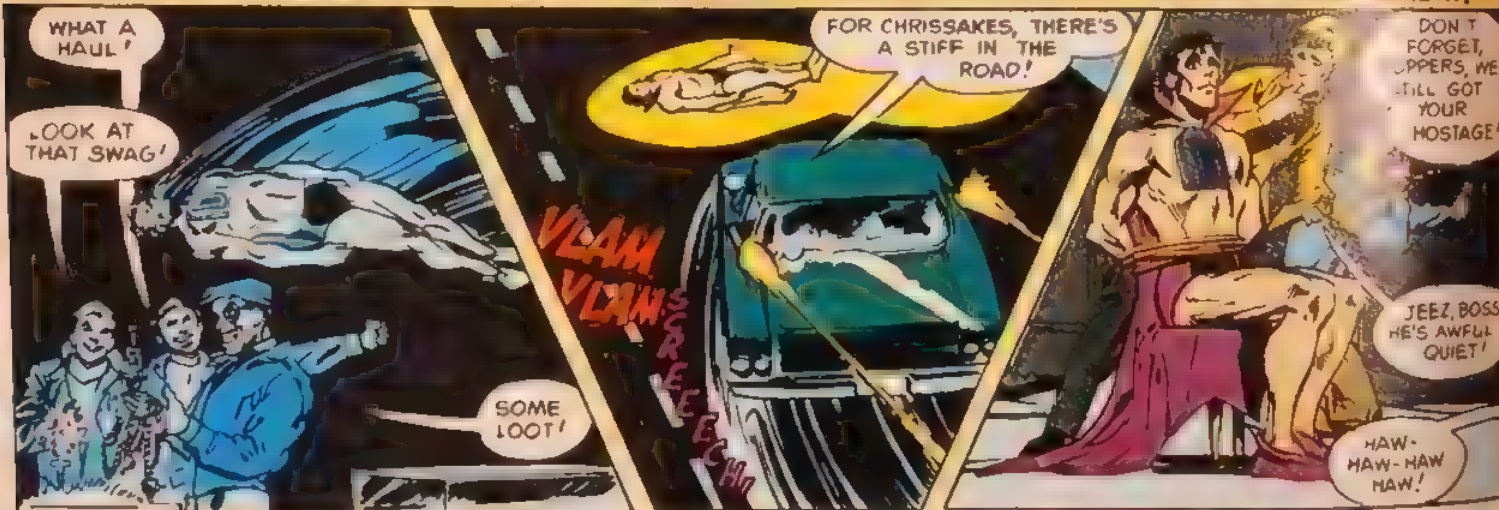








AND SO IT WAS THAT IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, DEADMAN BECAME THE SCOURGE OF CRIMINALS EVERYWHERE...





# CRASH CHRISTIAN

by MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE  
+ FRANK SPRINGER

AMERICA'S ACE OF THE AIRWAVES  
WHO FLIES ON FAITH ALONE!

IN... "SCRATCH  
ANOTHER  
SLANTEYE"

THE TRUMPET OF DOOM SOUNDS  
DURING A DOGFIGHT OVER PHU  
LANG THUONG...

UH-OH!  
I'M OUT OF  
FUEL!

FURTHERMORE, AS IF THAT WEREN'T  
ENOUGH...

...AND  
BULLETS!

WITH TWO MIG 21'S ON HIS TAIL,  
IT LOOKS LIKE CURTAINS FOR THE  
ADORANT AVIATOR...

CRASH PLAYS HIS TRUMP CARD...

HEAR ME, OH HEAVENLY FATHER, IN  
MY HOUR OF NEED! I BESEECH YOU  
TO STRIKE DOWN THE YELLOW SCUM  
WHOSE GODLESS IDEOLOGY DE-  
FILES THE VERY BLOOD SHED BY  
YOUR BLESSED SON ON THE CROSS  
IN GALILEE! AMEN...

WITHIN SECONDS...

K-PVOW!

THANX!

FLY WITH US AGAIN IN OUR NEXT INSPIRING EPISODE - "EAT LEAD, HEATHEN GOOKS!" WHEN  
CRASH STRAFES A BUDDHIST MONASTERY AND DEFOLIATES A 3000-YEAR-OLD MING TREE!

## TRICK CIGAR Funnies

P R E S E N T S

IF YOU'VE  
GOTTADIME,  
I'VE GOT  
THE TIME!

MARGE, THE NYMPHO TAXI DANCER  
in  
"LEADING QUESTION"

A TYPICAL NIGHT AT THE PINK SWAN BALLROOM

HEY, MISTER! LET ME BLOW  
YOU WHILE WE FOXTROT?

SORRY, I DON'T DANCE!

THE END

WRITTEN BY MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE / ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SPRINGER



DAWN PATROL! CRASH IS FLYING A ROUTINE MISSION OVER MUONG KHUONG, FIRE-BOMBING ANCIENT SHRINES....

TRY THIS FOR SIZE, BUDDHA-HEADS!

# CRASH CHRISTIAN

MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE  
+ FRANK SPRINGER

AMERICA'S AGE OF THE AIRWAVES  
WHO FLIES ON FAITH ALONE!

"I'LL SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE HOOKNOSE!"

WHEN SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE SUN, STREAKS C.C.'S ARCH-FOE, "THE BARNSTORMING MONEYLENDER," PONTIUS PILOT!

A SAVAGE DOGFIGHT ENSUES BETWEEN THE HEBRAIC MERCENARY IN THE EMPLOY OF THE IDOLATROUS KONG AND THE FLAXEN-HAIRED DEFENDER OF THE TRUE RELIGION....

DIE, GOY!

TAKKA TAKKA  
TAKKA  
TAKKA TAKKA

DIE, YID!

HOURS PASS AND STILL NO VICTOR....

TAKKA! TAKKA!  
SCREEE!  
POWF! POWF!  
BEEEE!!  
ZING!  
WHREEE! TAKKA TAKKA TAKKA!  
BEEOW!  
VAROOOSH!

THEN, EACH IMPORTUNES HIS OWN GOD TO BREAK THE STALEMATE....

KILL, YAHWEH! RAIN FIRE ON THE INFIDEL! STRIKE FOR THE PROTOCOLS OF THE ELDERS OF ZION!

OH LORD ALMIGHTY! EXPUNGE THE ACCUSED JEW WHO DROVE NAILS OF IRON INTO THE FLESH OF OUR BE-LOVED SAVIOR! ZAP HIM IN THE NAME OF THE HOLY FATHER! AMEN!

THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT IS AT HAND! BOTH FACE THE SUPREME TEST! WHICH WILL THE DEITY CHOOSE?

THE EARTH TREMBLES, THE HEAVENS PART, AND...

OY-VEY!  
K'POW!

THE ZOOMING ZION-IST IS ZAPPED!!

...OR IS HE?

THE END

FLY WITH US AGAIN IN OUR NEXT EPISODE- "BITE THE DUST, COMMO CREEPS!" WHEN YOU'LL HEAR HAIPHONG HELEN, "THE VOICE OF THE RED MENACE," SAY:

NOW YOU OUR PRISONER, HONORABLE CRASH! YOU MUST LICK TOE OF THIS WEIRD PAGAN IDOL OR WE DISEMBOWEL YOU AND STICK POISON BAMBOO-SHOOTS UP YOUR NOSE!

THE END

...AND YOU'LL HEAR CRASH REPLY:

KISS OFF, CHINK!!

THE END

# The Magic Lamp

by M. K. Brown

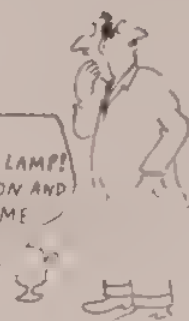
PSST PSST,  
HEY HEY



RUB ME  
RUB ME



I'M A  
MAGIC LAMP!  
COME ON AND  
RUB ME



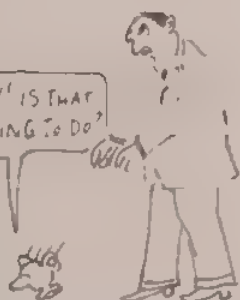
OH! WOWEEE!  
MORE! MORE!  
FASTER, FASTER.  
DON'T STOP  
NOW.



OOHHH  
AHHHH



HEY! IS THAT  
A THING TO DO?



HEY HEY I WASN'T  
PLAYING. DON'T GO AWAY.  
MADE MY TIME AGAIN.  
MAKE A WISH. I'M A  
MAGIC LAMP. DON'T FORGET



HOW ABOUT MORE  
HAIR? A HOUSE  
IN CANNES?  
A ROLL? RUB ME



NOT SO HARD BIG BOY!  
WHAT'S SO HURRY?  
A LITTLE LOWER,  
MORE TO THE RIGHT  
THERE! AHNY



NOW QUICK!  
MAKE A WISH!  
LET THE GREED  
RING OUT, MAN!  
GO AHEAD! HURRY!



SORRY!

MY TIME'S UP  
TOO BAD. YOU  
COULD HAVE HAD  
ANYTHING YOU  
WANTED WITH A  
WISH





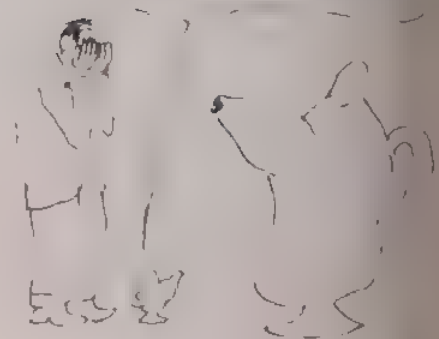
HELP! HELP!  
YOU'RE HURTING  
ME!



WHAT SEEMS TO  
BE THE TROUBLE,  
EDITH?



WELL, I WAS JUST SITTING  
HERE MINDING MY OWN  
BUSINESS WHEN THIS  
PERSON CAME A C.O.G.  
AND STARTED RUBBING  
ME AND THEN



THAT'S NOT TRUE!  
SHE ASKED ME TO RUBBER!



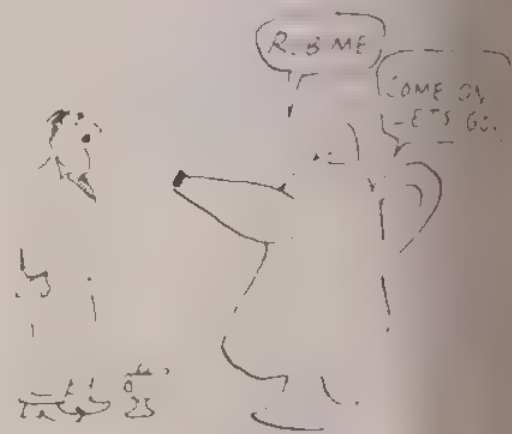
ENOUGH!  
I GET THE  
PICTURE

HE RUBBED  
ME ALL OVER.

ALL YOU WHAT  
LET TO SHOW  
THERE NO HARD  
FEELINGS I  
WILL GRANT YOU  
YOUR WISH  
SINCE IT  
MEANS  
SO MUCH  
TO YOU

R.B.M.E

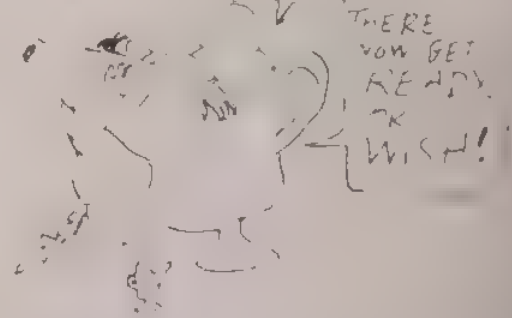
COME ON  
-LET'S GO.



OH YOU CAN DO  
BETTER THAN  
THAT



AH! THAT'S BETTER!  
HEE HEE HEE -  
A LITTLE HIGHER, PLEASE,  
FASTER, FASTER.



THERE  
YOU GET  
READY,  
OK  
WISH!

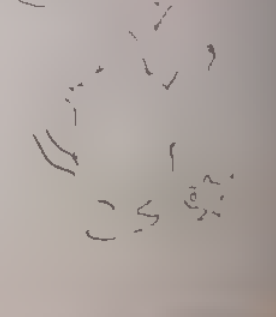
HERE IT  
COMES!



BUT I DON'T  
WISH FOR  
A TEDDY BEAR



SOME PEOPLE ARE  
NEVER SATISFIED  
WITH WHAT THEY  
GET



# An Interrupted Luncheon

OR

## PEEL FROM THE CLOUDS

Written by - DOUG KENNY

Directed by - WETPLATE O'SULLIVAN  
BILL SKURSKI

SIR BERTRAM PENNYWORTH THE NOTED NEW YORK ENJOYS AN AUTUMN FROLIC IN THE DEVONSHIRE COUNTRY DE WITH HIS FIANCEE AGATHA - U.S.A. &



BUT ABOVE THIS IDYLIC SCENE HOVERS A MALEVOLENT FORM.

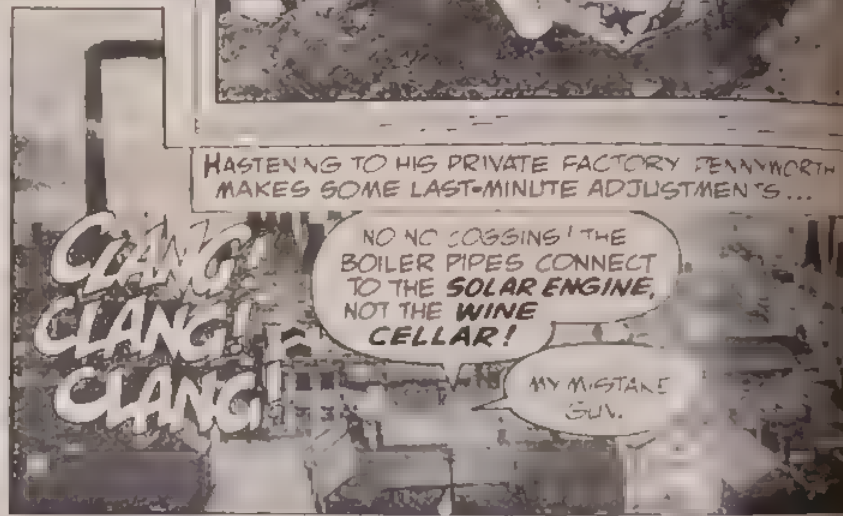
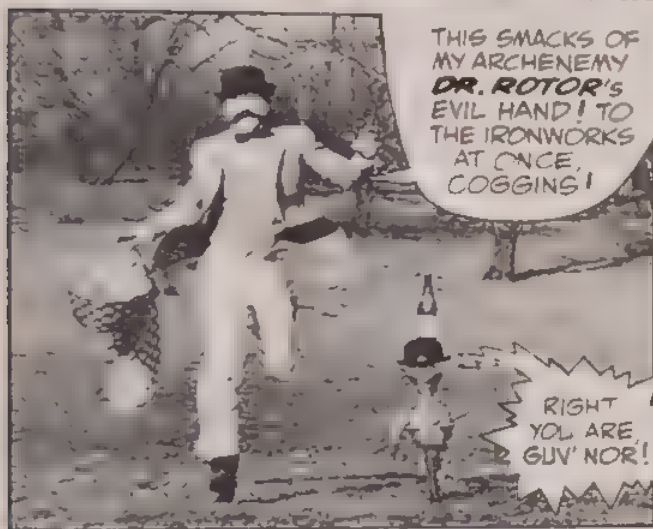


THE DARK FIGURE SNOOPS LOW....

MORE CLARET MY DEAR?



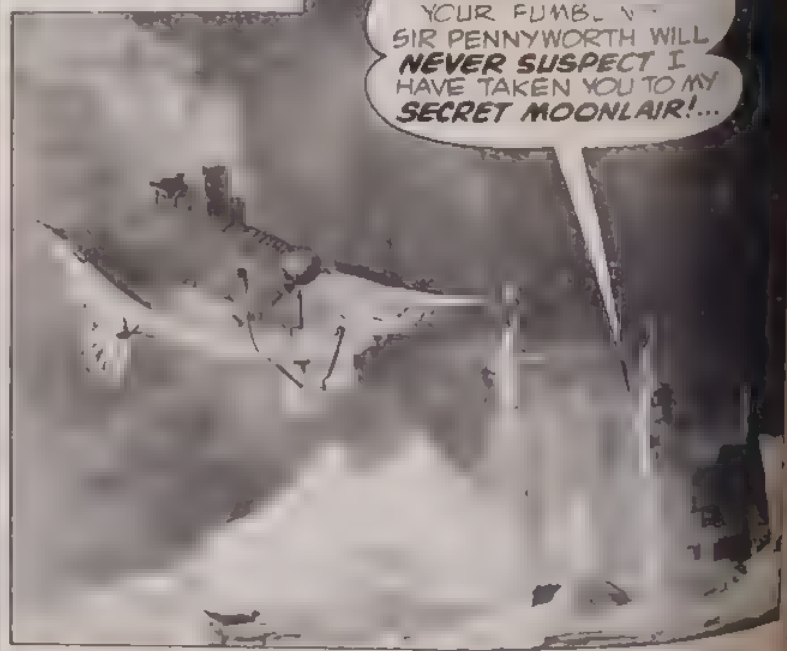


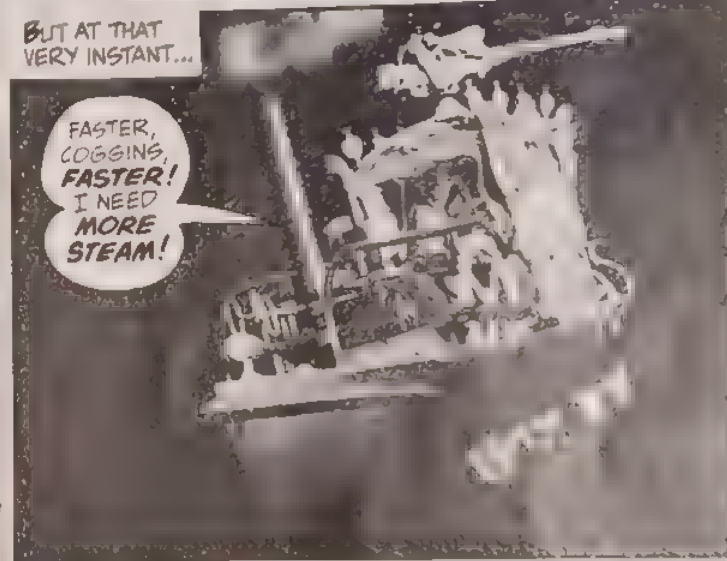
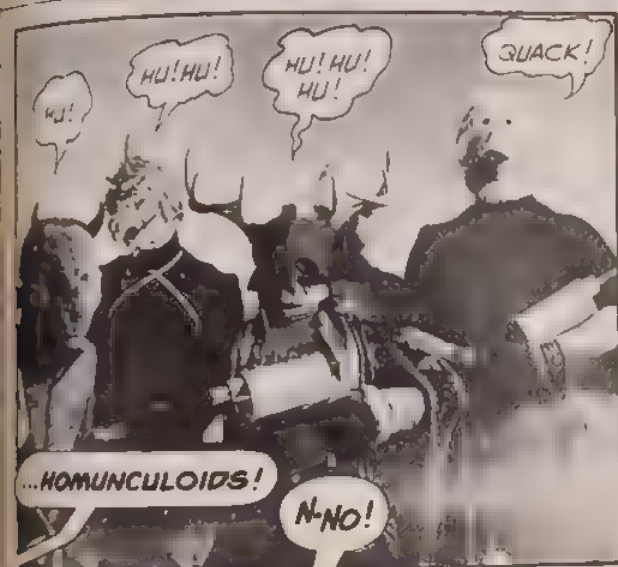
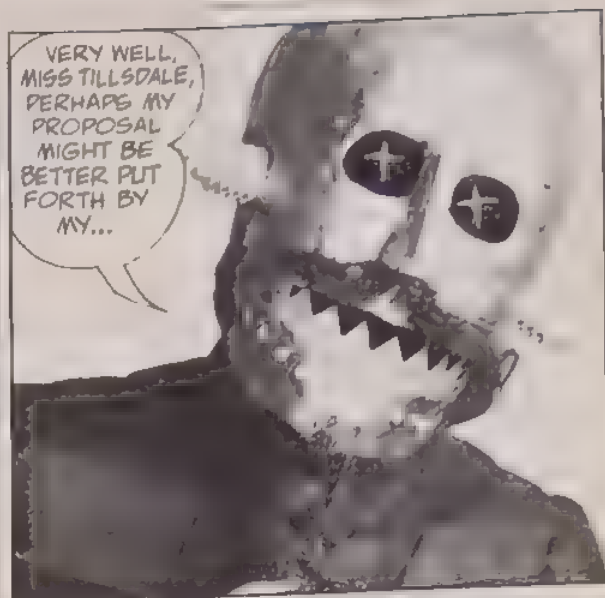


...AND LONDON IS GIVEN A SURPRISE DEMONSTRATION OF PENNYWORTH'S LATEST HANDIWORK.



MEANWHILE AT DR. ROTOR'S SECRET MOONLAIR..









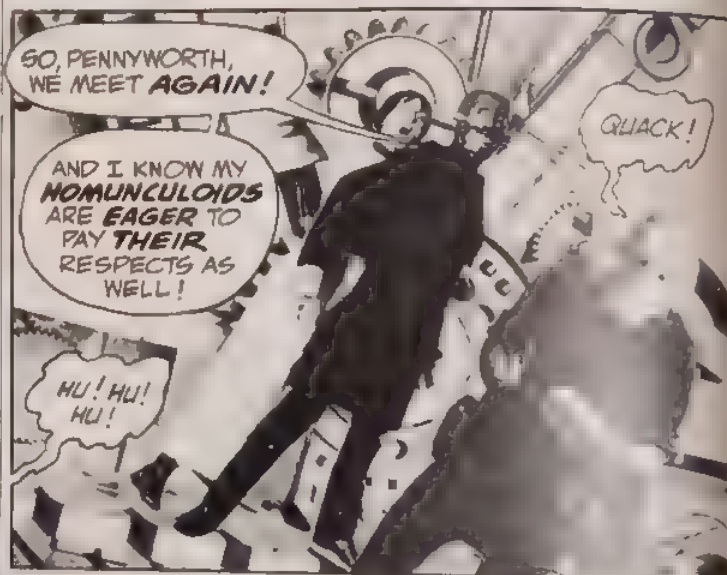
IF ROTOR HAS HARMED A HAIR  
ON MISS TILLSDALE'S  
EXQUISITE HEAD, I WILL  
TAKE IT AS A...



...PERSONAL  
AFFRONT—

YIPE!

BERTIE!



SO, PENNYWORTH,  
WE MEET AGAIN!

AND I KNOW MY  
HOMUNCULOID  
ARE EAGER TO  
PAY THEIR  
RESPECTS AS  
WELL!

QUACK!

HU! HU!  
HU!

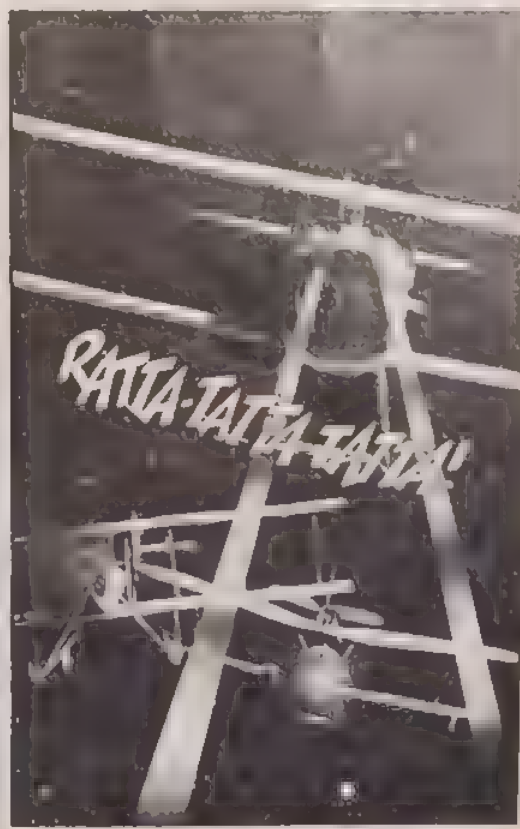
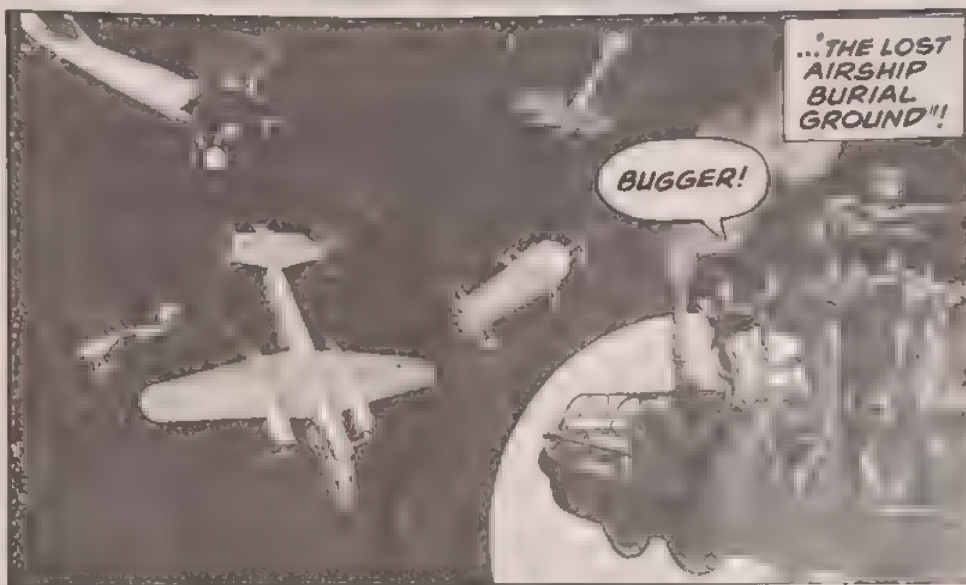
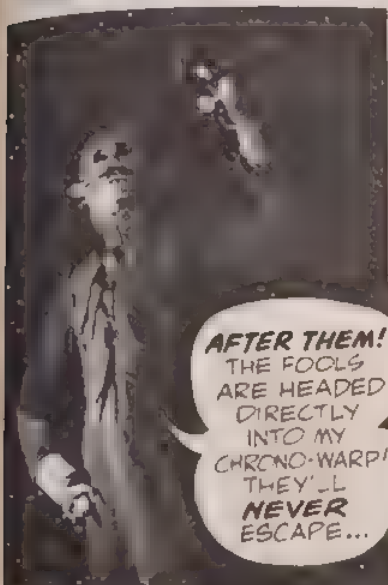


"BIFF!"

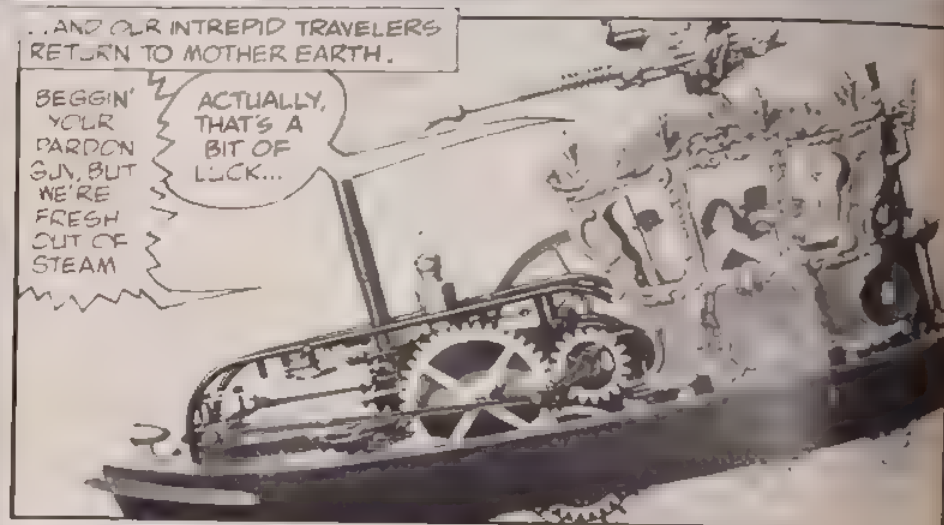
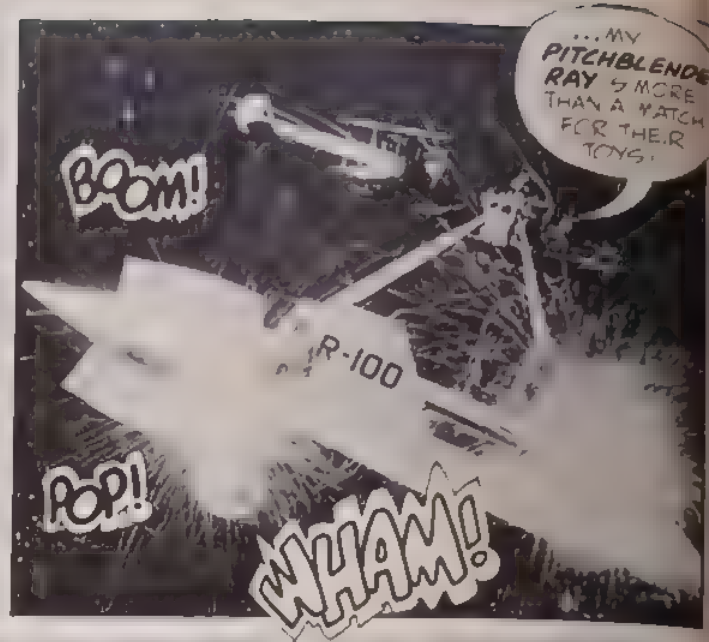
OOF!

BETTER THEY'D PAYED THEM  
TO THE MARQUIS OF  
QUEENSBURY, CORRECT,  
COGGINS?

RIGHT AS  
RAIN, SIR!







# POLITICS

A Summary HISTORY of **POLITICS** As We've Come To Know & Love Them



*The Beginning*

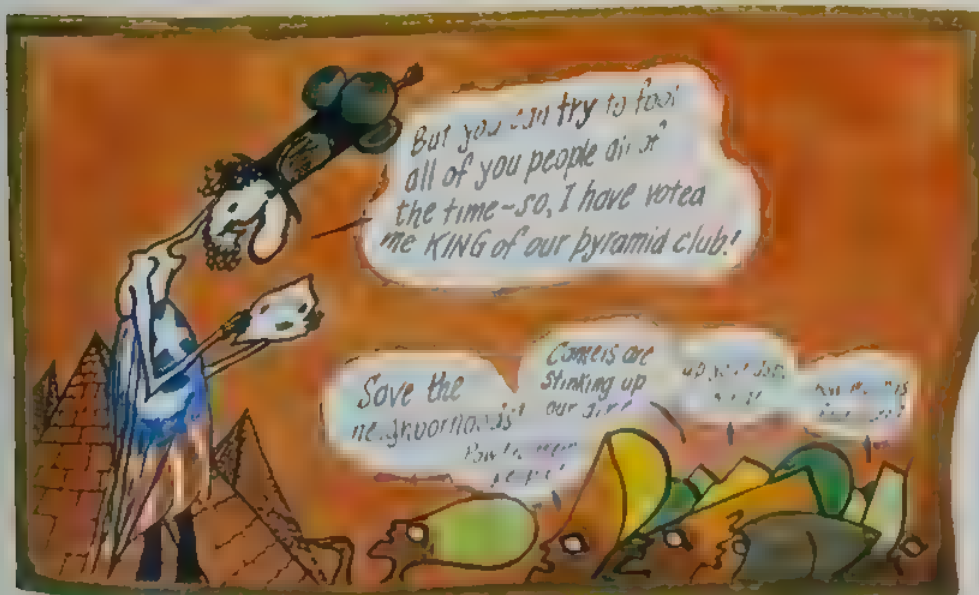
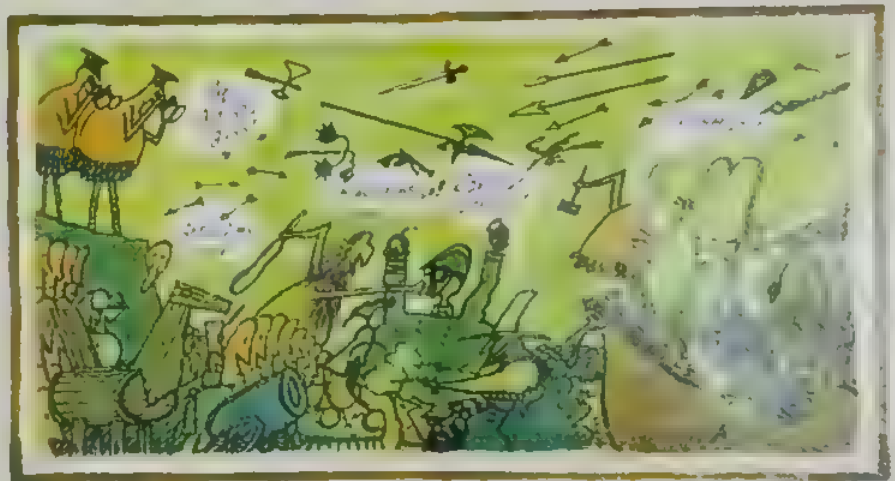
*In the Beginning, there was No Politics.  
In the Beginning, there was No Nothing,  
really. Notice?*



*Right Afterwards*

*Right After the Beginning, though, there was  
Something. And part of it were People.*

*The People formed Tribes;  
the Tribes formed Nations; Nations  
formed Armies; and Cleopatra got  
a Snake Bite Right in the  
Cleavage (not shown).*



*But you can try to fool  
all of you people all the  
time - so, I have voted  
me KING of our pyramid club!*

*Save the  
ne-shuornas!*

*Comers are  
shinking up  
our side*

*up, now, now*

*up, now, now*

*The nations look Kings as  
their Leaders. And the Kings  
look the Nations for What  
They were Worth.*

By Arnold Roth



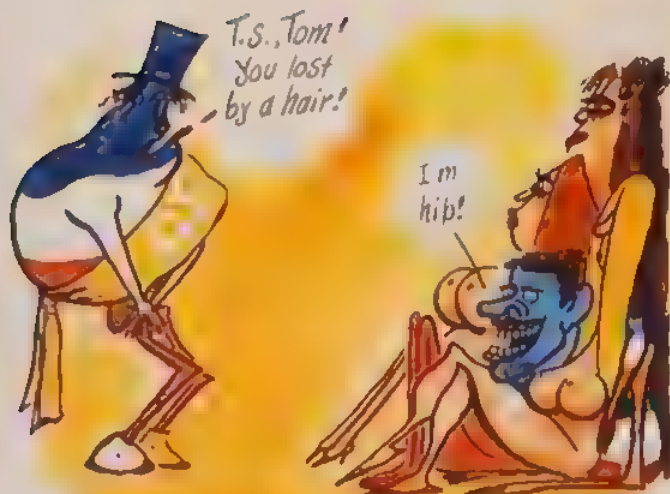


But World War\*1 came Along and  
Made the World Safe for Democracy.



So, the Greeks got Themselves  
Some Democracy.

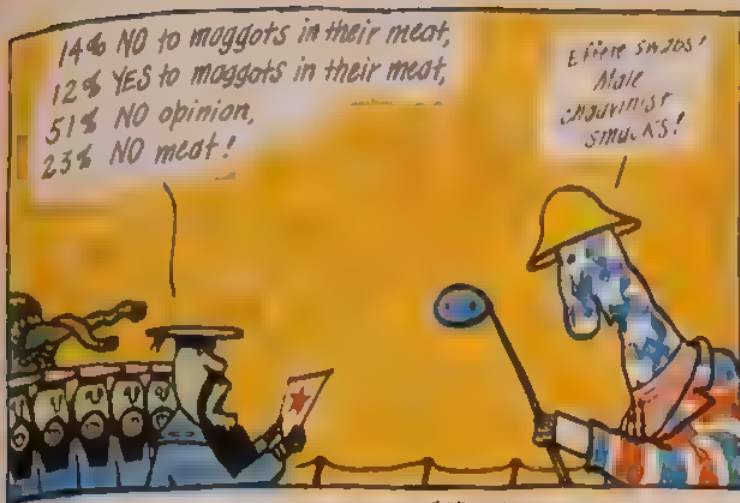
Then, Martin Van Buren  
and Marco Polo waved  
the Magna Carta since  
They had not heard, at  
all, about World War \*1.



The Constitutional Convention was  
a Big Hit and Thomas E. Dewey  
Lost by a Hair.



An Undentured slave, CrissCrossX, discovered  
Peanut Butter thereby Winning the Olympics and  
procuring Credit for his Race.



Sailors on a Russian Warship were off their feed and put Fidel Castro into the Sugar Business.

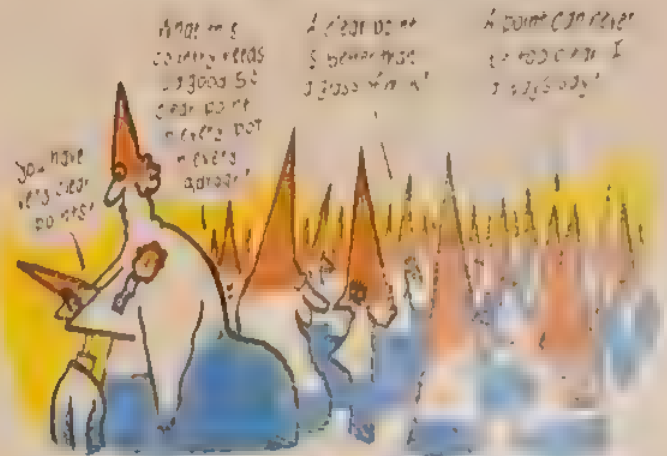


Schools invented Freedom Picketing. Pot & Herbert Marcuse which brings us to Nowadays.

## HOW POLITICS WORK (politics — not politicians)

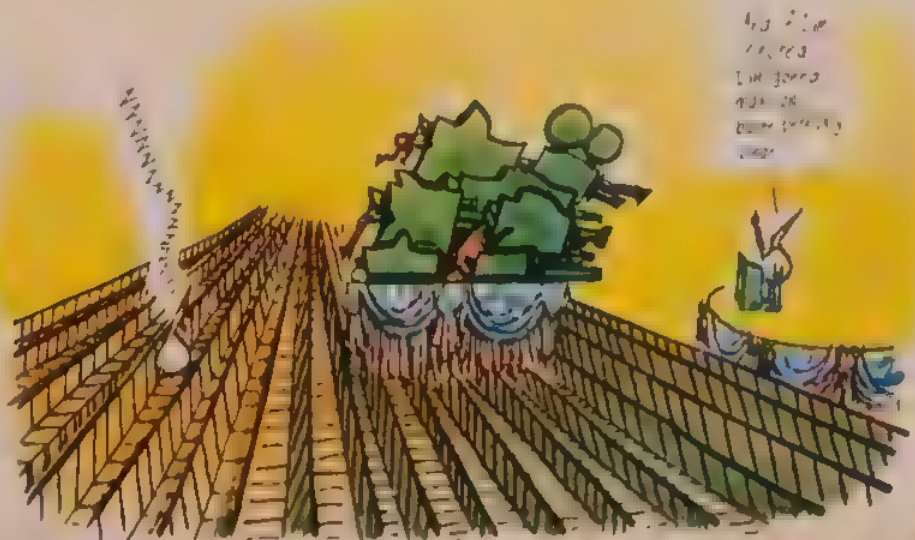


An individual forms a profound political philosophy and other tricks.



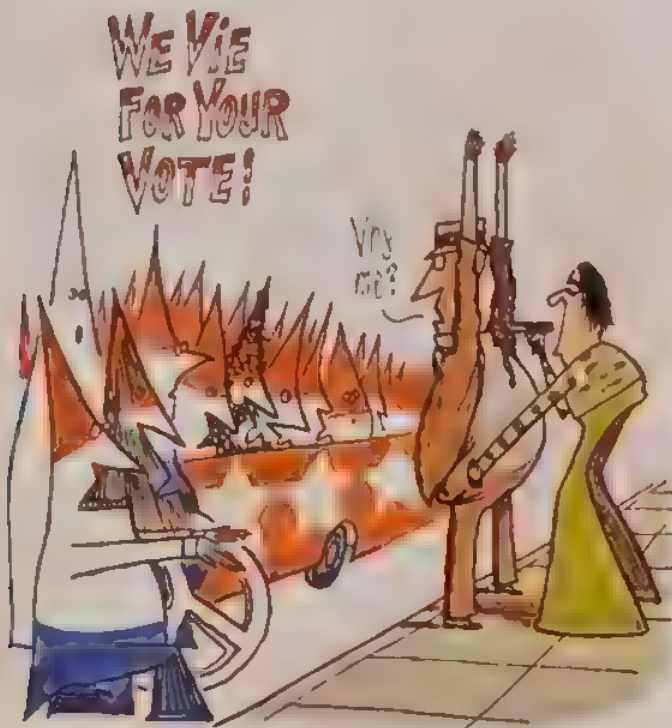
With like minded individuals, the "party." As parties go, you could have one by yourself.

The party holds a convention and nominates candidates to represent them in elections. Unfortunately, the candidates are very representative of them.

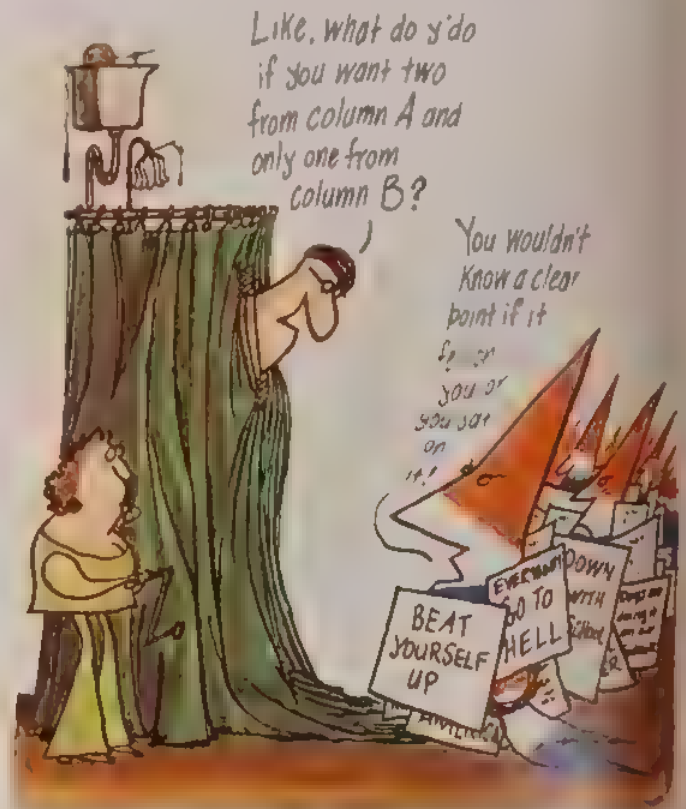




Major, lesser and dissident parties all vie for the voters' interest, money and support, but, mostly, money. Voters vie to be left alone, but, mostly, to keep their money to themselves.



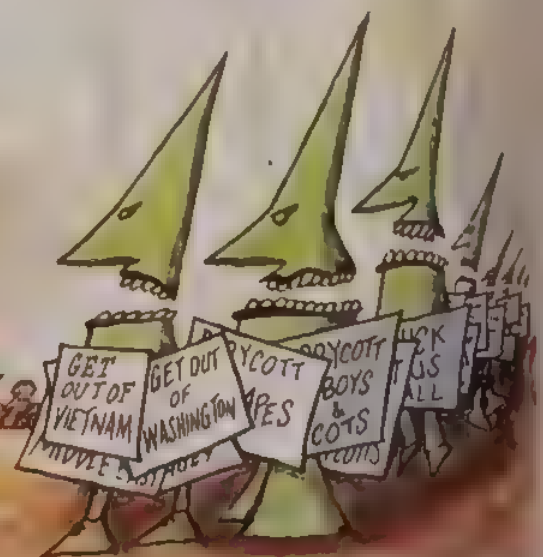
On election day, an informed, aware, aroused and determined electorate races to the polls to express its whim and kill a couple of minutes.



The elected politicians take office, and everybody is delirious.



The System Don't Work. WE LOST!



# QUESTIONS FOR & FROM POLITICS FANS

Do politics make you happy?

Are you crazy?

Will politics make you big and strong like your Daddy?

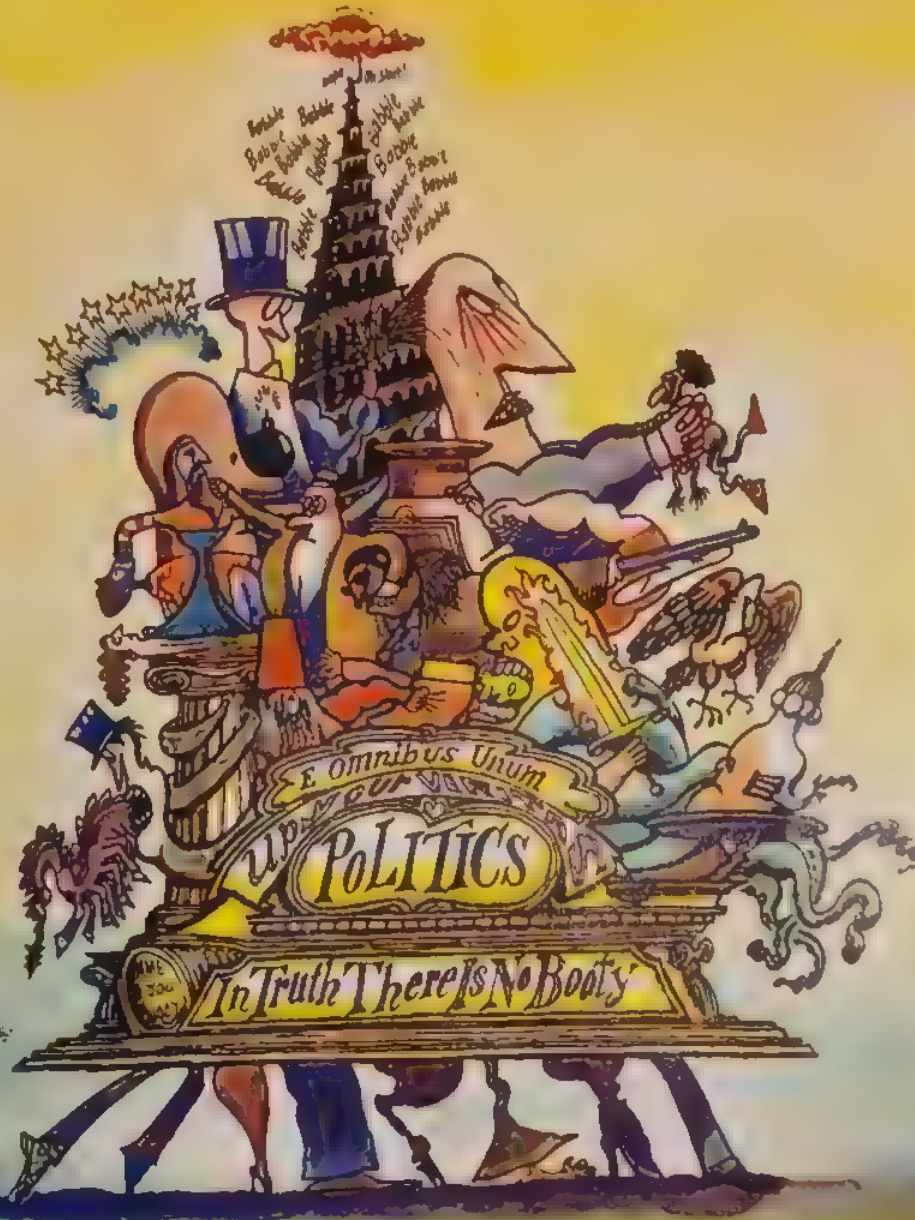
Is your Daddy big and strong and crazy too?

Can the U N continue to keep out foreigners?

Why do blacks call it the "White House"?

Does Billy Graham go around saying "Politics is dead"?

Politics eats it?



Is Jackie Kennedy really a Mediterranean?

Was "Rutherford B. Hayes" his real name?

"One Man, One Vote" sucks?

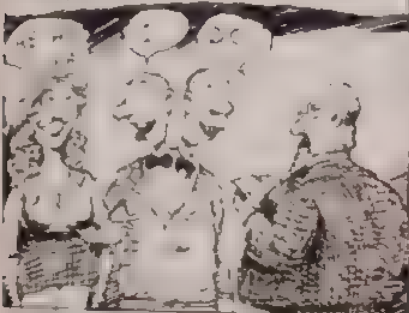
If you know the answers to any or all of these questions and are a good liar, you should consider a career in politics or as a male nurse in a leper colony. Take two weeks off before elections to shoot pool and get into other trouble.



# MULE'S DINER



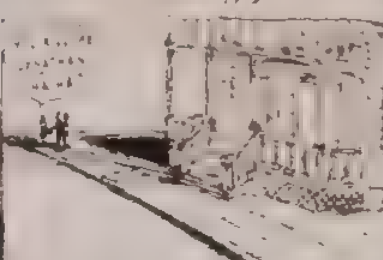
THEY WERE MARKED BY A LITTLE OF THE PEACE



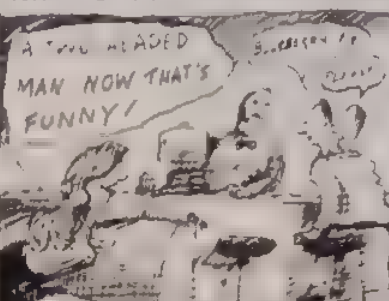
SARAH LEE NEVER SMILED AT LEAST...



JONATHAN TOOK SARAH HOME TO MEET HIS BROTHERS AND HIS FATHER



NOT UNTIL JONATHAN WALKED INTO MULE'S DINER



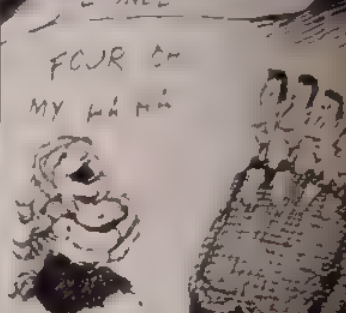
THIS IS MY BROTHER STEVE.



JONATHAN NEVER HAD THE FULL ATTENTION OF A REAL GIRL BEFORE



AND THIS IS BROTHER ONE.



THIS IS BROTHER AFT-ER.



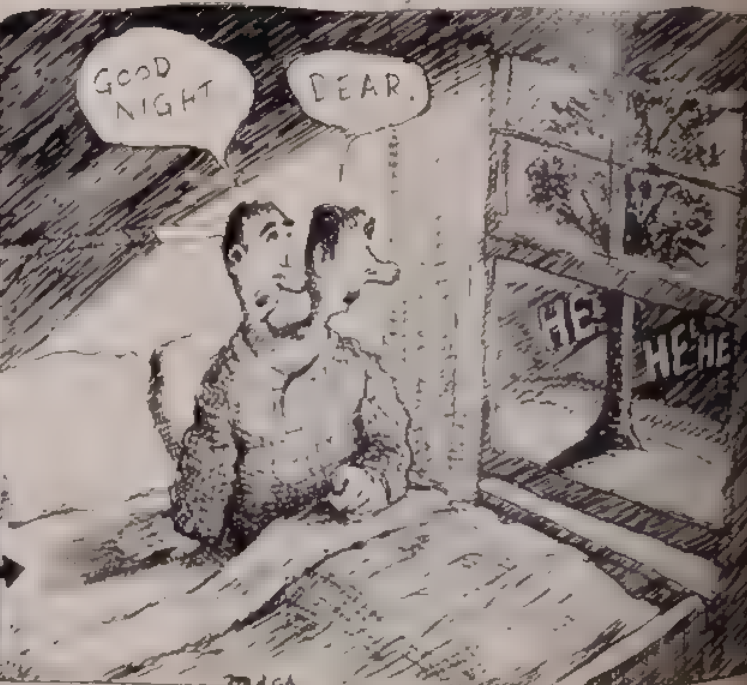
FINALLY JONATHAN'S FATHER CAME IN



THIS IS MY FATHER.



BUT OF COURSE THAT DIDN'T SOLVE THE WHOLE PROBLEM.



WHEN THE OLD MAN FOUND OUT WHY HIS DAUGHTER IN-LAW WAS LAUGHING, HE GOT VERY ANGRY AND...



... HE CHANGED HER INTO A MAPLE TREE IN THE BACKYARD.

# FOTO FUNNIES



WHEN  
MY HAIR  
SHALL  
SHADE  
THE  
SNOW-  
DRIFT,



AND  
MINE  
EYES  
SHALL  
DIMMER  
GROW,



I WOULD  
LEAN UPON  
SOME  
LOVED ONE,  
THROUGH  
THE VALLEY  
AS I GO.



I WOULD  
CLAIM  
OF YOU A  
PROMISE,  
WORTH  
TO ME A  
WORLD  
OF GOLD,



IT IS ONLY  
THIS, MY  
DARLING  
THAT I WILL  
LOVE ME  
WHEN  
I'M OLD

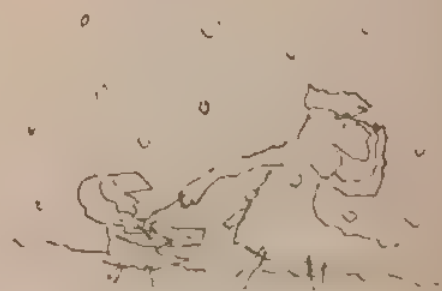
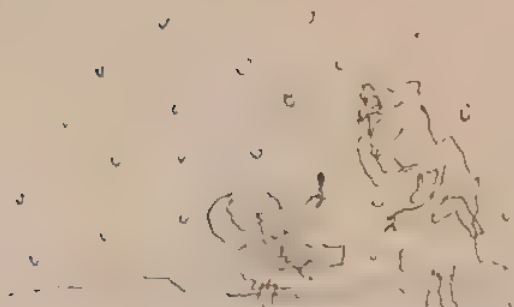
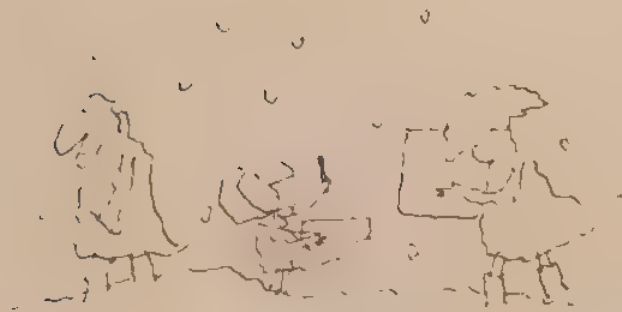


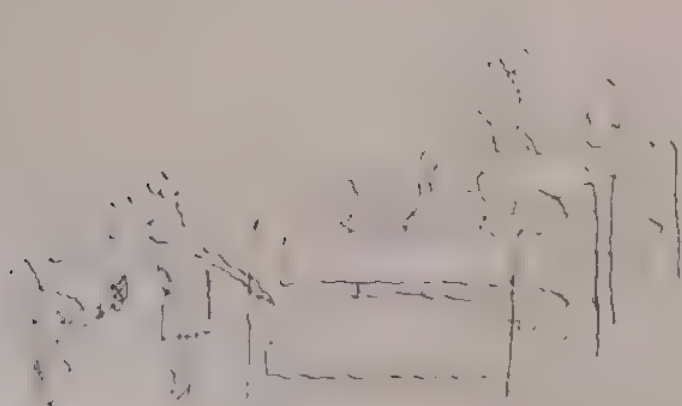
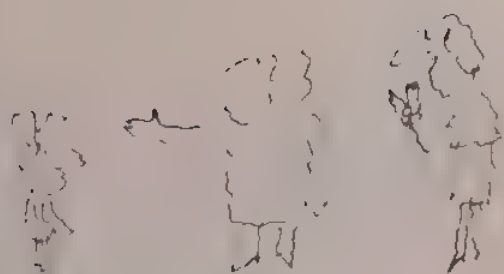
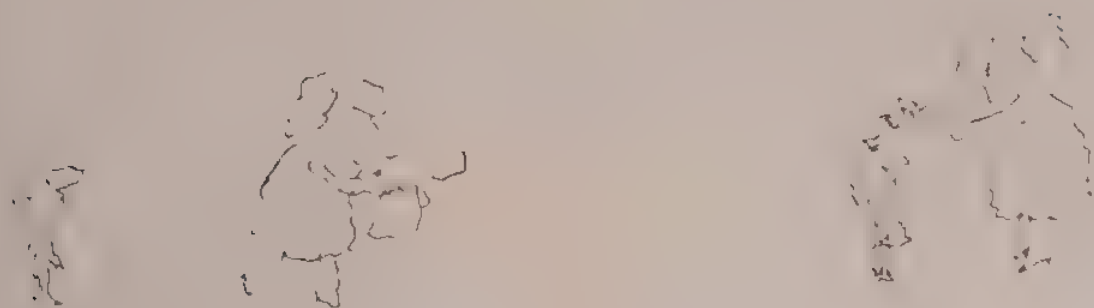
LIFE'S MORN  
WILL SOON  
BE WANING,  
AND ITS  
EVENING BELLS  
BE TOLLED,  
BUT MY HEART  
SHALL KNOW  
NO SADNESS,  
IF YOU'LL  
LOVE ME WHEN  
I'M OLD.



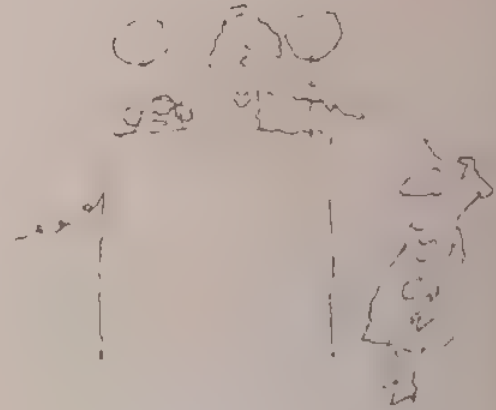
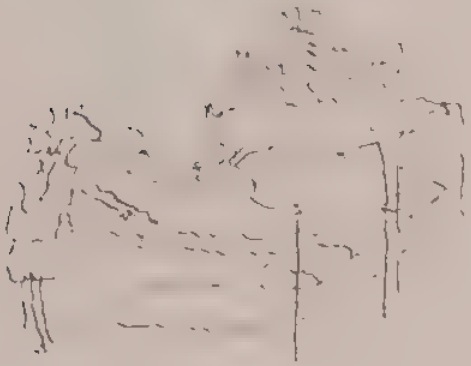
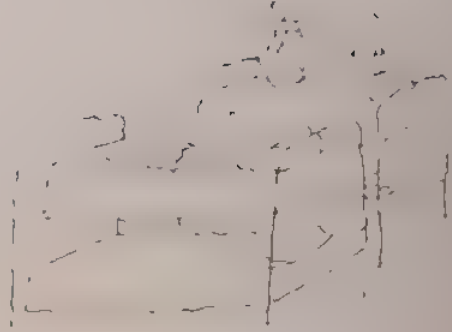
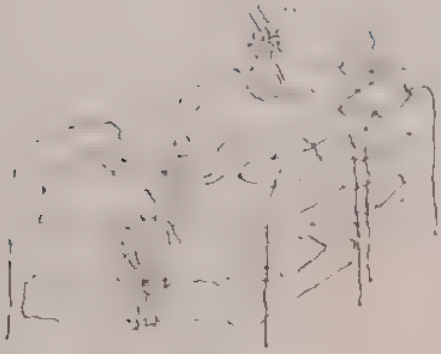


THE  
LITTLE MATCH  
GIRL  
BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN  
REFOLD  
BY R. D. GIECHMAN







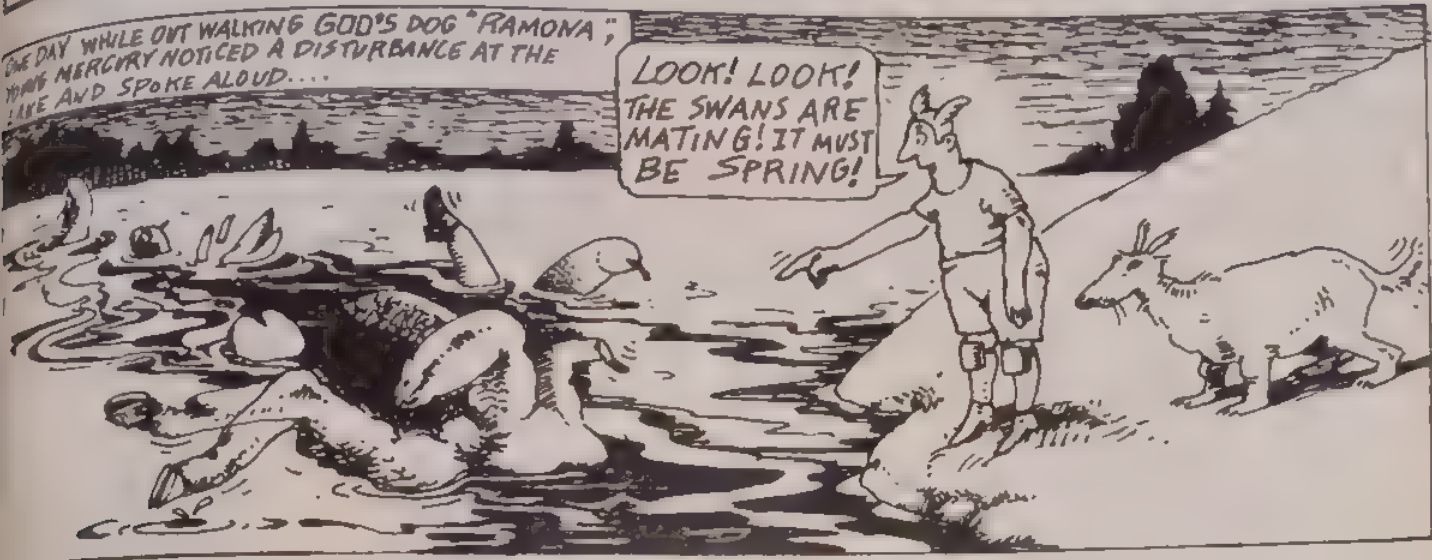


# MERCURY

God's Own Messenger

ONE DAY WHILE OUT WALKING GOD'S DOG "RAMONA",  
MERCURY NOTICED A DISTURBANCE AT THE  
LAKE AND SPOKE ALOUD....

LOOK! LOOK!  
THE SWANS ARE  
MATING! IT MUST  
BE SPRING!



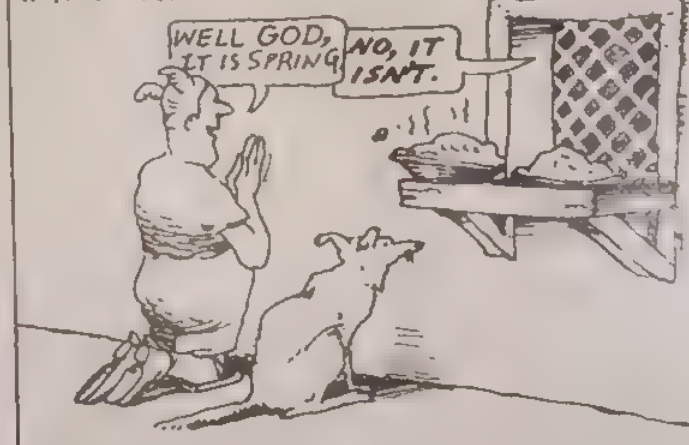
I'M GOING TO TELL  
GOD IT'S SPRING!  
I'LL BE THE FIRST  
TO TELL HIM AND  
HE'LL GIVE ME A  
SWEET, I KNOW IT.



FOR RELIGIOUS PURPOSES IT WAS GOD'S HABIT TO TRAVEL  
"INCOGNITO", HIS WHEREABOUTS KNOWN ONLY TO A FEW!  
AT PRESENT HE IS CLEVERLY DISGUISED AS A BAKERY WINDOW.

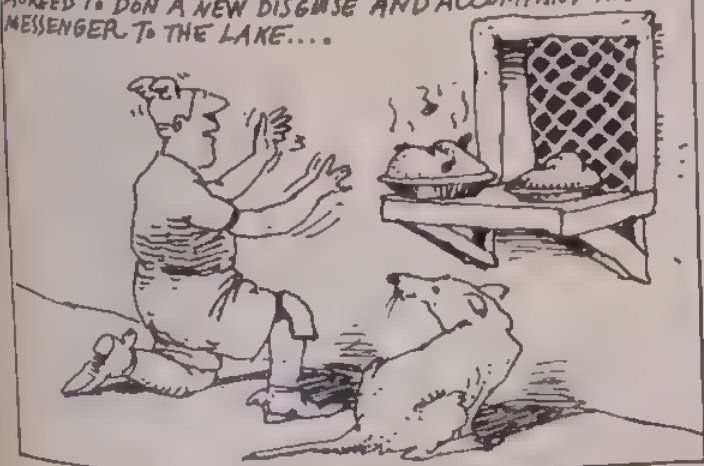
WELL GOD,  
IT IS SPRING

NO, IT  
ISN'T.



MK BROWN

FOR LONG MOMENTS MERCURY DESCRIBED THE STRANGE  
MATING RITUAL HE HAD SEEN. UNCONVINCED, GOD  
AGREED TO DON A NEW DISGUISE AND ACCOMPANY HIS  
MESSENGER TO THE LAKE....



DISGUISED AS A GIFT SET OF KINGS MEN TOILETRIES,  
GOD FOLLOWED RAMONA & MERCURY-BUT WHEN THEY  
GOT TO THE LAKE THE SWANS WERE GONE.



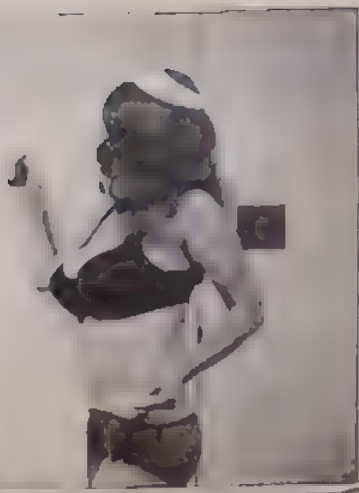
I DON'T SEE  
ANY SWANS.



# FOTO FUNNIES



SPECIAL DELIVERY FOR NATIONAL LAMPOON. OPEN UP.



DON'T OPEN THE DOOR, IT'S A TRICK!



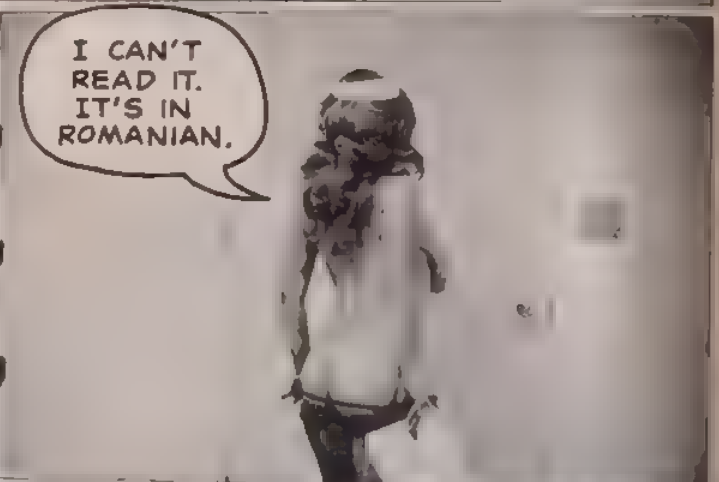
NO, NO TRICK. IT'S A SINGING, UNDRESSING TELEGRAM FROM MAINE.

READ IT.

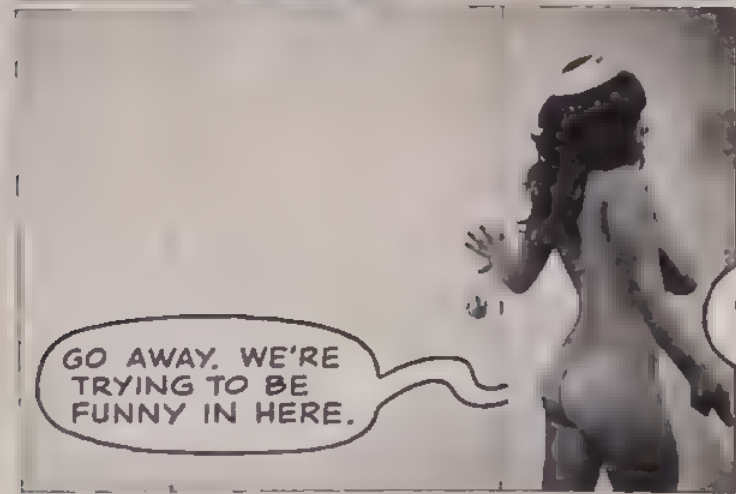


NE230 (62) (33) KA...

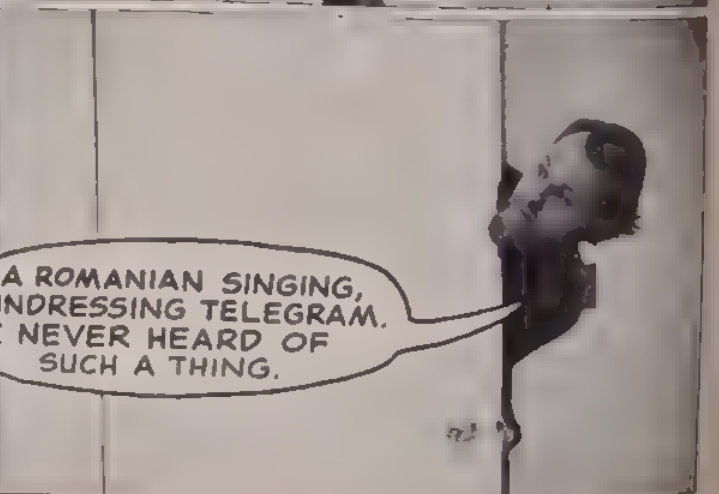
NOT THE NUMBERS. THE MESSAGE.



I CAN'T READ IT. IT'S IN ROMANIAN.



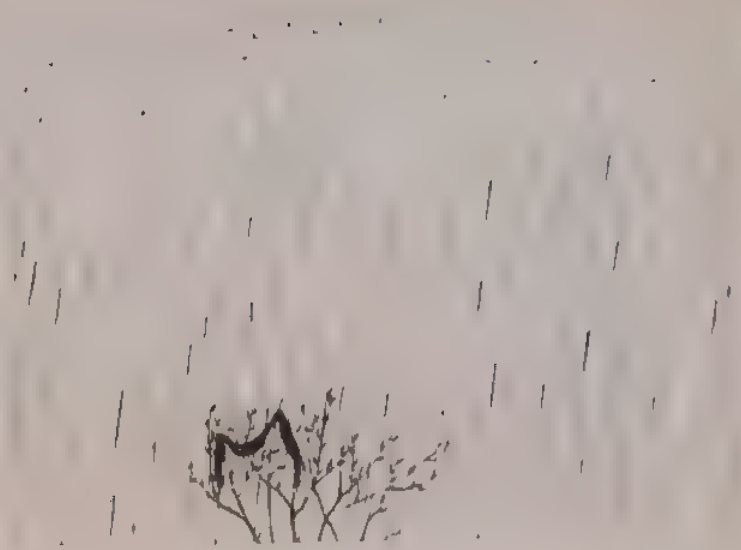
GO AWAY. WE'RE TRYING TO BE FUNNY IN HERE.



A ROMANIAN SINGING, UNDRESSING TELEGRAM. I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING.



After crossing over several fields it landed inextricably in a thorn bush



Rain fell frequently, then snow



With spring birds came and took bits of it for their nests



By the end of summer nothing was left of the sock to speak of.







GUESS WHO?



NO.

JOHN LENNON?



UH... WAIT, LET ME THINK...



NOPE NOPE. NOPE.

MARK SPITZ? WILLIAM REHNQUIST? BIG WALLY?



UH-UH.

HUGH O'BRIAN?



YOU'RE ELEANOR ROOSEVELT!



RIGHT!

RIGHT...

WAIT, WAIT, YOU'RE A WOMAN!

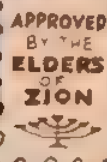




THE VENTURES OF



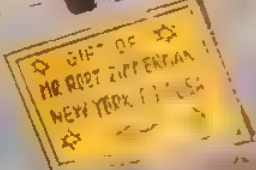
# ZIMMERMAN



SEMITIZED FOR YOUR PROTECTION

Master of WAR

60-70



SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S  
ISSUE

ZIMMERMAN'S  
GREATEST HITS!

FEATURING...

GROSS MAN  
TAMBOURINE MAN  
WEBER MAN

STORY BY: TONY HENDRA AND  
SEAN KELLY  
DRAWN BY: NEAL ADAMS

ANDRU  
Esposito



# To Honor A Decade of Dissent

The Counterculture Mint announces an important series of hand-struck medals in costly sterling silver or priceless 14-karat gold. Individually numbered, hallmarked, and authenticated. Full bas relief, mirrored border, rolled edge. Handcrafted presentation case. Destined to increase in value. Available at prestige head shops.



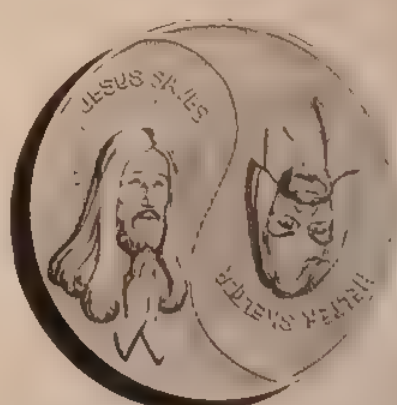
THE 1968 CHICAGO CONVENTION MEDAL



ALTAMONT



KENT STATE



RELIGIONS OF AMERICA

Available soon: *Changes*, the story of our times told in commemorative medals. Each medal will honor an important symbolic figure of the recent past, and will be emblazoned with an appropriate motto. The first medal, representing the close of the fifties, will be a specially struck *Junior Achievement* medal. The final medal, representing the dawn of the seventies, will honor the *Junior Executive*. Other medals will picture *Martin Luther King* ("Change Through Nonviolent Protest"); *Peter, Paul and Mary* ("Change Through Singing Songs"); *Ken Kesey* ("Change Your Head, Change the World"); the *Weathermen* ("Change Through Armed Love"); and the *Street Hustler* ("Spare Change?"). "The Story of the Coins, The Moving Autobiography of a Youth of Our Times" appears, paragraph by moving paragraph on the reverse side of each coin.

## Story of the Coins

I was pretty straight in high school, I guess. I went to church camp. I won the Junior Achievement award. My folks were very proud.

In 1964 I saw Martin Luther King's March on Washing-

ton on television. That really put me through some changes. I got interested in civil rights in my spare time.

I date my real involvement with the counterculture from the night I saw Ken Kesey on "Meet the Press." It was really far-out. I saw that I was one with the cosmos. My folks wanted to switch the channel. I saw we were on different sides.

It's hard to believe, but until 1968 I believed that change was possible through existing channels. But when I saw the network coverage of the '68 convention I began to understand where the Weathermen were at. I began to wear jeans again. I stayed mad. My Mom and Dad couldn't even talk to me. I came very close to leaving home.

Then one day on "Lamp Unto My Feet" I saw a special on the Jesus Freaks. I acknowledged Jesus Christ as my personal savior. I went to church camp. My folks were so proud.

Now I've finished graduate school, and I've been lucky enough to receive a junior-executive position with the Incremental Insurance Group. I've paid my dues, and I'm happy to say that my dues are paying off for me.

1946 - RAVAGED BY WAR, THE FABLED CITY OF DULUTH, MINNESOTA, FACES ECONOMIC EXTINCTION

WUXTRA WUXTRA

SALES OF TOASTERS OFF IN POST WAR SLUMP

'SA DAM SHAME THAT'S ALL I KIN SAY

FEARING FOR HIS VERY GROSS PROFIT BEFORE TAXES, THE BRILLIANT ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR ABE ZIMMERMAN VOWS TO FLEE THE DOOMED CITY. HE AND HIS LOVELY WIFE, BEA, CHOOSE AS THEIR HAVEN FAR-OFF HIBBING, MINNESOTA, MORE THAN FORTY MILES TO THE NORTH WEST. THINKING ONLY OF THEIR INFANT SON, ROBERT, THEN SEND HIM ON AHEAD.

THIRD CLASS MAIL

GENIUS HANDLE WITH CARE

THE SIZE OF THIS KID IT'S CHEAPER THAN CARFARE

NOT FOLLOWING THEMSELVES UNTIL THE LAST TOASTER HAS BEEN SOLD.

HIBBING EXPRE

# THE ORIGINS OF ZIMMERMAN

OKAY, A DOLLAR NINETY FIVE FOR THE BAT LEMME GET BACK TO YAN ABOUT THE BALL

WIZE GUYZ

SAFE IN HIBBING, THE ZIMMERMAN FAMILY PROSPERS. AND IT IS HERE THAT AS THE YEARS PASS, YOUNG BOBBY BEGINS TO DISCOVER THE INCREDIBLE HIDDEN POWERS THAT DESTINE HIM TO BE A LEGEND IN HIS OWN TIME!

THE CAPITAL OF MINNESOTA IS \$273 BILLION!

ZIM

2 HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU... 2

LISTEN - I GET PAID TO SING

CERTAIN THAT HIS EXTRAORDINARY POWERS MUST REMAIN A SECRET KNOWN TO HIM ALONE, YOUNG ZIMMERMAN SEARCHES FOR A ROLE TO MASK HIS TRUE IDENTITY.

SigmaAlphaMo

JAMA

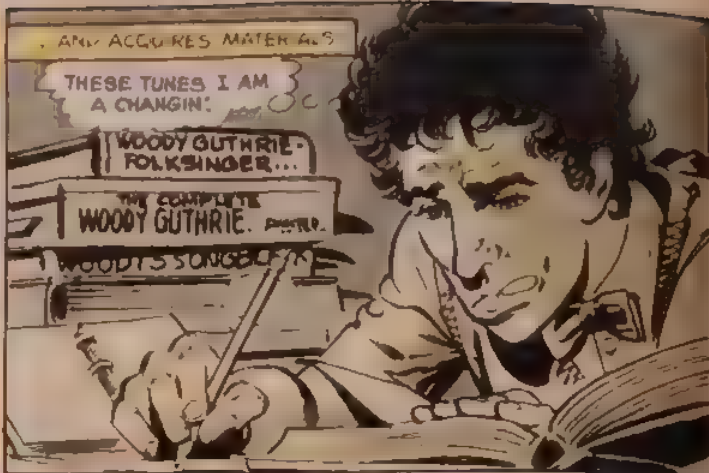
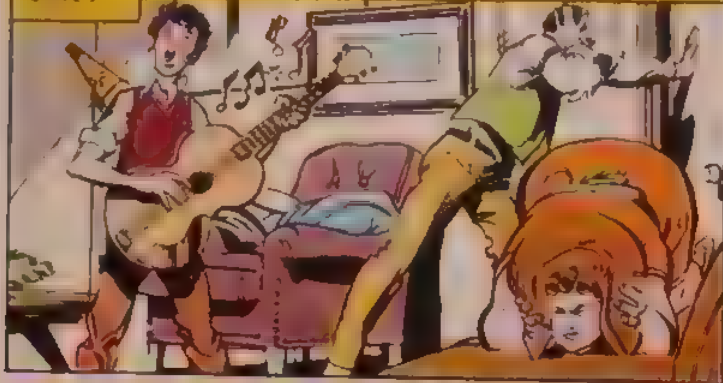
CPA. ADVANCED STUDIES

TUTTI FRUTTI ALL ROOTIE Z

TWO CHORDS AND A FUNNY HAIRCUT, AND THAT SHVARTZEH MUST BE WORTH A FORTUNE!



THE RAZED BLAZA MOOR PUTS YOUNG ZIMMERMAN ON THE RIGHT TRACK. HE REALIZES THAT NO ROLE COULD BETTER SERVE HIS PURPOSES THAN THE UNORTHODOX SENSITIVE LIFE OF A SINGER. HE DEVELOPS SKILLS



HE FINDS A NEW NAME

BOBBY SHAKESPEARE?  
BOBBY LOVELACE?  
BOBBY YEATS?  
BOBBY...

LOOKIN' FOR  
SOME POWES  
BY SOME GUY  
NAMES DIAL-ANN  
THOMAS.

THAT'S  
PRONOUNCED  
DYLAN



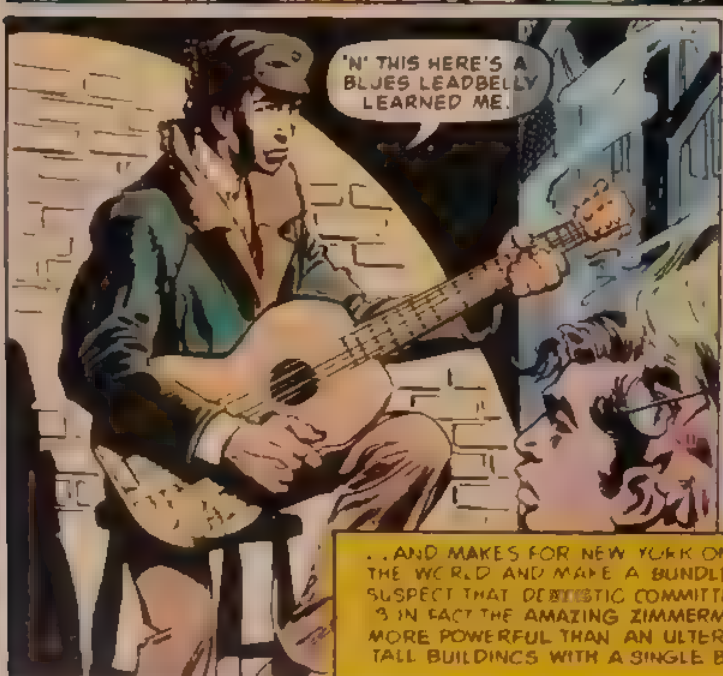
... AND EVEN CHANGES HIS APPEARANCE.



AND IN HIS SECRET  
IDENTITY AS THE  
GOY FROM THE  
NORTH COUNTRY,  
HE SAYS A RESTLESS  
FAREWELL TO HIS  
FOND PARENTS.

YOU'RE NO GOOD!  
IT'S ALL OVER  
NOW, BABY, NU?

IT'S ALL RIGHT,  
MA...



'N' THIS HERE'S A  
BLUES LEADBELLY  
LEARNED ME.



... AND MAKES FOR NEW YORK ON HIS SACRED MISSION TO SKEW  
THE WORLD AND MAKE A BUNDLE. NOW HIS SECRET IS SAFE. NONE  
SUSPECT THAT DEBUSTIC COMMITTED LITTLE FOLK-SINGER BOB DYLAN  
IS IN FACT THE AMAZING ZIMMERMAN - FASTER THAN A PROXY BALLOT,  
MORE POWERFUL THAN AN ULTERIOR MOTIVE, AND ABLE TO BUY  
TALL BUILDINGS WITH A SINGLE BOND!

FOR THE SECRET IDENTITY ZIMMERMAN PERFORMS  
CYNTHIA, ON STAGE AND OFF, DETERMINED THAT  
HE WILL KNOW HIS SONGS WELL BEFORE HE STOPS  
SINGING...

ALL NEGROES  
SHOULD BE BLACKS!

IT IS SO MUCH  
MORE ETHNIC THAN  
THE KINGSTON

'N' IT'S A HAAARD  
N' IT'S A  
HAAAARD!...

in "THE BRITISH  
ARE COMING!"

THEY WERE LANCED.  
THEY WERE HERE!  
THE LAB. AS  
MOP TOPS!

FILED IN  
LA 5 TC,  
MAY 1954

WHAT HAVE THEY  
DONE TO MY  
REIGN?

SHRRREEEKKKK

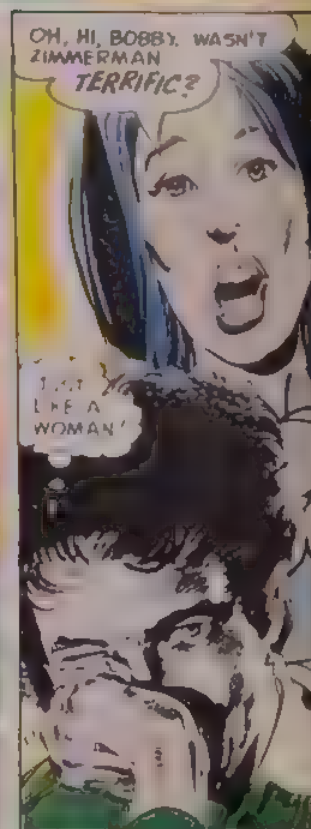
WHO NEEDS THAT  
LITTLE CHEEZE B.T.  
IF ONLY ZIMMERMAN  
WERE HERE!

WINTER W. SLIP  
LA. E. I. SLIP  
THROUGH A MARSHALL  
SLIP

THE JGH AAL - WOULD RELATIVELY INFLUENCE  
EARLY MAKE THE PLUTOCRAT OF POP AWARE  
OF THE MENING CATASTROPHE

TH. C. B.  
A. C. B.  
JIMMERMAN





# ZIMMERMAN in WOODSTOCK

HIGH IN THE ROLLING HILLS OF UPSTATE NEW YORK, HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS GATHER TO PARTICIPATE IN THE OTHER CLIMACTIC EVENT OF THE SIXTIES....

MEANWHILE, IN A BIG PINK HOUSE NOT FAR AWAY, LIFE FOLLOWS THE SAME OLD HUMDRUM PATTERN FOR SUPERSTARS BOBBY DYLAN AND HIS LOVELY SIDEKICK QUEEN JOAN (APPROXIMATELY) BAEZ ...

BOY AM I TIRED OF THIS JERK! IF ONLY I COULD MEET A REAL MENSCH LIKE ZIMMERMAN!

YAY, LADY, YAAAY!

HEY, YOU GUYS, IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR THE CLIMACTIC EVENT OF THE SIXTIES

MUSTN'T BE LATE - THEY'RE ALL MY CHILDREN AND I'M THEIR POET!

SEE YOU LATER JOANIE

HOW ABOUT A QUICK ONE COUNTRY RE?

AW, COMON, BOB WE'VE ALREADY GOT FOUR

MEANWHILE, AT THE CLIMACTIC EVENT OF THE SIXTIES, ALL IS NOT WELL....

FROM NOW ON THIS IS A FREE CONCERT!

FREE!

FAR-OUT!

SHITTY ACID!

WHAT ABOUT FREE HUEY?

BACKSTAGE THERE IS CONSTERNATION....

FREE CONCERT?

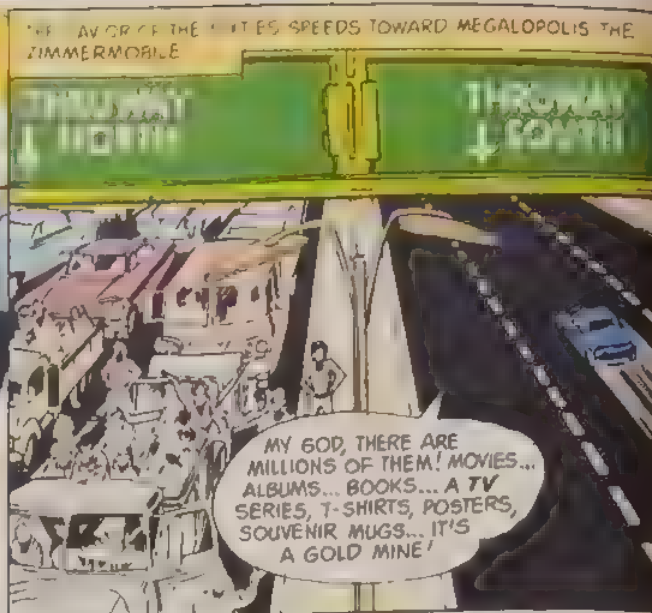
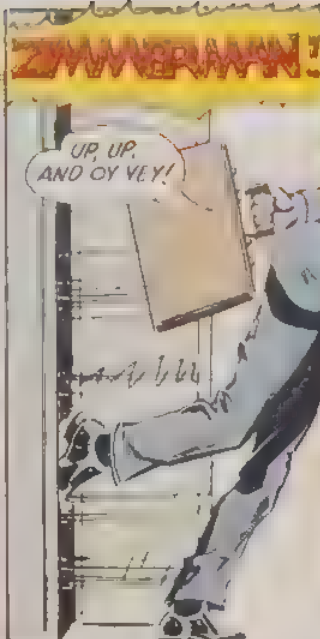
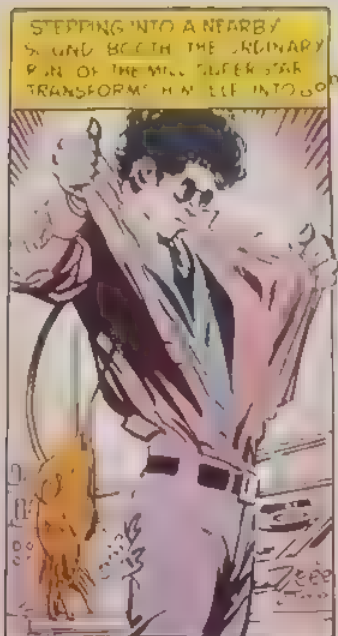
I'M RUINED!

HOW CAN I AFFORD NOT TO PAY MY TAXES?

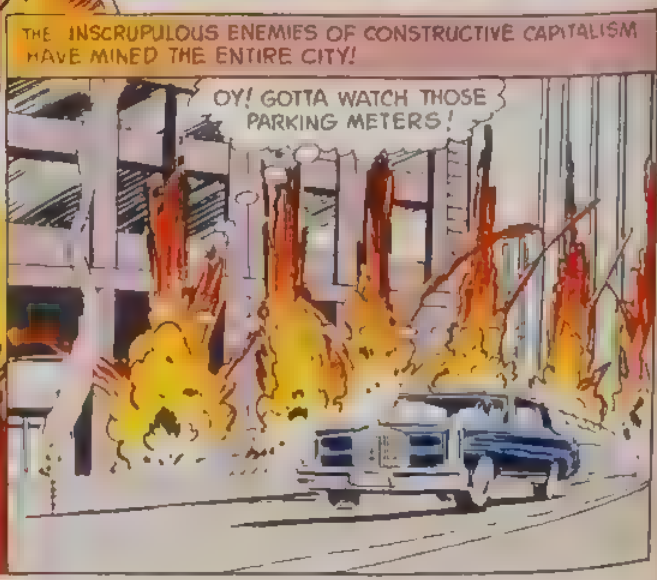
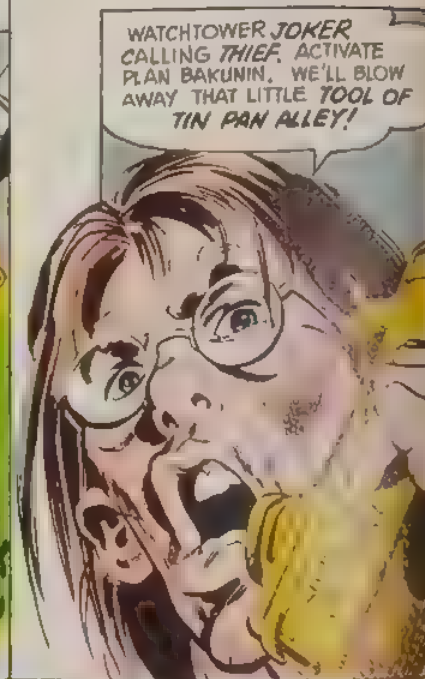
RUINED? I'M WRECKED!

UHM, THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR ZIMMERMAN!





BUT IT WON'T BE EASY FOR OUR HERO: FROM THE HIGHWAYS AND THRUWAYS OF  
UPPER NEW YORK STATE EMERGE THE DREAD WEATHERMEN!



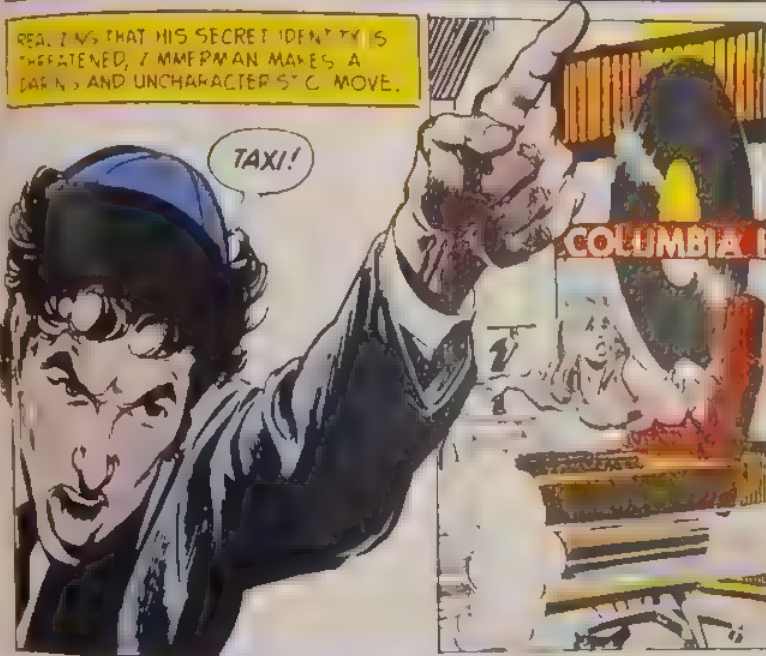
BRAVELY DOUBLE-PARKING THE ZIMMERMOBILE, ZIMMERMAN DECIDES TO GO IT ON FOOT. BUT THE WEATHERMEN ARE EVERYWHERE.



MEANWHILE BACK AT THE CLIMACT EVENT OF THE STATE...



REALIZING THAT HIS SECRET IDENTITY IS THREATENED, ZIMMERMAN MAKES A DARING AND UNCHARACTERISTIC MOVE.



BUT HIS FIRST BRAVE EFFORT IS FOILED BY DUPES OF THE NEEDLESS WEATHERMEN.



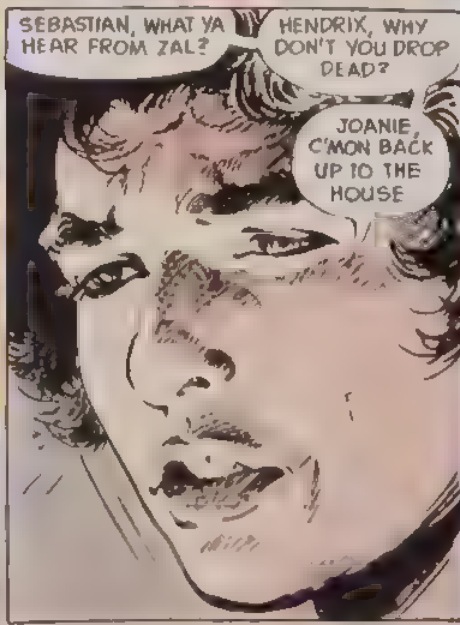
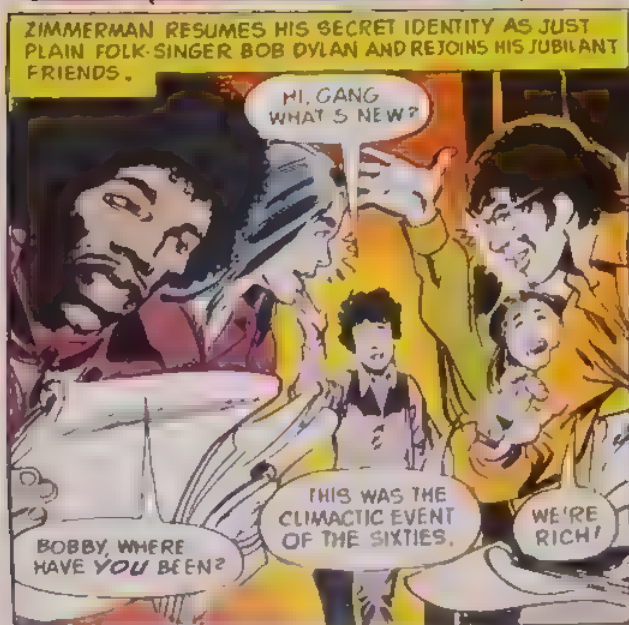
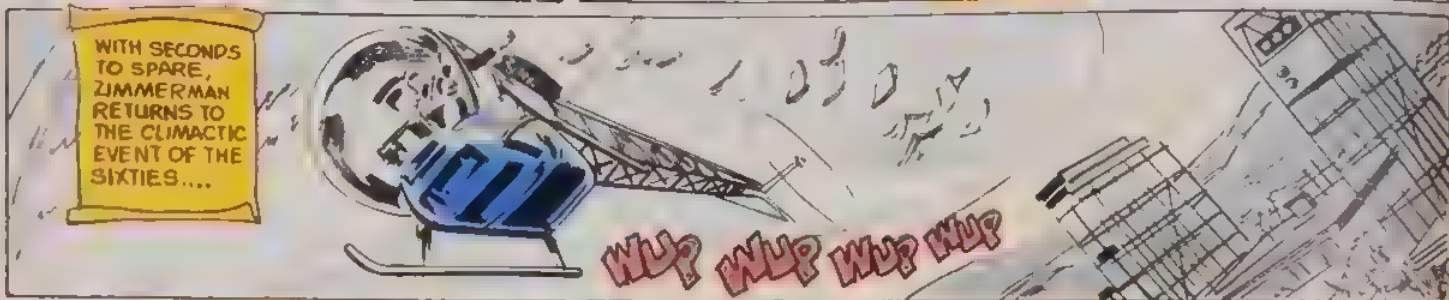
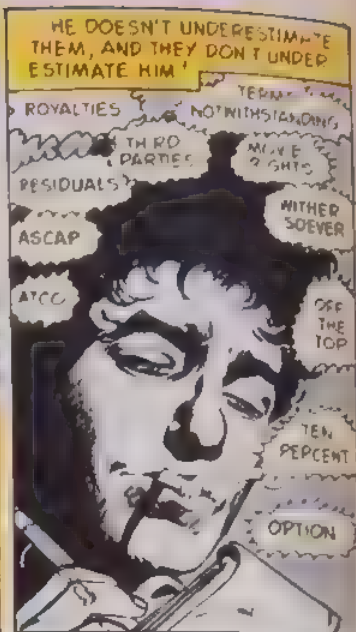
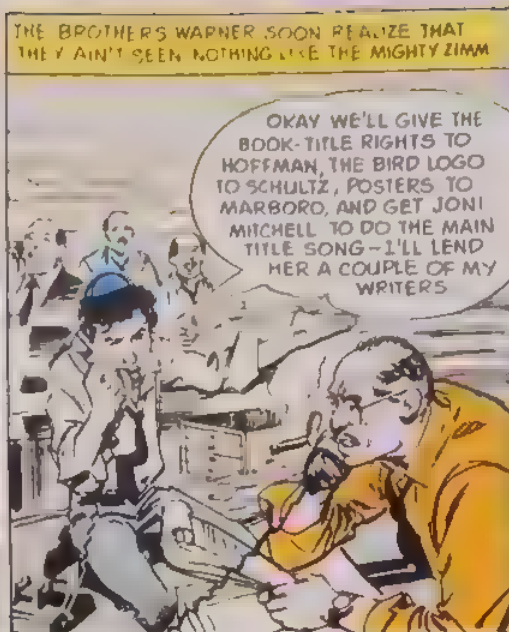
MOMENTS LATER HE ARRIVES AT THE FABLED WARNER BROTHERS SEVEN ARTS BUILDING ONLY TO FIND IT SURROUNDED BY WEATHERMEN.



OKAY, EVERYONE HERE'S CONTRACTS FOR YOU ALL TO APPEAR ON DICK CAVETT!







# CHAPTER ONE: OUT OF COLLEGE!

WE'RE SO LUCKY TO FIND YOU!

NOW GO OUT AND FIND YOURSELF A GOOD JOB AND A NICE GIRL!

THANKS MOM! THANKS DAD!

**AT THE EMPLOYMENT AGENCY**

AND I HAVE A B.A. IN ADVANCED 4-DIMENSIONAL LASER CALCULUS!

REPORT TO MR. SMITH AT THE LOCAL BAKED BEAN FACTORY!

**AT THE FACTORY**

REMEMBER, SON, OUR PRESIDENT HIMSELF STARTED AS A BEAN COUNTER!

AND THAT'S 1,076 PER CAN!

AN MATHS LEAD TO STAFFED BEANS WHICH CAN SOMETIMES LOOK LIKE TWO!

ONE DAY

MEET TO MEET-A!

SAME OLD MEH MEH

WELL I'LL LEAVE YOU TWO YOUNG BEANRAGS ALONE!

SHE SEEMS NICE! I'LL TRY TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION!

NICE WEATHER, ISN'T IT, HUM, MEH MEH!

YOU KNOW KID, BEAN COUNTING ISN'T SO HARD ONCE YOU GET THE HAND OF IT! JUST REMEMBER TO START WITH THE FIRST, MEH MEH!

AND DON'T FORGET TO COUNT FASTER WHEN YOU GET TO THE HIGH NUMBERS BECAUSE THEY TAKE LONGER TO SAY!

NO YOU MUST MEAN MY GORGEOUS ROOMMATE

STOP STARING AT MY TITS!

**VIRGIL BEGINS TO WONDER WHETHER HE IS GOING TO GET HIS INDUCTION INTO MASCULINITY!**

SORRY M BULLY 123 SAY TODAY NIGHTS FROM NOW ON!

**HE GOES HOME CELEBRATE**

GIVE ME THE ONE THAT SHOWS THE MOST PUBLIC

**HE TRIES COMPIRED DATING**

HI! ARE YOU THE 5'6" 150 POUND BLUE EYED BLOWN WHO MAJORED IN MATHEMATICS, LIKES TO PLAY CHESS AND CROQUET, AND BELIEVES IN EQUAL RIGHTS FOR LEMERS?

WHAT SHOULD I DO TO KEEP MY JOB, BOSS MAN? JUST NAME IT!

JUST GET BACK TO WORK AND BE CAREFUL!

WHO BE AME A MICH YES TODAY

I WOULD HAVE CALLED YOU TO CANCEL THE DATE, BUT MY ORDER FORBIDS THE USE OF CARBON GRANULES, WHICH ACT AS A PISTO ELECTRIC GENERATOR IN EVERY TELEPHONE MOUTHPIECE!

**THE YEARS PASS AND VIRGIL IS PROMOTED**

SON, YOU ARE NOW IN CHARGE OF THE ENTIRE COUNTING DEPARTMENT!

AND REMEMBER WE'RE COUNTING ON YOU!

**ONE DAY**

MARCIA, THIS IS THE FOURTH CAN YOU LET THROUGH WITH 1,077 BEANS

PLEASE DON'T BE ME! I'LL DO ANYTHING

**VIRGIL ACQUITES**

NO NO THIS IS NOT THE WAY I WANT HER! I WANT HER GERMAN SHEPHERD!

JUST GET BACK TO WORK AND BE CAREFUL!

## APPENDIX TWO: VIBRATOR

IT'S SUFFERING FROM HIS PERBLEM. HE'S MAKING A BIG DECISION

MY TROUBLE IS THAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR A GOOD, CLEAN, SENSITIVE GIRL WHO WOULD MAKE A GOOD WIFE AND MOTHER

**VIRGIL WULF WHERE HE HAS NEVER GONE BEFORE THE SEEDY SIDE OF TOWN**

HOW IS THIS SEEDY?

HI! I'M A PERVERT WHO LIKES SILK FOLK LINGS!

I'M A PERVERT WHO LIKES LEATHER TOILET SEATS!

I'M A PERVERT WHO LIKES TO BODY PAINT WOMEN WITH COLDS!

A PERVERT WHO LIKES TO LOOK UP WHOSE?

FROM NOW ON, I'M GOING TO LOOK FOR ONE THING ONLY. I'M GOING TO BECOME A TIGER

**SUDDENLY A WOMAN COMES UP TO VIRGIL!**

HI! MY NAME IS CHRISTA AND THIS MORNING I REACHED THE SEVENTH STAGE OF SEXUAL LIBERATION!

WHAT'S THAT MEH MEH?

COME UP TO MY PAD AND I'LL SHOW YOU!

READY? YES!

AT LAST

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU TAKING OFF YOUR CLOTHES FOR?

I THOUGHT

SILLY! DOING IT IS ONLY THE SIXTH STAGE OF SEXUAL LIBERATION. THIS IS THE SEVENTH!

WE JUST SIT IN OPPOSITE CORNERS OF THE ROOM AND THINK ABOUT IT! FREE OF MUNDANE MATERIAL CONSIDERATIONS. TOULY A PURE EXPERIENCE!

OOOH! ANNNH! OOOH SO GOOD! MOOE! ANNNH!

GAAA! NO! NO! OHOMYODHEBZOH NO MY GOD!

YOU WERE REALLY GREAT! HAVE A CIGARETTE AND COME BACK ANYTIME!

MY FAULT ENTIRELY! MY NAME IS CINDY! I'M A GOOD, CLEAN, SENSITIVE GIRL WHO WOULD MAKE A GOOD WIFE AND MOTHER. I HAVE A B.A. IN ROMANTIC LANGUAGES AND I'M LOOKING FOR A HUSBAND!

SAPPHORISED ACQUA QUI WAVE OUT INTO A SNOWFALL

WHEN

WASSY BUDDY! 649 95?

I WANTED TO AVOID THIS, BUT

OKAY!

AND DON'T COME BACK!

**LATER**

IM REALLY A POLICEMAN! YOU HAVE SIXTY MINUTES TO LEAVE THE SEEDY SIDE OF TOWN!

MAYBE MASTERS AND TOLSON ARE LOOKING FOR NEW VOLUN

OOPS! EXCUSE ME!

WANNA GET MARRIED?







# NUTS

REMEMBER WHEN YOUR FIRST GROWN-UP DIED AND HOW UN-REAL IT WAS AND HOW HARD IT WAS FOR YOU TO RISE TO THE OCCASION BECAUSE EVERYTHING ABOUT IT WAS JUST TOO DAMN BIG?

OH, GOD, HARRY-I JUST-I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE JACK'S GONE!

I KNOW, SWEETHEART. THERE, THERE, SWEETHEART...

KOF! KOF!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? I LIKED UNCLE JACK. HE WAS SWELL TO ME. I WISH HE WASN'T DEAD. HOW COME I'M NOT CRYING? I SHOULD BE CRYING!

HOLD IT, WALDO!

ECH!

I ONLY JUST THINK OF MYSELF, IS WHAT IT IS! EVEN WHEN UNCLE JACK IS DEAD AND THEY'RE GOING TO PUT HIM IN THE GROUND-ALL I CAN THINK OF IS ME!

HOLD IT, WALDO! GOD DAMMIT!

GAH!

SWAN WIND

IF YOU DIED, I COULD CRY FOR YOU, WALDO!

NEXT MONTH: THE FUNERAL

SKCH.



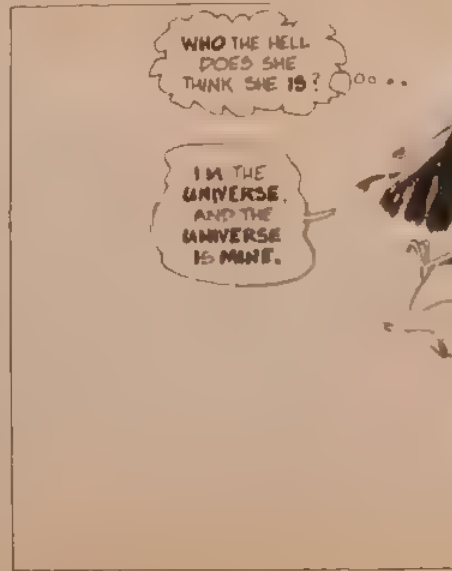
# DIRTY DOGS



# Trots and Bonnie



# IDYL





# MULE'S DINER

MULE, YOU LOOK AT ME NOW, YOU WOULDN'T KNOW I ONCE HAD IT MADE.



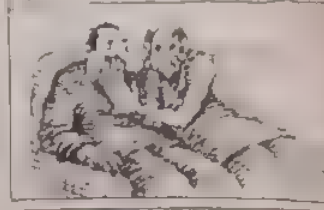
I HAD NOSE AND SPENT IT - THREW IT AWAY.



THERE WAS THIS RICH OLD GUY - HERMAN - HAD A THING FOR NOSES. I WORKED A DEAL WITH HIM.



EVERY MORNING AT 6:00 AM I'D SNEAK INTO HIS PLACE AND SIT QUIET WHILE HE MAKES OUT WITH MY NOSE



HE GOT REAL EXCITED IT WAS AWFUL.



AFTER AWHILE HE'D HAVE HAD ENOUGH AND HE'D PAY ME \$100



I'D RACE OUT AND SPEND THE DAY SPENDING AND FORGETTING.



WHAT A GREAT TIME! I NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT TOMORROW.



WELL, SOMEHOW A DUDE NAMED JONES CAUGHT THE ACT AND DECIDED TO MOVE IN.



HE WAS CRAZY CLEVER. FIRST HE BOUGHT RED WINE, PEPPERCORNS, BAY LEAF, CUMES, ONIONS, AND ROSEMARY.



LATER HE MIXES ALL THIS STUFF TOGETHER, SLICES INTO HIS NOSE, POURS THE MIX INTO THE CUTS, AND CHILLS OVERNIGHT.



NEXT MORNING AT 5:00 HE SNEAKED INTO HERMAN'S KITCHEN AND STUCK HIS NOSE ON A HOT GRILL



HERMAN SMELLS BURNING FLESH, SPOTS JONES'S NOSE AND IS OVERCOME WITH PASSION.



BY THE TIME I ARRIVE, HERMAN'S MADE A NEW DEAL - EVEN UPPED THE PRICE.



JONES WAS IN AND I WAS OUT. CREDITORS CLOSED IN, FRIENDS LEFT, COULDN'T FIND A JOB I NEVER GOT ANOTHER BREAK



HOW CAN YOU FIGURE IT, MULE? A GUY CRAZY ENOUGH TO MARINATE HIS OWN NOSE.



**FAMOUS  
COMIC  
ARTISTS  
SCHOOL**  
BY BRUCE COCHRAN

## LESSON # 5

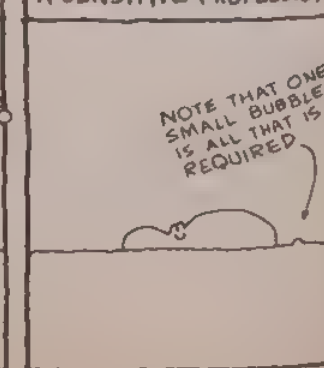
### HIPPOPOT-AMUS FARTS

AN OVERSTATED HIPPOPOTAMUS FART CAN TURN OFF THE SENSITIVE READER. "WHO NEEDS THIS SHIT?!", HE OR SHE MAY SAY.

OVERSTATED, MUD-SPLATTERING HIPPOPOTAMUS FART



DELICATE HIPPO FART, TASTEFULLY DRAWN BY A SENSITIVE PROFESSIONAL



# THE AESOP BROTHERS SIAMESE TWINS

HEY, ALEX, LISTEN: CAPTAIN MENSHEVIK'S CARNIVAL IS COMING TO TOWN THURSDAY...

FORGET IT! WE'RE NOT JOINING ANY CARNIVAL FREAK SHOW!

NO, NO, ONE OF THEIR ATTRACTIONS IS THE TROTSKY SISTERS, SIAMESE TWINS!

LET'S SEE THAT!

GEORGIE BOY, ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING?  
I THINK SO, ALEX.

THURSDAY, THE BIG DAY! CAPTAIN MENSHEVIK'S CARNIVAL IS IN TOWN! (PLOT THICKENS)

GEORGE, TALKING TO THAT DWARF, THAT'S THEM!

NICE, VERRRRY NICE! WHAT A CUTE LITTLE ASS. HEY GEORGE, YOURS LOOKS THE INTELLECTUAL TYPE - YOU KNOW, BOOKS, POETRY, OPERA - ALL THAT HIGH-CLASS STUFF...

HEY, BUDDY, WHERE CAN WE FIND THE TROTSKY SISTERS?

THEY ARE, I MEAN DEY IS OAH IN DE BLUE TRALER, BOSS.

OH, MY...

WOW! WILL THE AESOP BROTHERS RESOLVE THIS? AND WILL GEORGE REMEMBER ALL THE WORDS TO 'RED SAILS IN THE SUNSET' ? ? ? ? ? CHECK ONE: YES NO

MINE LOOKS INTELLECTUAL? YOU'VE DECIDED WHICH ONE I'LL GET?  
I'M YOUR OLDER BROTHER, GEORGE.

YEAH, BY FOUR OR FIVE SECONDS. LOOK, YOU WANT THE PRETTY ONE? OKAY! BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET IN HER PANTS!  
HA! YOU'LL STOP ME?

I WON'T LIE DOWN!  
I'LL SCREW HER STANDING UP!!

OKAY, MR. PENIS, PICTURE THIS - WHILE YOU FONDLE HER I PICK MY NOSE AND EAT THE SNOTS! THAT'LL GET HER NICE AND HOT! AND I'LL SING, YEAH, I'LL SING 'RED SAILS IN THE SUNSET'! LOUD AS A BASTARD!

WOW! WILL THE AESOP BROTHERS RESOLVE THIS? AND WILL GEORGE REMEMBER ALL THE WORDS TO 'RED SAILS IN THE SUNSET' ? ? ? ? ? CHECK ONE: YES NO

JUST 52 WEEKS FROM TODAY THE CARNIVAL IS SCHEDULED HERE IN TERMINATE. THE RELAT. AND P. MEN IN THE GNOVANDUS...  
**ONE YEAR AFFAIR**  
CHAPTER 1: THE MEETING

WAS YOU DROPPED YOUR BOX OF...  
PHONE

THANKS. WHY DON'T YOU TAKE ONE OF THESE AS A REWARD?  
PHONE

NEXT: "EVEN BIGGER THINGS"



REMEMBER YOUR VERY FIRST FUNERAL? HOW STUFFY EVERYTHING WAS? WITH THE INCENSE AND ALL? AND THE ORGAN MUSIC, AND EVERYBODY CRYING?

MY GOD - I NEVER SAW THEM ACTING THIS WAY BEFORE! THEY'VE ALL FALLEN APART!

BAHABA AHBABA SAHAHBAH

POA HOO SHOOA

AKAKAKA AKAKAK AKAK

AHASNI/AHSNI

CUNNING  
WISDOM

THERE UNCLE JACK IS-UP THERE IN THAT PURPLE BOX WITH THE VELVET... I'VE GOT TO LOOK AT HIM / WHAT'S HE LOOK LIKE?

YAAHAHA  
AA

OHNO  
OHNO

HE DIDN'T LOOK LIKE THAT! I SWEAR TO GOD HE DIDN'T LOOK LIKE THAT! HE WASN'T LIKE THAT AT ALL!! WHAT DID THEY DO TO HIM?

JOHO  
JOHO

...AND THIS MUSIC!  
HE HATED THIS  
KIND OF MUSIC!

NEXT MONTH! THE SERMON

HE A MAN AND SHE A WOMAN...TWO BEINGS IN SEARCH OF ROMANCE, AND WITH ONLY 51 WEEKS LEFT OF TIME A

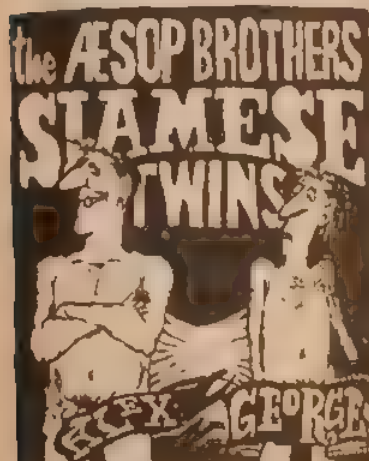
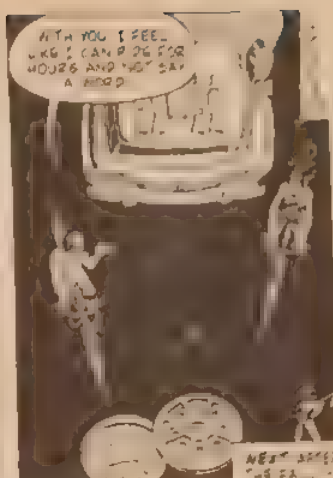
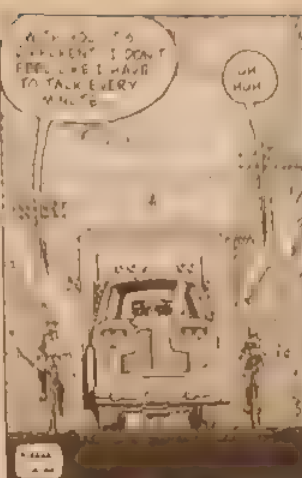
# ONE YEAR AFFAIR

A black and white comic book panel. A man stands in the center, looking towards the right. He has dark hair and is wearing a light-colored shirt and trousers. The background features stylized trees and a building on the left. Several speech bubbles are scattered around the character, containing fragments of words or phrases:

- Top left: "...EVE TUE ...VET ...DIE"
- Top center: "...S ...R ...PED ...M ...W ...U"
- Middle left: "LIVE FOR ...DEAD"
- Bottom left: "WON'T ...HER NAME'S"
- Far right: "...UR ...H ...T ...N ...F ...C ...B ...G ...I ...O ...P ...Q ...R ...S ...T ...U ...V ...W ...X ...Y ...Z"

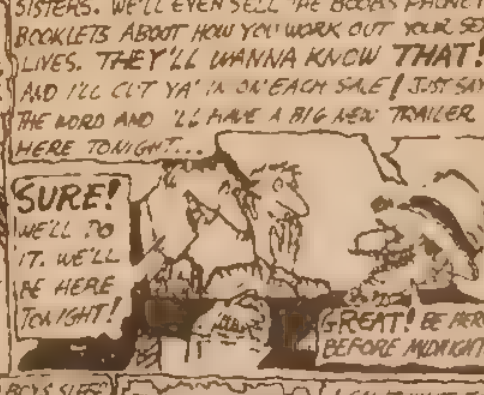
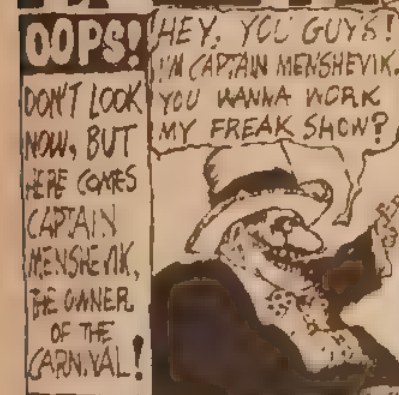
HE JOCKED 3, FURRY GRAND NO  
WIRE. KANDA WIFE MC

JILL? "WHAT?"  
MUST BE "HOLDS OF"  
NOT A "JAILHOUSE" HERE  
  
NOW THIS  
RAN AWAY  
DUE TO



**THE STORY SO FAR:**  
GEORGE AND ALEX ARE 3L CAPT. MENSHEVİK'S CARNIVAL HOPIING TO MAKE OUT CARNALLY WITH ANOTHER PAIR OF SIAMESE TWINS, THE KAPLAN SISTERS. ALEX WANTS THE PRETTY ONE AND GEORGE OBJECTS.

the 4th read on





# NUTS

REMEMBER HOW THE FIRST FUNERAL YOU HAD TO GO TO WENT ON AND ON, AND THE LONGER IT WENT ON, THE LESS IT SEEMED TO HAVE TO DO WITH ANYTHING?

HOW COME THEY DID THAT TO UNCLE JACK - PUT LIPSTICK ON HIM, AND THAT STUFF ON HIS EYEBROWS? AND HE NEVER COMBED HIS HAIR SLICK LIKE THAT!

SNIF

Graham Wilson

AND NOW, FRIENDS, GATHERED HERE IN THE MEMORY OF JACK (ER) WALKER, BELOVED HUSBAND OF (UHM) MARY WALKER AND FATHER OF (EH) SUSAN AND (AH) PHILLIP AND (PAUSE) AND GOOD NEIGHBOR TO THE MANY WHO WILL FIND IT DIFFICULT TO FORGET HIM. BUT WHILE THIS OCCASION WE MUST REJOICE, FOR HIS LIFE, AND IS EVEN NOW IN HEAVEN. IT IS A GREAT THING TO REALIZE THAT, EVEN THOUGH HE WILL NOT BE ALONE, BUT WHO CAME FROM (AH) HINSDALE, I FEEL HE IS NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE, THERE TO AWAIT C...

...AND THIS STUFF THE MINISTER'S SAYING IS JUST A LOT OF BULLSHIT, THAT'S ALL - JUST A LOT OF BULLSHIT!

THE SAD AND TRYING TO EWARD OF A WE WITH HIS CREATO CONCERNATION AR, VER, START

...AND THAT KIND OF MUSIC THEY'RE PLAYING ON THE ORGAN - HE HATED THAT KIND OF MUSIC. IF HE HEARD THAT KIND OF MUSIC HE'D TURN IT RIGHT OFF AND GO TO ANOTHER STATION!

THIS VERY MOMENT, TELLING HIM NOT TO MOURN HIM, BUT HE REMEMBER HIM.

IT'S SAD.

## FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL

BY BRUCE COCHRAN

### LESSON # 6

#### THE PEACE SIGN

IF THE COMIC ARTIST IS TO KEEP HIS WORK RELEVANT HE MUST LEARN TO DRAW THE PEACE SIGN OR BE LABELED A RIGHT WING RACIST WAR MONGER HONKY PIG.

RIGHT



WRONG



# BODE'S CARTOON CONCERT

## GREY WIZARD

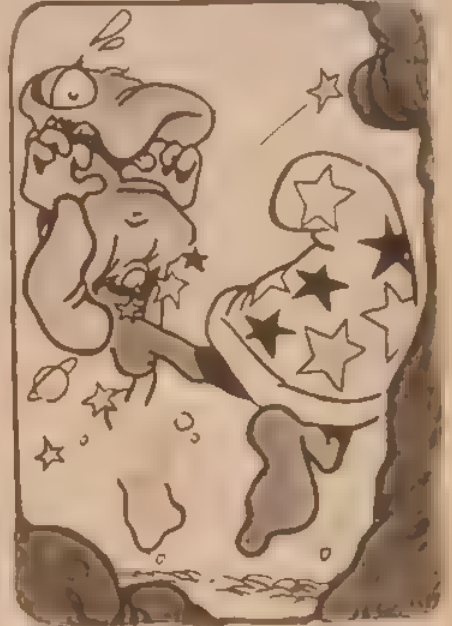
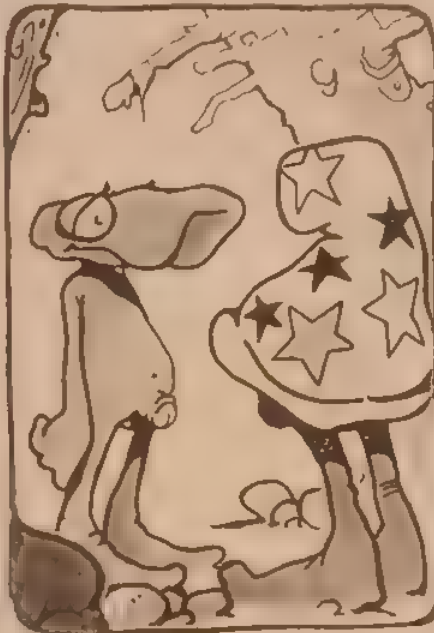
AN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELATIVITY



by VAUGHN BODE ©

TODAY, TURD, I GOING TO DEMONSTRATE THE RELATIVITY OF TIME. WE WILL ENDEAVOR TO AWAKE YOUR DIM, MILK-LIKE PERCEPTION OF TIME AN ENVIRONMENT.

OMPH!

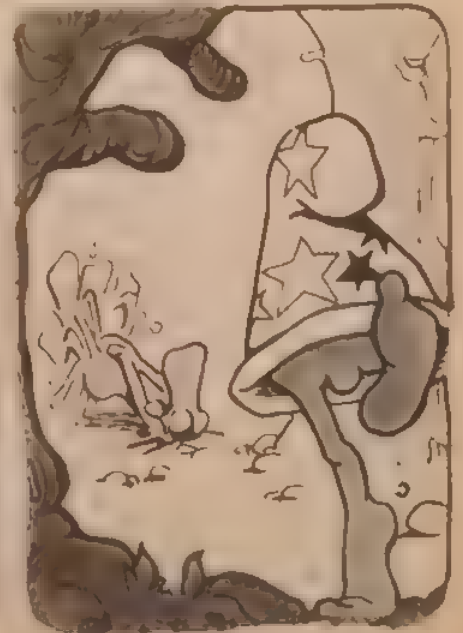
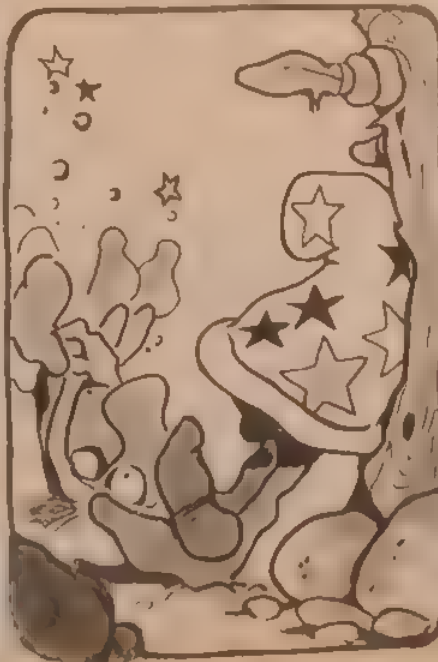


MY BALLS.

OF COURSE, AN NOTICE HOW DA PAIN IS CHANGING YOUR PERSPECTIVE ON LIFE... AN PAYIN YOU BACK FOR BALLIN' DA ORPHAN GIRL.

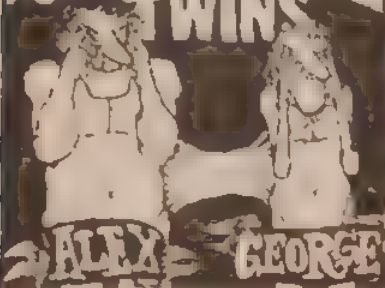
OBSERVE, YOU RUNTY BACK-STABBER, HOW TIME HAS CHANGED. HOW EACH MOMENT SEEM LIKE HOURS. HOW DISTORTED YER REALITY HAS BECOME. WHAT A FLOOD OF SENSATIONS YOU IS HAVING.

IMAGINE DAT LITTLE CREEP BEATIN' MY TIME WITH THE ORPHAN CHICK. I'LL COME BACK IN A HOUR OR SO AN KICK EM IN THA BALLS AGAIN. JUST TO REINFORCE HIS LEARNING EXPERIENCE..





# THE AESOP BROTHERS SIAMESE TWINS



HEY, I BEEN LOOKIN' FOR YOU GUYS - WE GOT PROBLEMS! THE GIRLS HAVE BACKED OUT ON THE DEAL!



I'LL HAVE EVERYTHING ALL SET FOR THE FIRST SHOW TONIGHT.



THE FLOT SE RAP...  
GEORGE AND ALEX VISIT SIAMESE TWIN GIRLS AT A CARNIVAL.  
CAPT. MENSHEVNIK, THE OWNER, COMES UP WITH AN EXOTIC IDEA...  
THE BOYS WILL JOIN THE CARNIVAL AND BE BILLED AS HUSBANDS OF THE GIRLS HOPING TO MAKE OUT IN BED. THEY AGREE, ONLY TO FIND OUT THAT THE GIRLS ARE...  
THEY MULL OVER THEIR DECISION IN THE GIRLS' PALER...  
PLEASE READ ON.

GEORGE, LET'S COOL IT. WE'LL STICK IT OUT FOR A WHILE. WHADDYA SAY?



MAINT AS WELL WE GAVE UP OUR APARTMENT AT MRS. ROMAN'S... OKAY, WE'LL SEE.



...WAKE UP, GEORGE, THE TRAILER'S STOPPED. LET'S GO GET SOME COFFEE...



LOOK, THE PHONEY MARRIAGE WITH THE GIRLS IS OUT, SO I GOT ANOTHER ANGLE...



... AND YOU ARE NO DOUBT WONDERING HOW THIS SENSITIVE GIRL CAN PERFORM SIMPLE BODILY FUNCTIONS IN THE PRESENCE OF A MAN, EVEN IF HE IS HER BROTHER. AH, BUT WHAT OF THE MORE INTIMATE MOMENTS - WHAT OF ROMANCE? I HERE I HAVE IT! SHOCKED THE LADIES... LET ME ASSURE YOU THAT THERE HAVE BEEN MANY SUCH MOMENTS IN THE LIVES OF EACH. HOW WERE THESE INTIMACIES PERFORMED? IS IT POSSIBLE FOR BOTH TO PERFORM SIMULTANEOUSLY? IF SO, DID THEY? THE ANSWERS TO THESE AND MANY OTHER QUESTIONS, LADIES AND GENTS, ARE HERE IN PLAIN WORDS WITH REVEALING DIAGRAMS IN THIS BOOK. I HOLD IN MY HAND, AND IT'S YOURS FOR ONLY TWO DOLLARS...

... AND, MAY I ADD, LADIES AND GENTS, I RECEIVED NOT ONE PENNY FROM THE SALE OF THIS BOOK. EVERY RED CENT GOES INTO THE SPECIAL 'SURGICAL FUND' SO THAT SOMEDAY LEO AND LANA CAN BE FREED FROM THIS ACCURSED BOND OF FLESH...

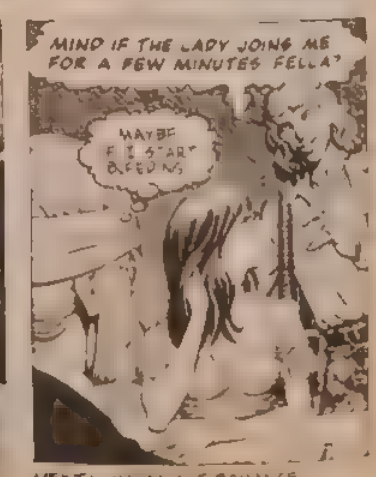
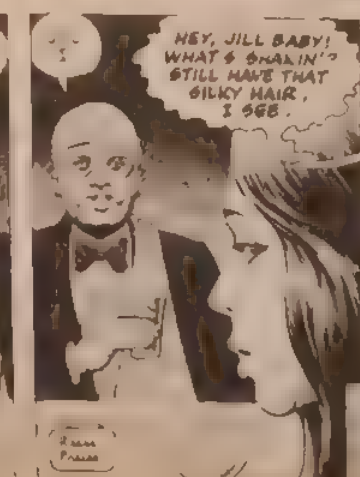
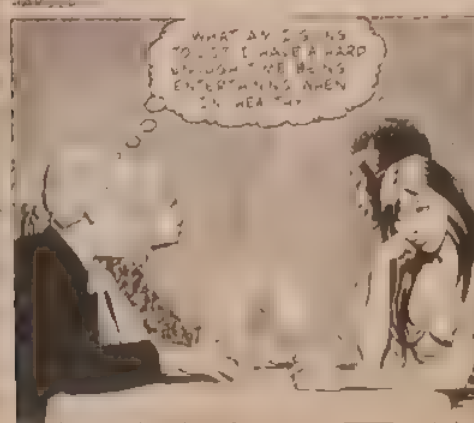


BROTHER & SISTER  
SIAMESE TWINS  
A LIVE



WELL, READERS, YOU MUST ADMIT THAT CAPTAIN MENSHEVNIK IS A SLICK BUGGER! NEXT MONTH THE CARNIVAL GEEK (ECHOING!) ATTEMPTS TO RAPE LANA! (ALEX) DON'T MISS IT!

STEVE WAS SURFED THE BAE ACCIDENT AND WAS DOUBLE...  
DOUBLE...  
DOUBLE...



NEXT: NOVEL OUT ROMANCE

© J. JONES 1973



# IDYL



## ARSTOTIE

BY J. JONES



BARRELO!



WONDER  
IF THERE'S  
ANYTHING  
IN THEM



NOTHING IN  
THIS ONE





[illegible]

WOODMAN

# TROTS

# AND

# BONNIE



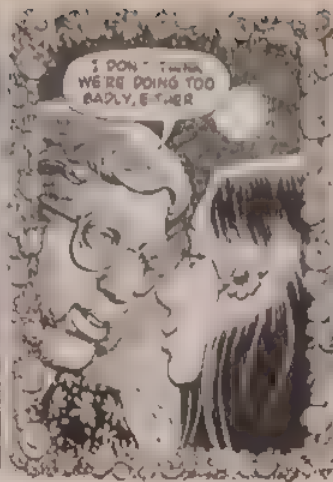
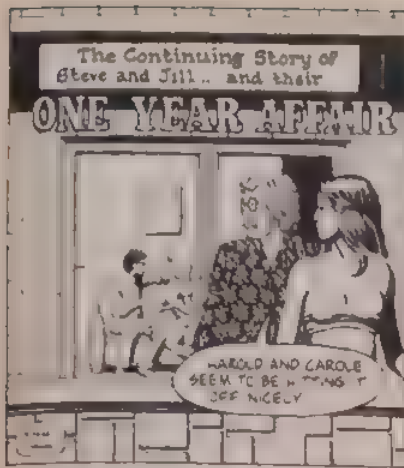


# Trots and Bonnie



NOTE: WE HAVE ALL HEARD OF THE MUCH-PUBLICIZED "SEXUAL REVOLUTION." HOWEVER, DEEP INSIDE, DON'T YOU REALLY KNOW IN YOUR HEART OF HEARTS THAT YOUR PARENTS AND TEACHERS AND CLERGYMEN WERE REALLY RIGHT ALL ALONG? THAT SEX REALLY IS DIRTY AND DEGRADING, NOT TO MENTION SMELLY? THIS SERIES IS DEDICATED TO GIVING "EQUAL TIME" TO THE ONLY VIEWPOINT THAT CAN SAVE YOUR TARNISHED SOUL.





## Russ de la Rocca - Worm Trainer of the Americas





**POISONOUS FLYING ANTS!**  
 GIL NEW FURMER  
 GIL'S DIVORCED 1958  
 SONOUS FLYING ANTS  
 DANCING  
 THEIR LIVES  
 NOWHERE...  
 SUDENLY

**POISONOUS FLYING ANTS!**  
 AIMED STRAIGHT AT BETTE!  
 "NO!" GASPS GIL - NOT AGAIN!  
 BETTE SOON ADJUSTS TO HER NEW  
 ROLE AT TIMES SEEMS EVEN  
 ENJOY IT... BUT FOR GIL IT'S A...  
 "DIFFERENT STORY."

**WHAT HO!**  
 YOU'VE BEEN TURNED  
 INTO A PIG!

DON'T WORRY DEAR  
 THIS IS THE BLANKET

# COINCIDEN- TAL JUX- TAPPOSITION COMICS!

by E. Subitzky

GREAT WEATHER! GOOD DAY FOR A PIC!  
 WHY EVEN TO MY VAL  
 NICET IT'S BEAUTIFUL!  
 I'D SAY!

EVEN SOMEONE NORMALLY AS NASTY AS DR. FUC MACHU WOULD SMILE!  
 EVEN A COLLOTRURA ORDINARILY KNOWN AS A HIGH KING WOULD HIT HIGH A!

WELL THEN! COME ON! LETS GRAB THE BULLS HIT THE BEACHES HORNS!  
 WE'LL HIT THE BEACHES TOO!

MAYBE I CAN EVEN BORROW MA'S TURB AT, I ON PRETTY BEACH BLANKET!  
 WELL GO WHERE THERE'S NOTHING TO DIS- MY BLANKET AND YOU ON YOURS!

TO A FART OUT!

IT ALL SOUNDS AS EX CITING AS CAN BE! WE'LL BUY SOD-AS!  
 IT WILL BE A TRULY UNUS AL AND PLEASANT AFTERNOON! BUT ITS LATE! O MY! WE'D BETTER HURRY!

THE END!

# SNUTS

ONE HANDY THING ABOUT BEING A KID WAS THAT YOU WERE VERY CLOSE TO OTHER KIDS AND YOU COULD UNDERSTAND HOW THEIR MINDS WORKED.

WELL, WE CERTAINLY ARE GLAD YOU WERE FREE TO SIT WITH BABY PHIL, AND I'M SORRY WE HAD TO CALL ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE!

THAT'S OK, MRS. ELLIOTT. RIGHT, MRS.

WE'LL BE BACK FAIRLY EARLY. THERE'S MILK AND COOKIES IN THE ICEBOX. CALL THIS NUMBER IF ANYTHING HAPPENS.

BYE, BYE.

GOODBYE. CLICK

NOT A BAD DEAL. COOKIES ARE OK, AND IT'S NICE TO HAVE AN EVENING WITHOUT GROWN-UPS.

WAAAA!

OH, SHIT!

WAAAA!

WAAAA-AAAAA-AAAAA!

I'VE IGNORED HIM FOR MORE THAN FIFTEEN MINUTES AND HE'S STILL AT IT!



I DON'T KNOW WHY PEOPLE MAKE SUCH A BIG DEAL ABOUT QUIETING BABIES. IT'S A CINC.

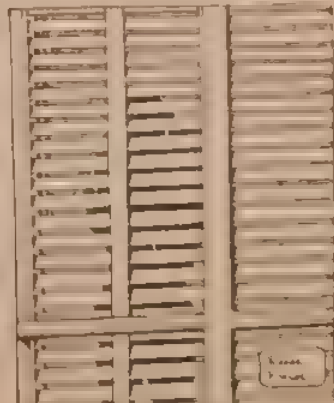


DISGUSTED! YES, WE ARE DISGUSTED THAT OUR READERS MUST FANTASIZE ABOUT POSSIBLE SEXUAL RELATIONS BETWEEN STEVE AND ...

WE WANTED TO SHOW YOU THE STORY OF THEIR ROMANCE REALISTICALLY AND WITH DIGNITY. BUT NO! YOU INSIST ON UNDRESSING OUR CHARACTERS WITH YOUR MINDS. DON'T YOU?

DO WE DESERVE THIS? MUST OUR CHARACTERS "DO IT" EVERY WEEK TO GET YOUR ATTENTION?

WELL, FORGET IT, PEOPLE... THIS AIN'T THAT KINDA STRIP!





# THE AESOP BROTHERS SIAMESE TWINS



ALEX GEORGE



C'MON, ALEX,  
WE GOTTA  
DRESS. WE  
GO ON IN  
TEN MINUTES.

HOW MUCH DOUGH  
YOU GOT, GEORGE?

OH, ABOUT THREE DOLLARS.

NO, I MEAN ALL  
TOGETHER, SAVED UP?

ABOUT EIGHT-HUNDRED DOLLARS  
IN TRAVELERS CHEQUES, WHY?



LET'S QUIT THIS GODDAM CARNIVAL!  
WE GOT ENOUGH DOUGH - WE'RE FORTY  
MILES FROM LOS ANGELES, LET'S GO!  
LET'S GO RIGHT NOW AND SCREW  
MENSHEVIK GOOD! WHADDOA SAY?

AND  
THEY  
LEAVE  
FOR THE  
CITY  
OF  
ANGELS

OH, MAN, I FEEL LIKE I CAME  
BACK FROM THE DEAD LEAVIN'  
THAT BASTARD MENSHEVIK  
AND HIS CRUDDY CARNIVAL!



LOS  
ANGELES  
49 mi.

I'LL BET HE'S...

MADAME WISHES TO  
KNOW IF YOU WANT  
A RIDE TO HOLLYWOOD.



WELL, UH, WE'RE  
GOIN' TO LOS ANGELES.

I'LL DROP YOU OFF THERE. YOU POOR  
DEARS, YOU ARE SIAMESE TWINS AREN'T  
YOU? I CAN EMPATHIZE WITH YOU. I HAVE  
AN AFFLICTION MYSELF - PLEASE, GET IN...

YOU SAID YOU'RE  
AFFLICTED WITH  
SOMETHIN', LADY?

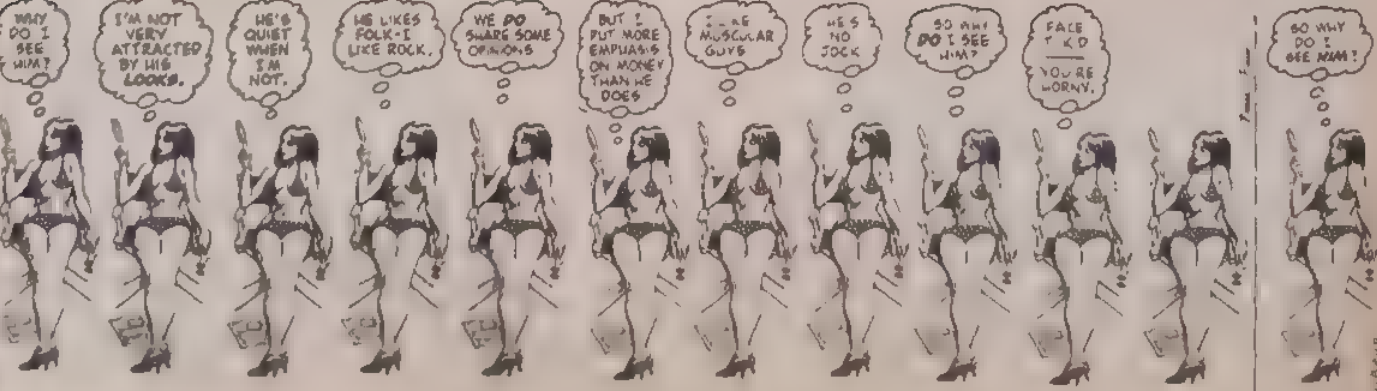
PLEASE, CALL ME AURORA.  
YES, DAHLING, I AM  
A NYMPHOMANIAC.



HOLY  
HYMEN!  
WHAT  
OBTAINS?

COULD SHE BE  
AURORA  
BORDEAUX,  
THE MOVIE STAR  
OF THE THIRTIES  
WHO USED TO  
STAR WITH  
CLIVE BUCK,  
RICHARD GORDON,  
GUY SPANING,  
JOE FONER,  
et...???

ONE  
THOUSAND  
THREE  
HUNDRED  
AND  
SEVENTY  
FOUR



WHY  
DO I  
SEE  
HIM?

I'M NOT  
VERY  
ATTRACTED  
BY HIS  
LOOKS.

HE'S  
QUIET  
WHEN  
I'M  
NOT.

HE LIKES  
FOLK-I  
LIKE ROCK.

WE DO  
SHARE SOME  
OPINIONS

BUT I  
PUT MORE  
EMPHASIS  
ON MONEY  
THAN HE  
DOES

I AM  
MUSCULAR  
GUY

HE'S  
NO JOCK

SO WHY  
DO I SEE  
HIM?

FACE  
T K D  
YOU'RE  
WORN.

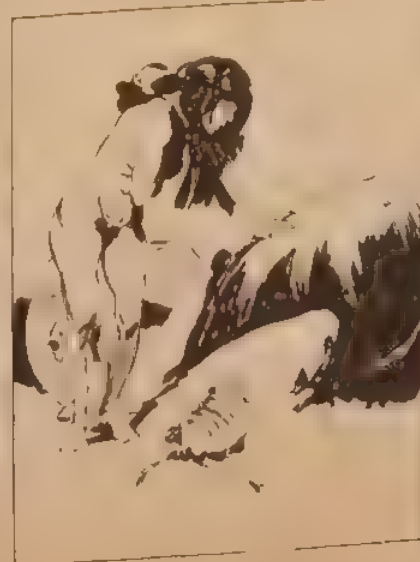
SO WHY  
DO I  
SEE HIM?



# IDYL



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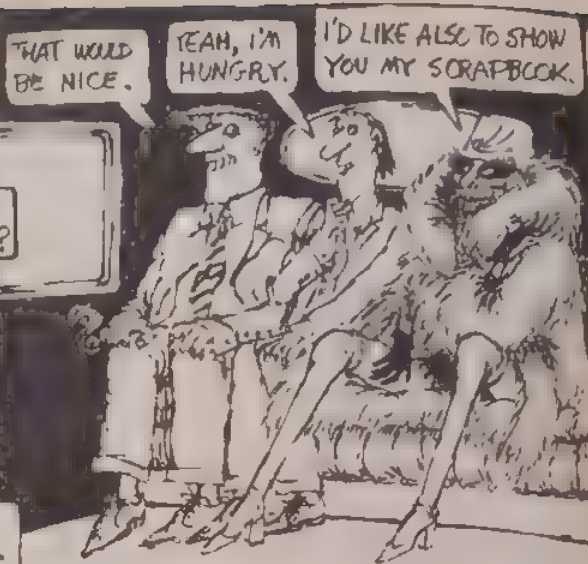
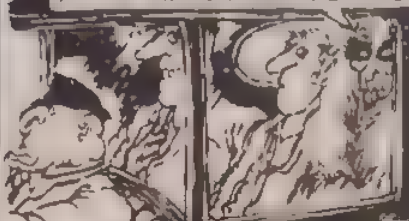
# THE AESOP BROTHERS SIAMESE TWINS



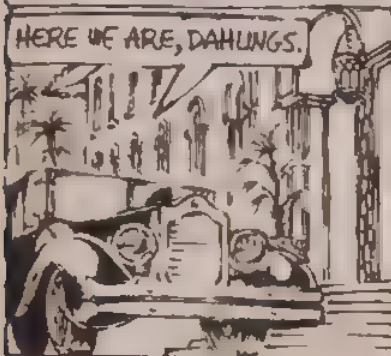
ALEX GEORGE

ALEX AND GEORGE QUIT CARNIVAL LIFE AND HEAD FOR LOS ANGELES. AURORA BOREALIS (MOVIE STAR OF THE THIRTIES) GIVES THEM A LIFT AND TELLS THEM THAT SHE TOO IS HANDICAPPED. A VICTIM OF NYMPHOMANIA!

DAHLINGS, WOULD YOU JOIN ME AT MY HOME FOR AN OMELET?



THAT WOULD BE NICE. YEAH, I'M HUNGRY. I'D LIKE ALSO TO SHOW YOU MY SCRAPBOOK.



HERE WE ARE, DAHLINGS.

COME, DAHLINGS, MY SCRAPBOOK IS UPSTAIRS.

WHAT ABOUT THAT OMELET?

LATER, MY SWEET.

HEY, LADY, WE HAVEN'T EATEN SINCE THIS MORNING.

TEDIUM, TEDIUM.



SIR, IT IS IMPORTANT THAT YOU OBLIGE MADAME

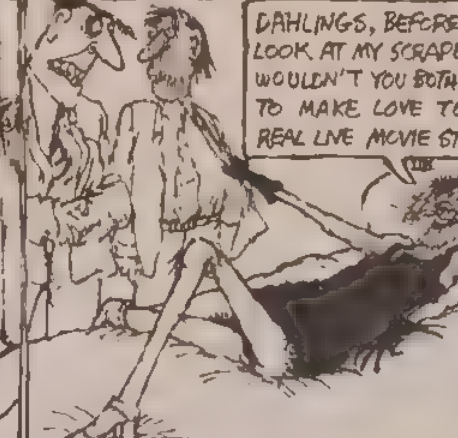
SHE WILL SLASH HER WRISTS OTHERWISE!

OKAY, LADY, LET'S SEE YOUR SCRAPBOOK.

THAT'S MY DAHLING.



IN AURORA'S Boudoir



DAHLINGS, BEFORE WE LOOK AT MY SCRAPBOOK WOULDN'T YOU BOTH LIKE TO MAKE LOVE TO A REAL LIVE MOVIE STAR?



MINUTES LATER

HEY, CHAUFFEUR! CALL A DOCTOR! SHE COULDN'T HAVE BOTH OF US AT THE SAME TIME SO SHE SLASHED HER WRISTS!

# FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL

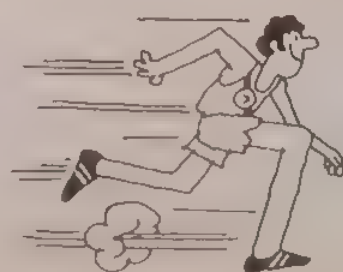
BY BRUCE COCHRAN

## LESSON #7

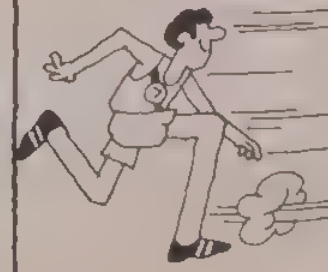
### SPEED LINES

THE CORRECT USE OF SPEED LINES GIVES ACTION TO ANY DRAWING THE COMIC ARTIST WHO FAILS TO PERFECT THIS IMPORTANT ASPECT OF HIS CRAFT MAY EVENTUALLY FIND HIMSELF UP SHIT CREEK.

RIGHT



WRONG



# MULE'S DINER

SEEMS LIKE OLD DOBBS SPENDS A LOT OF TIME IN THE MEN'S ROOM.



WHEN DOBBS WAS A KID HE WENT TO WORK FOR ACME BOLT, IN ACCOUNTING



IT WAS A PRETTY BORING JOB THE EMPLOYEES WOULD USE ALL KINDS OF EXCUSES



AS THE YEARS WENT BY HE STOPPED READING THE PAPER IN THE MORNING.



URINAL, HAIRCOMBING, AND SOCIALIZING; SOMETIMES HE WOULD TAKE WORK IN



WHEN HE WAS FORTY, THERE WAS A MANAGEMENT CHANGE, AND DOBBS WAS TO BE TRANSFERRED TO SOME OTHER FLOOR.



HE WAS SUPPOSED TO DELIVER HIS OWN TRANSFER PAPERS. BUT THAT DAY DOBBS SPENT THE AFTERNOON IN THE MEN'S ROOM



HE MEANT TO DELIVER THE PAPERS THE NEXT DAY, BUT HE STOPPED IN TO READ THE PAPER FIRST, AND, BEFORE HE KNEW IT, IT WAS 5:00 PM



BY THE THIRD DAY, DOBBS REALIZED THAT ANYONE WHO KNEW HIM ASSUMED HE WAS WORKING ELSEWHERE IN THE BUILDING.



ON PAYDAY HE WENT DOWN TO THE CASHIER AND FOUND THAT THE COMPUTER HAD SPAT OUT HIS CHECK AS USUAL



DOBBS SETTLED INTO A ROUTINE. EVERY DAY HE COMMUTED FROM NEW JERSEY TO THE EIGHTH FLOOR OF THE ACME BUILDING.



DOBBS KEPT TO HIMSELF, AND THERE WAS NO ONE TO CARE OR SUSPECT.



IT WASN'T BORING. THERE WERE PEOPLE TO CHAT WITH AND DAILY PAPERS TO READ.



HE HAD BOWEL MOVEMENTS FOUR TIMES A DAY, URINATED TEN TIMES, WASHED HANDS AND COMBED HAIR CONSTANTLY.



THE FEW PEOPLE WHO RECOGNIZED DOBBS THOUGHT OF HIM AS A FAITHFUL, DULL EMPLOYEE.



WHEN HE WAS SIXTY-THREE, DOBBS FOUND A NOTE ATTACHED TO HIS CHECK. IT ASKED HIM TO REPORT TO A VICE-PRESIDENT'S



OFFICE, WHERE HE WAS GIVEN A RETIREMENT WATCH AND CONGRATULATED ON THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS OF FAITHFUL SERVICE



AND NOW HE SPENDS MOST OF HIS DAY IN MY MEN'S ROOM. IF YOU'RE GOING IN, WILL YOU BRING HIM THE CUP?





# **NUTS**

REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME YOU HAD TO WAIT FOR SOMETHING YOU REALLY WANTED, MAYBE BECAUSE YOU HAD TO SAVE UP FOR IT, AND HOW YOU WANTED IT MORE AND MORE?

THIS WOLF U-BOAT MODEL THE ONE YOU WANT, KID?

YES, SIR!

IT'S COSTING ME A WHOLE THREE ALLOWANCES, BUT IT'S GONNA BE WORTH IT!

OH, IT'S MINE, AT LAST! AFTER WEEKS! MINE, MINE, MINE! I'VE GOT IT RIGHT HERE IN MY HANDS! I'M GONNA BUILD IT!

GEE, IT SEEMS A LOT LITTLER THAN I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE...

YOU'D THINK THEY'D MAKE THESE THINGS SO THEY FIT TOGETHER BETTER! YOU'D THINK THAT THEY COULD AT LEAST DO THAT!



THE STORY OF JILL AND STEVE IN THE THIRD ROMANCE FLEED MONTH OF THEIR...

## **ONE YEAR AFFAIR**



NEXT: BACK TOGETHER AGAIN...

# TROTS AND BONNIE



## THE FOLLOWING OF THE DOG

THE FIRST CELL 10 000 000 8 7 7

IT EATS

IT LOCOMOTES

IT SHITS

IT DIVIDES

IT WALKS THE DOG

THE  
END



# TROTS & BONNIE

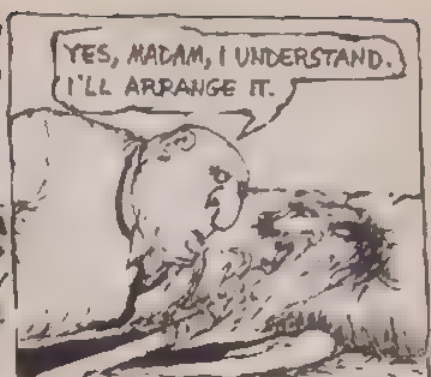
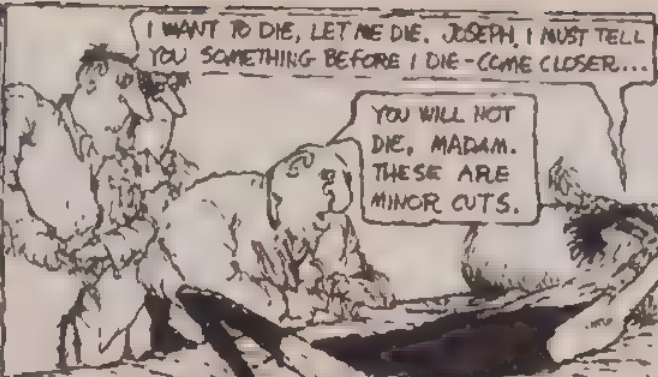


# DIRTY DUCK and WEEW

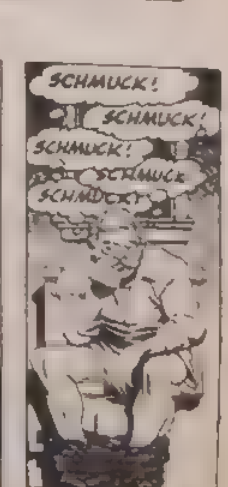
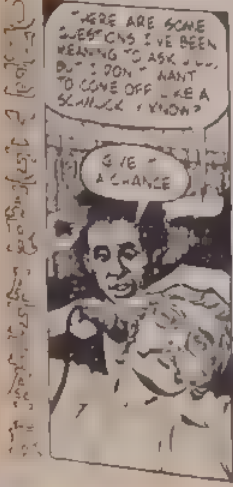
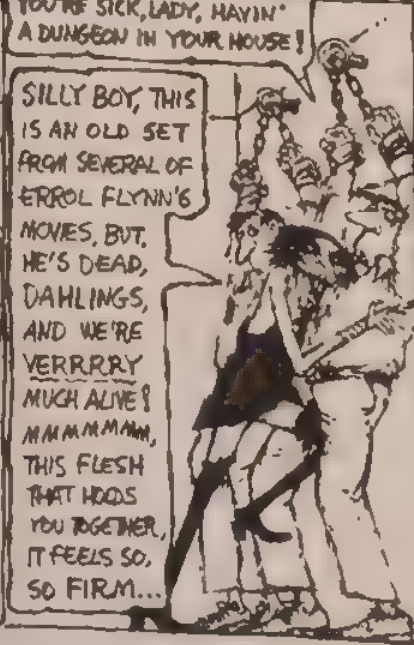


# THE AESOP SIAMESE BROS. TWINS

THE STORY BEAR...  
AURORA BOREALIS CUTS  
HER WAISTS IN FRUSTRATION  
WHEN SHE FINDS THAT THE  
AESOP BROS. CANNOT PERFORM  
'COITUS TU DIC AD  
SEMPE THYMUS'.



## SOME HOURS LATER



NEXT: KEEPING UP WITH FASHION





## COUNT-THE-MISTAKES PORNO COMICS! by E. Subterfuge

THERE ARE 117 DIFFERENT MISTAKES IN THE COMIC STRIP BELOW!  
SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN FIND!

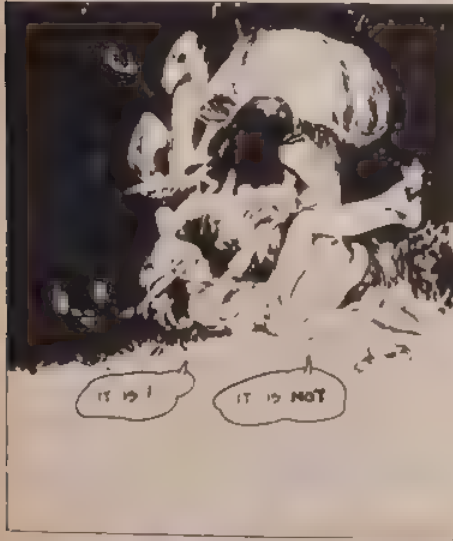




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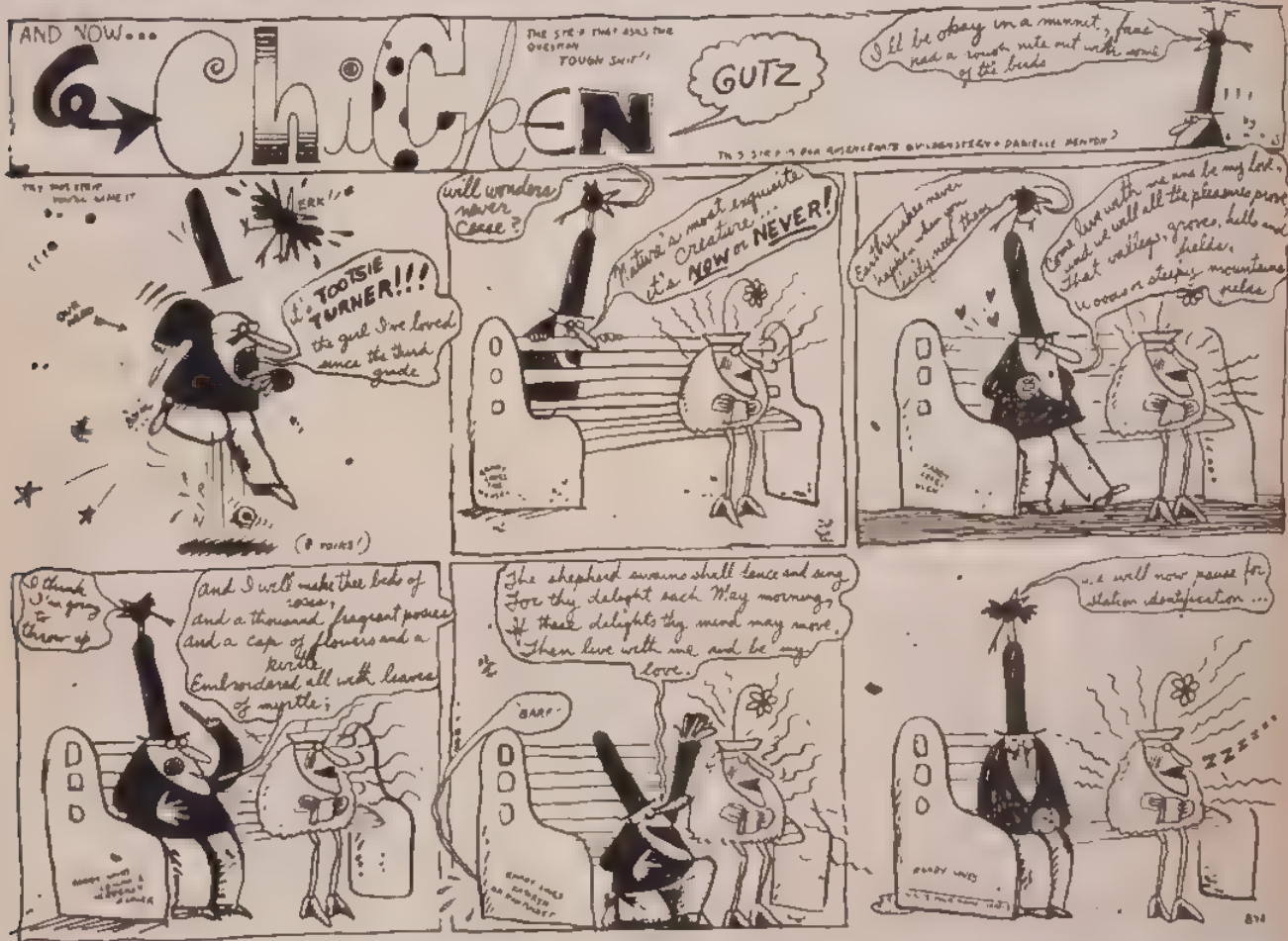




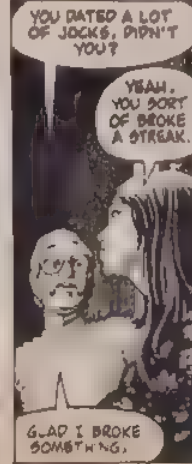
MY, HOW TIME FLIES. JUST THIRTEEN WEEKS AGO, TWO STRANGERS MET AND A READY-TO-GO ARE GETTING DIFFICULT. JOIN US NOW, AS JILL VISITS HER MOM...



NEXT: DON CORNELIUS, WHERE ARE YOU?

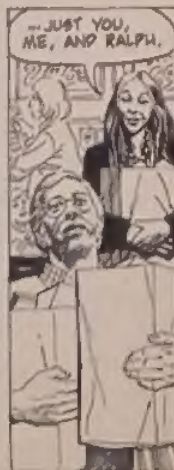


HAVING CLARIFIED THE SITUATION ON THE HOME FRONT, JILL RETURNS FOR AN EVENING WITH STEVE...











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